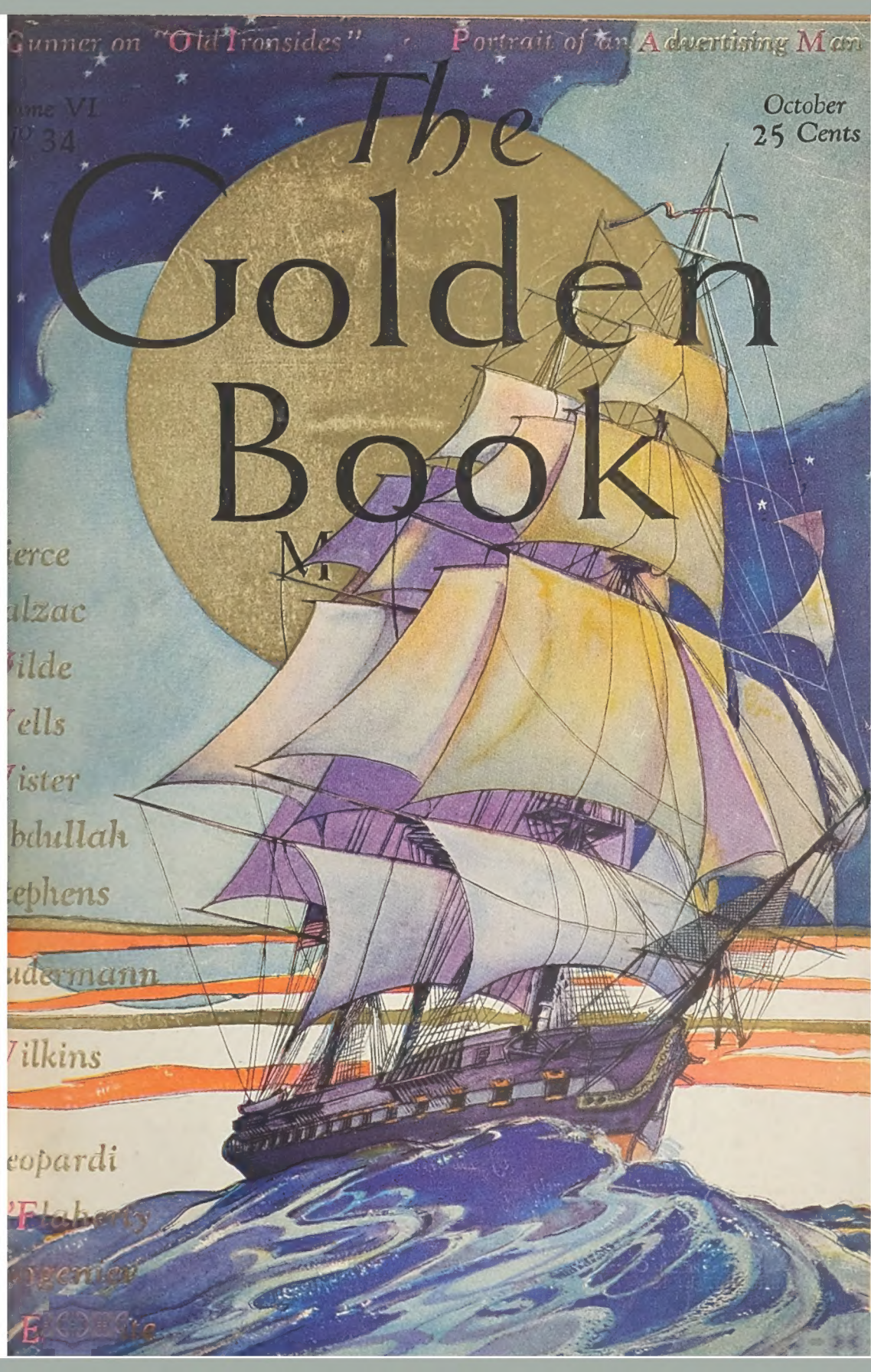
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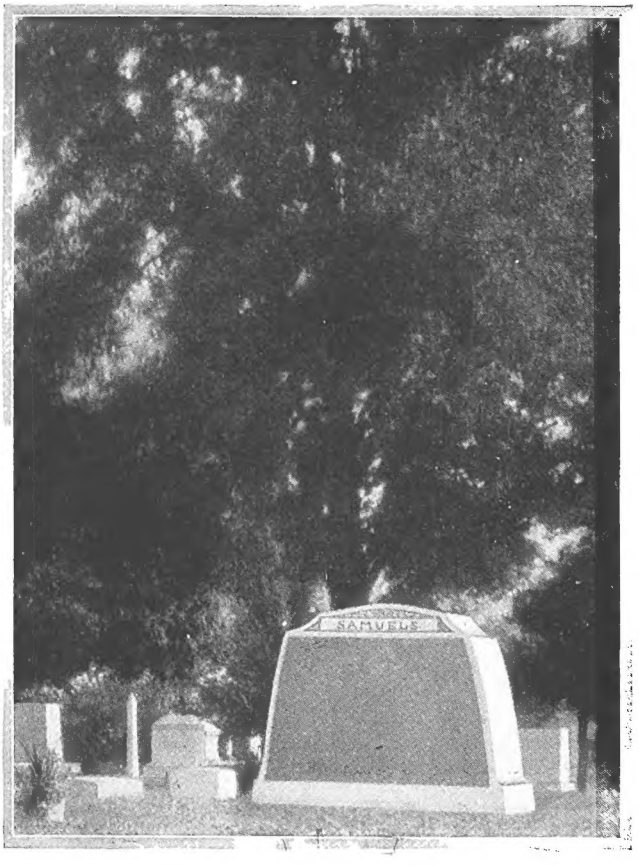

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VOLUME VI
Number 34

OCTOBER
1927

THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE

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(With which is combined "Famous Story Magazine")

Edited by HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

Editorial Board:
JOHN COTTON DANA · CHAS. MILLS GAYLEY

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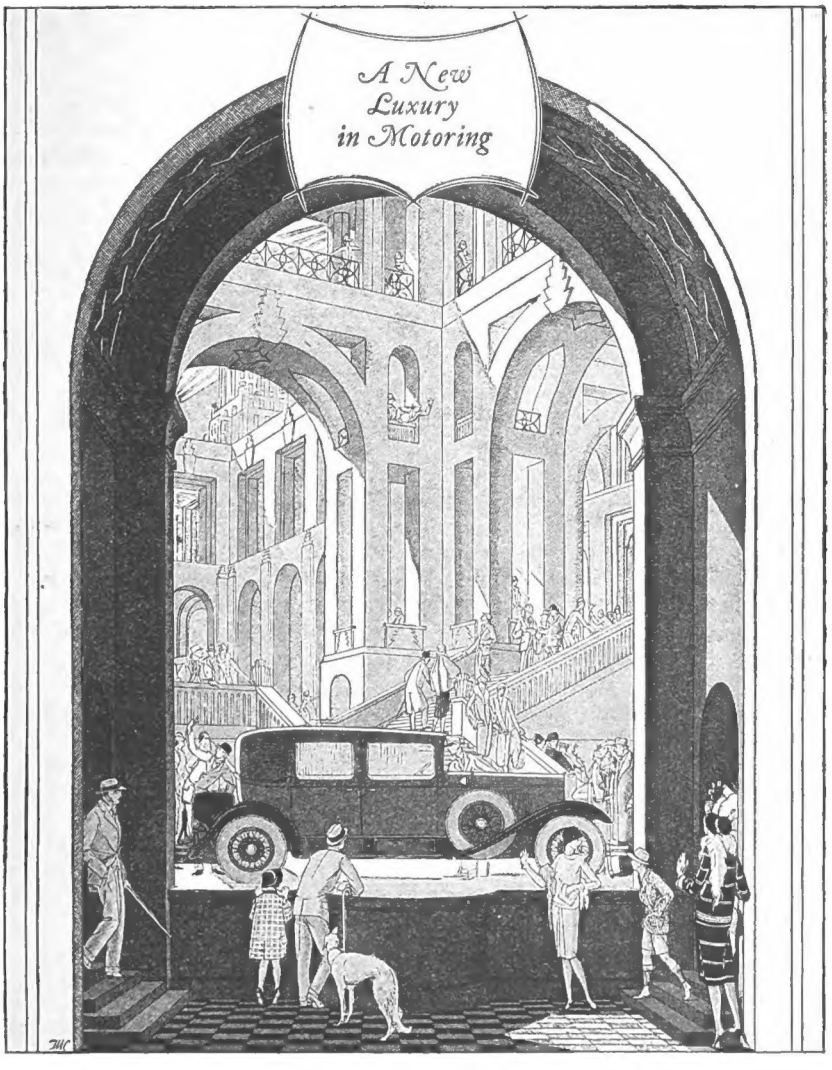

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Some Persons of Importance

He said that Balzac had dined with him the night before, and had been more brilliant and more sparkling than ever. He delighted us with the story of his trip to Austria. What fire! what dash! what power of imitation! He was marvellous. His fashion of paying the postilions is an invention which a novelist of genius alone could come upon. "I was greatly bothered at every relay," he said. "How could I pay? I did not know a word of German; I did not know the currency of the country,—it was very difficult. This is what I devised. I had a bag filled with small silver coins, kreutzers, etc. On reaching a relay the postilion came to the carriage window. I looked him straight in the eye and I put into his hand one kreutzer, two kreutzers, then three, then four, and so on until I caught him smiling. The moment he smiled, I knew that I had given him one kreutzer too much, so I promptly took back one, and my man was paid." MME. DE GIRARDIN.

"LA GRANDE BRETÊCHE" is one of those unforgettable tales which demands a place in any group of the world's greatest stories. Its impact of grimness and horror is largely preserved even if the crucial incident be related in a bald hundred words: all questions of style in narration are wiped out in an irresistible flood of human emotion aroused by the climax; yet surely one may properly cavil at its presentation in a recent anthology (largely designed for use in schools, colleges, and classes in short-story writing, and sold by thousands). For this collection omits the introductory scene, and leaves out nearly a third of the story as Balzac wrote it, entirely ignoring the author's plan of having the narrator gradually pierce the mystery of the deserted mansion. That seems like literary mayhem.

The story takes its title from the medieval name of the house where the drama took place; *une bretêche* was originally a movable wooden tower, crenelated and machicolated, which could be placed in a pass, in front of a camp, or at a bridge-head. It was called a "sequel" to "A Study of Woman"—though the connection is as tenuous as many of those with which the great man bound together the many fragments of his grandiose *Comédie Humaine;* and it was finally grouped among the *Scenes from Private Life* in the definitive edition.

Théophile Gautier (who knew Balzac most intimately, worked and played with him for years, and is believed to have furnished some passages in the "Comedy"—besides a poem or two in one novel), left a striking estimate of his friend:

Balzac, with his mighty brain, Balzac, who was so penetrating a physiologist, so close an observer, Balzac, who had so much intuition, did not possess the literary gift. In him there was a great gulf fixed between thought and its expression. In his earlier days he despaired of ever crossing it. He threw into it, without ever filling it up, volume after volume, night-watch after night-watch, essay after essay; a whole library full of disowned books went into it. A man of less determined will would have been discouraged over and over again, but happily Balzac had an unshakable trust in his genius, as yet unrecognized. He had resolved to become a great man, and he became one by incessantly projecting that fluid more powerful than electricity, which he has so subtly analyzed in "Louis Lambert." In contradistinction to the writers of the Romanticist School, who were all noted for amazing completeness and fertility of execution, and who brought forth their fruits almost at the same time as their flowers, the bloom, being, as it were, almost involuntary with them, Balzac, who equalled them all as a genius, could not find a way to express himself, or rather found it only after infinite trouble. Hugo said in one of his prefaces, with that Castilian pride of his, "I do not possess the art of putting a beauty in the place of a defect, and I correct myself in another work." But Balzac covered with erasures as many as ten different proofs, and when he saw me send back to the *Chronique de Paris* the proof of an article written straight off on the corner of a table without any more than typographical corrections, he could not believe, however pleased with it he might otherwise be, that I had put all my talent into it. "If you had worked it over two or three times more, it would have been better," he would say.

Setting himself up as an example, he would preach to me the strangest literary hygiene. I

(*Continued on page 6*)

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(*Continued from page 4*)

ought to shut myself up for two or three years, drink water, and eat lupins as did Protogenes; go to bed at six in the evening, rise at midnight, and work until morning; spend the day in revising, extending, cutting down, perfecting, polishing the work of the night before, correcting the proofs, taking notes, making the necessary studies, and especially live in the most absolutely chaste manner. He insisted at great length on this last recommendation,—a harsh one for a young man of twenty-four or twenty-five. In his opinion, real chastity developed the natural powers in the highest degree, and gave to those who practised it unsuspected power. I objected timidly that the greatest geniuses had not forbidden themselves love or passion, or even pleasure, and I would cite illustrious names. Balzac would shake his head and answer, "They would have done far greater things if they had kept away from women."

The single concession that he would allow, and regretfully at that, was a half-hour's interview with the beloved person each year. He allowed letters,—"they formed the style."

He promised, if I would subject myself to this regimen, to make of me, with the natural talent which he was good enough to accord me, a writer of the first rank. It will readily be seen by my work that I have not followed that very wise plan of study.

It must not be imagined that Balzac was joking when laying down a rule which Trappists and Carthusians would have thought hard; he was truly convinced, and spoke with such eloquence that I several times conscientiously tried this method of acquiring genius. I rose several times at midnight, and after having drunk the inspiring coffee, brewed in accordance with the formula, I sat down before my table, on which sleep very soon bowed my head. The "Morte amoureuse," published in the *Chronique de Paris*, was my single nocturnal work.

At about this time Balzac had written for a review "Facino Cane," the story of a Venetian noble who, imprisoned in the dungeons of the Ducal Palace, had fallen by accident into the secret treasury of the Republic, a large portion of which he had carried off with the assistance of a jailer he had bribed. Facino Cane, who had become blind, and who played the clarinet under the vulgar name of Father Canet, had preserved in spite of his infirmity a second sight, so far as gold was concerned. He could divine its existence through walls and vaults, and he offered the author at a wedding in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine to guide him, if he would pay his traveling expenses, to that vast mass of riches of which the fall of the Venetian Republic had caused the location to be forgotten. Balzac, as I have said, lived in his characters, and at that moment he was Facino Cane himself, bar blindness, for never did more brilliant eyes flash in a human face. So he was dreaming only of barrels of gold, of heaps of diamonds and carbuncles, and by means of magnetism, with which he had long been familiar, he made somnambulists seek out the place of buried and lost treasure. He claimed to have thus learned, in the most accurate manner, the spots where, near the mountains of Pointe-à-Pitre, Toussaint l'Ouverture had buried his gold with the help of negroes who were at once shot down. Poe's "Gold Bug" does not come up in cleverness of induction, in clearness of plan, in the divination of details, to the feverish recital which he made to me of the expedition to be attempted in order to become possessors of this treasure, which was far richer than that buried by Kidd at the foot of the tulip tree with the death's head.

I beg the reader not to laugh at me if I humbly confess that I soon shared Balzac's belief. What brain could have resisted his amazing speech? Jules Sandeau also was soon seduced, and as two sure friends, two devoted, robust comrades were needed to dig at night on the spot indicated by the somnambulists, Balzac was kind enough to give each of us a fourth share of that prodigious wealth. One-half was to be his, however, by right, as the discoverer and director of the undertaking.

We were to purchase pickaxes, crowbars, and shovels, to embark them secretly on board a ship, to reach the place indicated by different ways so as not to excite suspicion, and having managed the business, to ship our riches on a barque chartered beforehand. In a word, it was a perfect novel, which would have been wonderful if Balzac had only written it instead of speaking it. Needless to say, we did not dig up Toussaint l'Ouverture's treasure, for we had not the money to pay for our passage, there being scarcely enough among the three of us to buy the pickaxes. The dream of sudden wealth, due to some strange and marvellous cause, often haunted Balzac's brain. A few years before (in 1833) he had made a trip to Sardinia to examine the refuse of the silver mines abandoned by the Romans, which, having been treated by imperfect processes, must still, in his opinion, contain a great deal of metal. The idea was sound, and, imprudently imparted by him, made another man's fortune.

Rear Admiral Snow relates, in his introduction to the Moses Smith narrative, how he came to discover this unique record of a gunner who was serving aboard the *Constitution* during her fight with the *Guerrière*. It is a vivid personal narrative which adds considerably to one's realization of what life afloat was in 1812.

Two years ago, Congress passed a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to receive contributions for the restoration of the famous old vessel; and some ten million school-children, all over the United States, have taken part in the effort.

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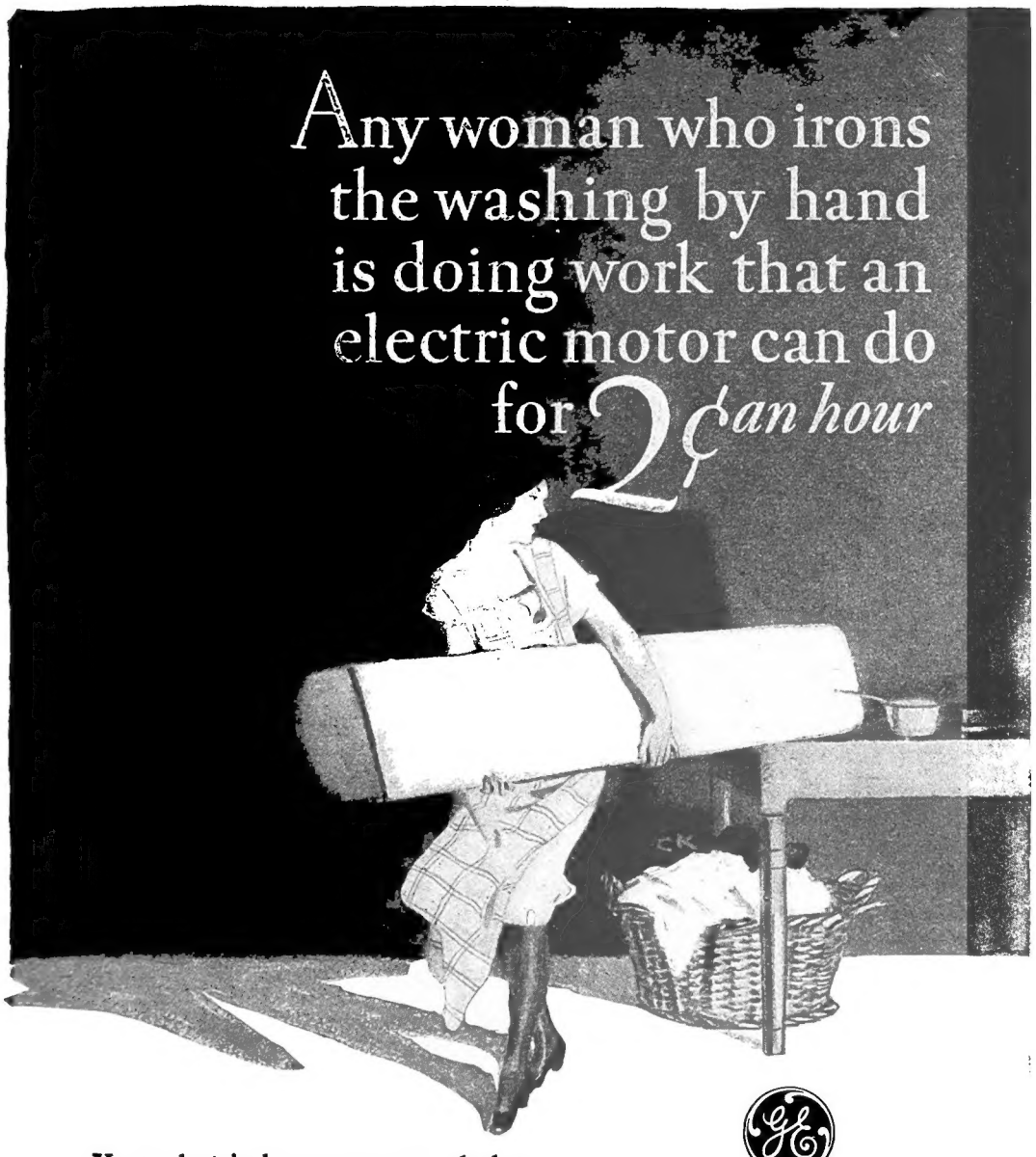
(*Continued on page 8*)



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GENERAL ELECTRIC

(*Continued from page 6*)

The apotheosis of Advertising by H. G. Wells, which we print from his remarkable work, *The World of William Clissold*, has little connection with the controversy lately raging, as to whether or no advertising increases the cost of goods to the public. The novelist has perceived that in this modern art there lies a power as definite and vast as in those forces of nature man has learned to harness for his diverse uses. It means the ability to make millions of others believe certain things and act on their belief—to an extent which many an "absolute" king of the past might envy; and Mr. Wells suggests in his usual stimulating fashion what men of the future may do with this power.

The Chevalier Stanislas Jean de Boufflers (1738-1815) was a characteristic product of the days of Louis XV. His marquise mother was the mistress of Stanislaus, King of Poland; and in order to follow his military ambitions without sacrificing a profitable benefice in Lorraine which King Stanislaus had presented him, the young man joined the Knights of Malta. He gained distinction as a soldier, becoming *maréchal du camp* in 1784, and made an excellent record as governor of Senegal.

By this time his writings in light poetry and prose secured his admission to the French Academy, and he presently became a member of the states-general. An *emigré* during the Revolution, he was appointed by Louis XVIII a librarian of the Mazarin Library.

An epigram of Antoine de Rivarol sums him up neatly: "*abbé libertin, militaire philosophe, diplomate chansonnier, emigré patriote, republicain courtisan.*"

Alcæus was a contemporary of Sappho (both were flourishing, according to Eusebius, in 595 B. C.) and like her was a native of Mitylene (Lesbos) in the Ægean Archipelago—that island of song which gave birth also to Arion and Terpander.

All we have left of the ten books of hymns, political and love poems, bacchanalian songs and epigrams are a couple of hundred fragments, ranging from a few lines down to a single word; but he had a vast reputation among the ancient critics. Even solemn Quintilian observes:

> Alcæus is rightly awarded the "golden quill" in that part of his works where he assails the tyrants; his ethical value too is great, and his style is concise, lofty, exact, and very like Homer's; but he stoops to jesting and love-making though better fitted for higher themes.

Doubtless he wrote much of the tyranny of that Love whom he calls "awfullest of Gods, whom sandalled Iris bore to Zephyr of the golden hair," but unfortunately we know him to-day chiefly through the "Alcaic metre" (of which Horace was so fond, and which Tennyson and other moderns have imitated), believed to have been originated by him.

William Ernest Henley, poet, critic and editor, was a fighter, both by temperament and by necessity. Born in 1849, he was educated at a Gloucester grammar school, where his life was far from happy until he came under the influence of a new headmaster, T. E. Brown—himself a poet, whose Manx verses (*Fo'c's'le Yarns, The Doctor, The Manx Witch*, and so on) later won him a definite place in letters.

Brown lent the unhappy, pent-up boy books, and profoundly stimulated his love of literature and his desire for expression. But the physical infirmities against which Henley was always to struggle, soon thickened upon him: at twenty-five he was an inmate of an Edinburgh hospital, sending to the *Cornhill* poignant verses on his experiences, which presently brought him the friendship of Leslie Stephen, editor of that magazine, and of Robert Louis Stevenson, whom Stephen took to the hospital and whose visit produced the poem "Apparition":

Thin-legged, thin-chested, slight unspeakably,
Neat-footed and weak-fingered: in his face—
Lean, large-boned, curved of beak, and touched with race,
Bold-lipped, rich-tinted, mutable as the sea,
The brown eyes radiant with vivacity—
There shines a brilliant and romantic grace,
A spirit intense and rare, with trace on trace
Of passion and impudence and energy.

(*Continued on page 10*)

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(*Concluded from page 8*)

Valiant in velvet, light in ragged luck,
Most vain, most generous, sternly critical,
Buffoon and poet, lover and sensualist:
A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck,
Much Antony, of Hamlet most of all,
And something of the Shorter-Catechist.

No wonder that the man who wrote that on first sight (and who afterward figured as "Burly" in Robert Louis Stevenson's *Talk and Talkers*) should protest so fiercely against an official biography which he felt made a "plaster saint" of the romancer, whose complex character he had studied so affectionately.

In 1877 Henley left his dreary hospital surroundings and went to London, to edit a magazine, *London*, of a freer type than anything then published. He declared later that at this time he found himself "so utterly unmarketable that he had to own himself beaten in art and to addict himself to journalism for the next ten years." Although this venture issued Stevenson's *New Arabian Nights*, and some delightful verses of the editor's in old French forms, besides other notable work, its life was brief. From 1882 to 1886 he was in charge of the *Magazine of Art;* in 1888, his first volume of poems appeared, *A Book of Verse;* that same year he joined the staff of the *Scots Observer* (afterwards the *National Observer*) where his vigor and strong convictions made the paper far more influential than its limited list of subscribers warranted.

It was in 1890, while Henley was consulting editor of the *Art Journal*, that C. Lewis Hind met him, and the latter has set down some of his enthusiasm for this stimulating personality:

> How well I remember the day he attended his first Tuesday committee meeting. Imagine a Viking blown by storm into a Dorcas assembly, and you may visualize the advent of W. E. H. into the precise *Art Journal* parlour. He opened the gates of French art to me—Corot, Rousseau, Daumier: he opened the gates of literature, and I shall never again hear such talk as that I heard from men who gathered, Saturday evenings, in his house at Chiswick. He was always the chief. I hear now his laugh, his thunder, his softness, his savage truculence, his infinite gentleness when he spoke of the child, that wonder child, Margaret Emma Henley, 1888–1894, about whom he wrote two poems, one in 1891, the other in 1897, which now stand as the Epilogue to his "Poems"—"a little exquisite Ghost, Between us, smiling with the serenest eyes, Seen in this world." The book about this child was never written. He tried, but could not do it.

As might be expected, these editorial labours cut down the volume of his own work which one might expect from such an abundant vitality. Two collected volumes of poems, and a book of essays, *Views and Reviews*, form the bulk of it; there are in addition *London Types*, a book of quatorzains to accompany drawings by William Nicholson; a patriotic poem during the Boer War, *For England's Sake; A Song of Speed*, just before his death; and a volume of plays, in collaboration with Stevenson ("Beau Austin," "Deacon Brodie," "Admiral Guinea," and "Macaire,"—all produced with some success). In addition, he edited the Centenary Burns (his introduction for which aroused considerable controversy), *Lyra Heroica*, *A Book of English Prose*, and the *Tudor Translations*.

A vigorous hater, a grand fighter, a passionate lover of strength and living beauty, a poet, some of whose lines have become part of the English heritage of song. H. W. L.

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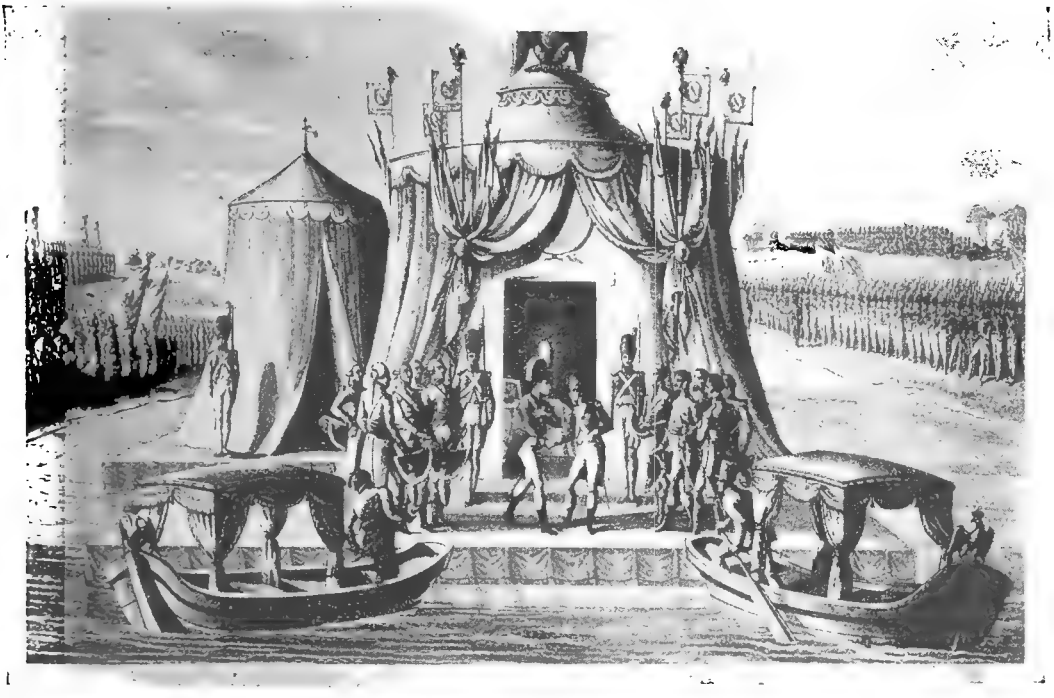

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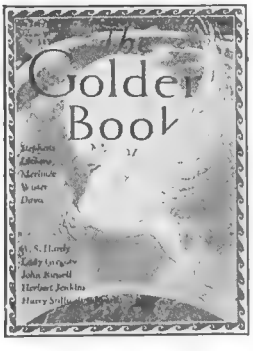

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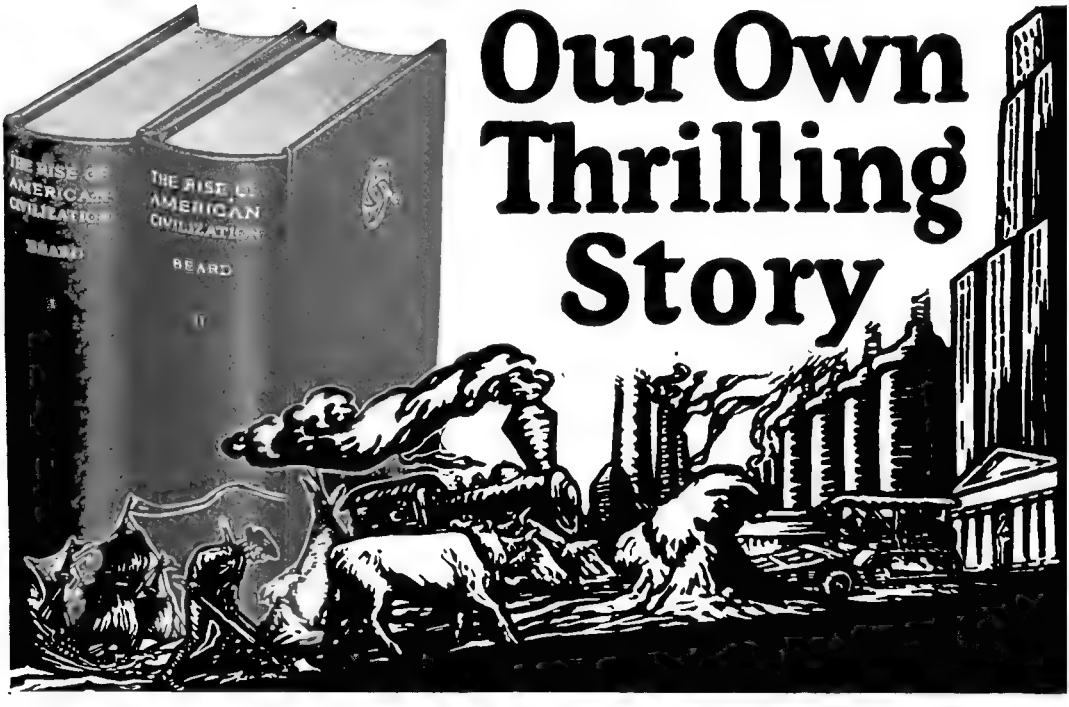

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This shows how broad is the opportunity today for the selection of one's investments and suggests how limited it was only a few years ago. Then, United States Government and railroad bonds and local mortgages were the mainstays of investment. Interest rates were low. The need for money in other fields of endeavor, speeded up by the World War, brought other securities to the market-place competing for money. Interest rates rose and there came a condition of real competition among bankers and their securities for the funds of the people.

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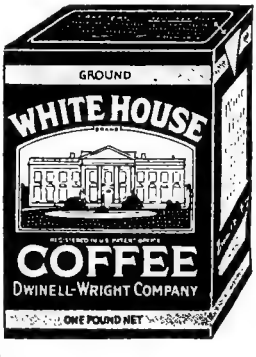

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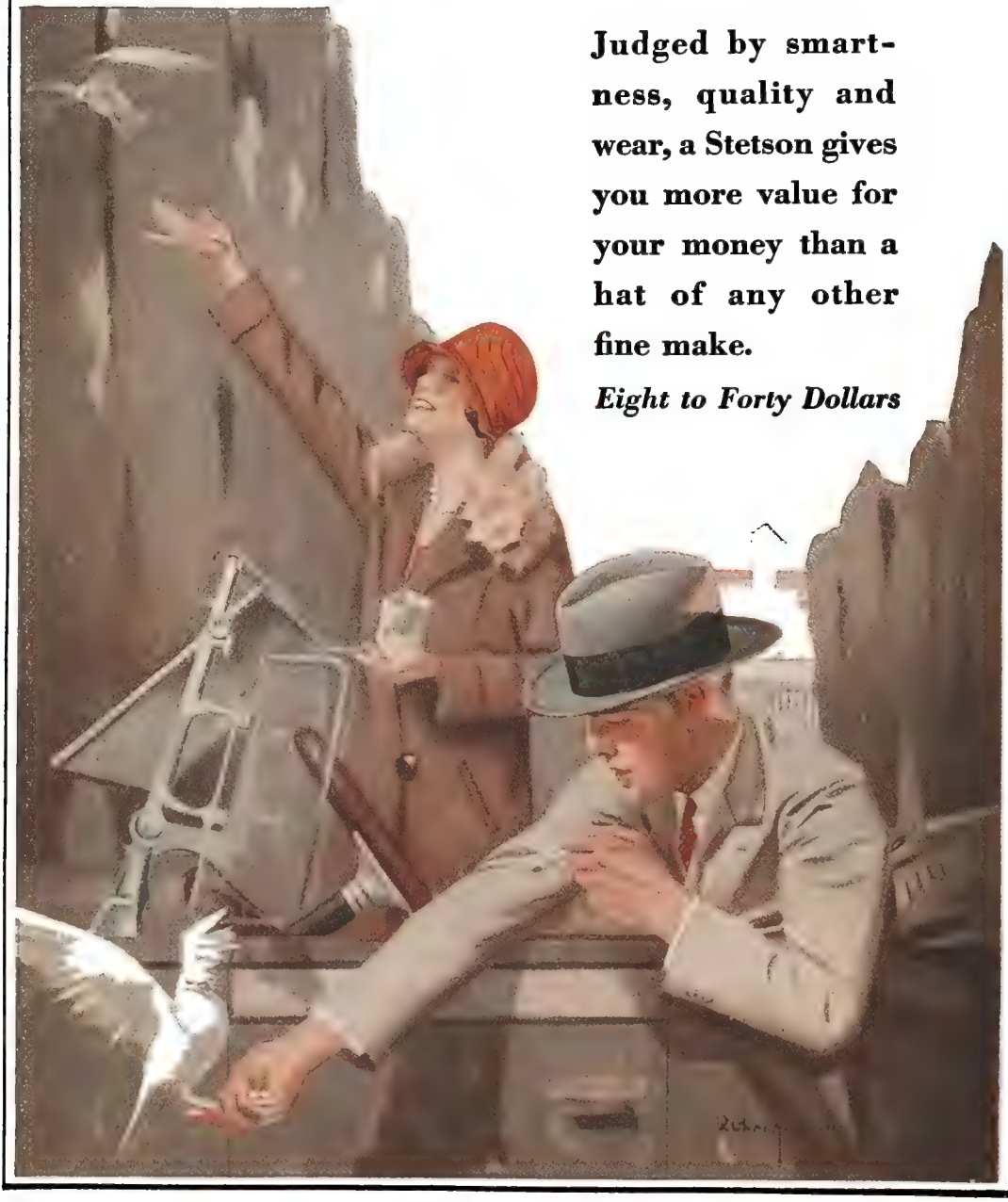

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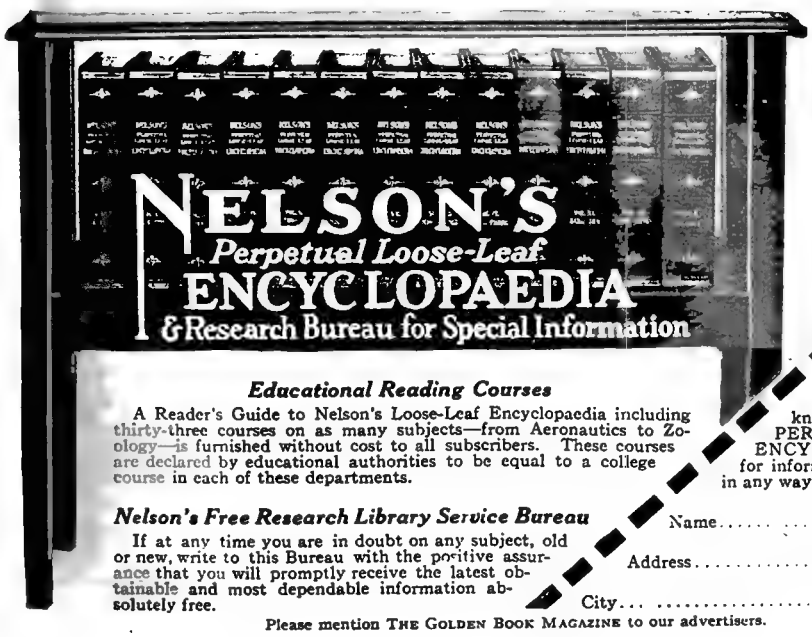

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Thy head, O herring, flames like a golden helmet, and one might say that thine eyes were black nails driven into copper spheres!

All the sad and dismal nuances, all the radiant and gay nuances deaden and illuminate in turn, thy robe of scales.

Besides bitumes, earths of Judea and of Cassel, Scheele's greens and burning shadows, Van Dyke browns and bronzes of Florence, hues of rust and of dead leaves—beside these shine, in all their splendour, green-golds, amber-yellows, orpins, ochres of sumac, chromiums, oranges of Mars!

O glistening and smoke-tarnished one, when I contemplate thy coat of mail, I think of the pictures of Rembrandt, I see again his superb heads, his sun-drenched flesh, his scintillating jewels upon black velvet; I see again his jets of light in the night, his trails of golden dust in shadow, his dawnings, suns under black firmaments!

Down Stream. J. K. HUYSMANS.

"WE" ARRIVE

The first indication of my approach to the European coast was a small fishing-boat which I first noticed a few miles ahead and slightly to the south of my course. There were several of these fishing-boats grouped within a few miles of each other.

I flew over the first boat without seeing any signs of life. As I circled over the second, however, a man's face appeared, looking out of the cabin window.

I have carried on short conversations with people on the ground by flying low with throttled engine, shouting a question, and receiving the answer by some signal. When I saw this fisherman I decided to try to get him to point toward land. I had no sooner made the decision than the futility of the effort became apparent. In all likelihood he could not speak English, and even if he could he would undoubtedly be far too astounded to answer. However, I circled again and closing the throttle as the plane passed within a few feet of the boat I shouted, "Which way is Ireland?" Of course the attempt was useless, and I continued on my course.

Less than an hour later a rugged and semi-mountainous coastline appeared to the northeast. I was flying less than two hundred feet from the water when I sighted it. The shore was fairly distinct and not over ten or fifteen miles away. A light haze coupled with numerous local storm areas had prevented my seeing it from a long distance.

The coastline came down from the north, curved over toward the east. I had very

(*Continued on page 22*)

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(*Continued from page 20*)

little doubt that it was the southwestern end of Ireland but in order to make sure I changed my course toward the nearest point of land.

I located Cape Valentia and Dingle Bay, then resumed my compass course toward Paris.

After leaving Ireland I passed a number of steamers and was seldom out of sight of a ship.

In a little over two hours the coast of England appeared. My course passed over Southern England and a little south of Plymouth; then across the English Channel, striking France over Cherbourg. . . .

The sun went down shortly after passing Cherbourg and soon the beacons along the Paris-London airway became visible.

I first saw the lights of Paris a little before 10 P. M., or 5 P. M. New York time, and a few minutes later I was circling the Eiffel Tower at an altitude of about four thousand feet.

The lights of Le Bourget were plainly visible, but appeared to be very close to Paris. I had understood that the field was farther from the city, so continued out to the northeast into the country for four or five miles to make sure that there was not another field farther out which might be Le Bourget. Then I returned and spiralled down closer to the lights. Presently I could make out long lines of hangars, and the road appeared to be jammed with cars.

I flew low over the field once, then circled around into the wind and landed.

After the plane stopped rolling, I turned it around and started to taxi back to the lights. The entire field ahead, however, was covered with thousands of people all running toward my ship. When the first few arrived, I attempted to get them to hold the rest of the crowd back, away from the plane, but apparently no one could understand, or would have been able to conform to my request if he had.

I cut the switch to keep the propeller from killing some one, and attempted to organize an impromptu guard for the plane. The impossibility of any immediate organization became apparent, and when parts of the ship began to crack from the pressure of the multitude I decided to climb out of the cockpit in order to draw the crowd away.

Speaking was impossible; no words could be heard in the uproar and nobody apparently cared to hear any. I started to climb out of the cockpit, but as soon as one foot appeared through the door I was dragged the rest of the way without assistance on my part.

For nearly half an hour I was unable to touch the ground, during which time I was ardently carried around in what seemed to be a very small area, and in every position it is possible to be in. Everyone had the best of intentions but no one seemed to know just what they were.

The French military flyers very resourcefully took the situation in hand. A number of them mingled with the crowd; then, at a given signal, they placed my helmet on an American correspondent and cried: "Here is Lindbergh!" That helmet on an American was sufficient evidence. The correspondent immediately became the center of attraction, and while he was being taken protestingly to the Reception Committee via a rather devious route, I managed to get inside one of the hangars.

Meanwhile a second group of soldiers and police had surrounded the plane and soon placed it out of danger in another hangar. "*We.*" CHARLES A. LINDBERGH.

To Do and Not to Do

The Indian, so long as he is pure, has only two great negative commandments:

Thou shalt not lie.

Thou shalt not be a coward.

Positively, his one commandment is:

Thou shalt acknowledge the wonder.

Evil lies in lying and in cowardice. Wickedness lies in witchcraft; that is, in seeking to prostitute the creative wonder to the individual mind and will, the individual conceit.

And virtue? Virtue lies in the heroic response to the creative wonder, the utmost response. In the man, it is a valiant putting forth of all his strength to meet and to run

(*Continued on page 24*)

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(*Continued from page 22*)

forward with the wonder. In woman it is the putting forth of all herself in a delicate, marvellous sensitiveness, which draws forth the wonder to herself, and draws the man to the wonder in her, as it drew even the wild animals from the lair of winter.

Mornings in Mexico. D. H. LAWRENCE.

PROPRIETIES

Ladies, too, were particular as to the vehicles in which they drove. In the eighties it was considered impossibly "fast" for a young lady to be seen in a hansom, and even in the nineties well-brought-up girls in Society did not drive in a hansom alone, while for many years after omnibuses were introduced, and after crinolines had gone out and the stairway had come in and ladies might have mounted it safely, the outside seats were regarded as sacred to the male passenger. *A Hundred Wonderful Years.* MRS. C. S. PEEL.

THE SILVER CORD

He looked at her for a long time in despairing silence. "My God, Ma! Can't you see? Can't you understand? From now on I'm going to stand on my own. I'm going to work things out. I've got to get out of this mess. . . . I've *got* to."

He rose abruptly and put on his hat.

"Philip," she asked, drying her eyes, "where are you going now?"

"I'm going to buy blankets for myself."

"Philip, listen to me. For God's sake, listen! Don't ruin everything. I've a right to something. I'm your mother. Doesn't that mean anything?" He turned for a moment hesitating, and then quickly said, "Ma, don't talk like that, it isn't fair."

Without another word, he put on his hat and hurried out of the restaurant.

Once outside, the cold air cleared his head, and he was thankful that he had been hard as a stone. Again he was sorry for Emma in a vague inexplicable fashion; she could never understand what it was that made him hard. She couldn't see why he had to behave thus.

"I wish to God," he thought bitterly, "that I'd had a mother who wasn't a fine woman. Life would have been so much easier. And I can't hurt her. . . . I can't. I love her."

And suddenly he saw that in all their talk together nothing had been settled. Nothing had been changed or decided. *A Good Woman.* LOUIS BROMFIELD.

THE DANGER OF CHANCE IDEAS

"Say, O Sea of Wisdom, did he find one filthier than she was?"

"Of course he did."

"Relate the sequel, I beseech thee."

But Suleymân was searching in his memory for some event more clearly illustrating the grave risks of chance suggestion. At length he gave a sigh of satisfaction, and then spoke as follows:

"There was once a Turkish pasha of the greatest, a benevolent old man, whom I have often seen. He had a long white beard, of which he was extremely proud, until one day a man, who was a wag, came up to him and said:

"'Excellency, we have been wondering: When you go to bed, do you put your beard inside the coverings or out?'

"The Pasha thought a moment, but he could not tell, for it had never come into his head to notice such a matter. He promised to inform his questioner upon the morrow. But when he went to bed that night he tried the beard beneath the bed-clothes and above without success. Neither way could he get comfort, nor could he, for the life of him, remember how the beard was wont to go. He got no sleep on that night or the next night either, for thinking on the problem thus presented to his mind. On the third day, in a rage, he called a barber and had the beard cut off. Accustomed as he was to such a mass of hair upon his neck, for lack of it he caught a cold and died.

"That story fits the case before us to a nicety," said Suleymân in conclusion, with an air of triumph. *Oriental Encounters.* MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

(*Continued on page 26*)

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(*Continued from page 24*)

THE AFRICAN TRADER'S INITIATION BY THE RITE OF EGBO

Everything was quiet in the sacred village. My boys who had been initiated the previous day all wore a Sunday smile. I had finished two sections of my map and was highly pleased when the Old Chief called on me. He told me that after many calls the spirits were pleased at my request to join them; he also instructed me to follow all his edicts. This of course I promised to do. So we entered the temple, which was then clouded with smoke from the Yos or bush lights. (*Igo* from which the lights are produced is the bark of a vine loaded with gum, commonly called incense, and has been used from time immemorial in religious services; the smell produced was delightful.) There were three nests of sacred Bees hung up one hundred yards or so from the temple and also under the roof and should you be stung by one of these on entry it was an omen which would prohibit you from further egress. After passing these, while invocations both weird and fantastic were very audible to me and I must say had a weird and fantastic effect on my mind—on entering the temple which had an ornamentation of human skulls, and likewise two small pyramids of the same placed on each side of the doorway, I was confronted by a row of masked objects hideous to behold. I was then seated bareheaded on a small seat composed of leopard skins. There were two objects the Chief called my attention to; one was a square piece of crystal, the other was peg-top-shaped and pointed at one end. He told me to place my hand on these objects, and that one represented fire (the red one) and the other water. This I did but could not help grasping the smaller one which was very heavy; I came to the conclusion it was a ruby of great value. After this there was great vociferation from the building, supposed to come from the spirits behind. The sounds were somewhat irregular and then again there was a conglomeration of spirits of delight. Now everything in the temple began to sparkle and placing his hand on my head, which I bowed low, he announced in a loud voice the entrance of Izaga. He then said (Dana te eo) Rest in peace or Don't be disturbed. I noticed on raising my head a little commotion from those in goggle-eyed masks who were at the right and left of where I saw the Izaga (or native God). The Chief then ordered me to stand up and approach the centre mask and whilst I was doing so the mask disappeared from Izaga likewise the raffia hangings. There stood the God that never dies, the most beautiful white woman I had ever seen. Her eyes were large and had a kind and affectionate look. Although I thought there was pity in them they had a magnetic effect on me. Of course I was young, she looked like sweet sixteen, half naked there she stood statuesque, dressed where there was any dress in something Egyptian style. On her head she had a dressing of white hairpins made of hippo ivory inlaid with ebony. Her hair was auburn, and was plaited in circles and pressed on to the temples. Two ringlets ornamented with gold and green tassels fell down on each side of her shoulders, whilst high up on her forehead the hair formed a diamond-shaped coronet. A short leopard skin kilt ornamented with snakeskin and dainty fur sandals with black straps formed the rest of the dress of this Izaga. I was kept waiting for some time, her large intelligent eyes fixed on me. Now a conglomeration of pleasing sounds filled the building and this was mingled with low music from the ingombis or native harps which are small, are made like the Egyptian harp, but have only seven strings. A sudden cessation of music and muttering was followed by a voice which seemed to come afar. The spirits were pleased and had made their decision. Distinct command now came from Izaga who said Rangasi. The Old Chief led and I repeated after him the words Yasi Izaga, at the same time striking my left forearm with my right hand. Although the sound came from Izaga the mouth never moved, the eyes were fixed on me as before and never moved during the whole performance.

The ceremony over, I withdrew, making a bow to this statuesque beauty. Sounds of sweet music filled the air whilst the clear sweet voice of a girl struck my ear. They were singing a beautiful song, Umbilla Nyone me Koka N'gala. White bird from over the sea. That of course was meant for me. I was the first and, as far as I know, the last white man ever permitted to join.

Trader Horn. ALFRED ALOYSIUS HORN (edited by Ethelreda Lewis).

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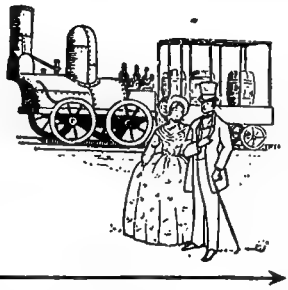

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"Bombaccio," said Mr. Plantagenet-Buchan, glancing over his shoulder to make sure that the servants were out of the room, "is a Catholic. He believes there was a Fall."

"Do *we?*" asked Mr. Sempack.

Puppy Clarges made a furtive grimace over her cigarette at Geoffrey, but the doctrine of the Fall went by default.

"But then," asked Mrs. Bullace, "why isn't everyone happy now?"

"Secondary reasons," Mr. Plantagenet-Buchan asserted. "There may be no invincible barrier to an earthly Paradise, but still we have to find the way."

"It takes a long time," said Philip.

"Everything that is longer than a lifetime is a long time," said Mr. Sempack. "But for all practical purposes, you must remember, so soon as we pass that limit, nothing is very much longer than anything else."

Meanwhile. H. G. WELLS.

ALL FOR LOVE

Viola had first worked in a box-factory, where she had been able to earn only three dollars or less at piece work—"pasting corners," as she described it—and once she had been sworn at and even thrown away from a table at which she had been working because she didn't do it right, and then she quit. Then her father in turn swearing at her for her "uppishness," she had got work in a five-and-ten-cent store, where she had received three dollars a week and a commission of one per cent. on her sales, which were not sufficient to yield more than a dollar more. Then she had secured a better place in a department store at five dollars a week, and there it was that she had come by the handsome boy who had caused her so much trouble.

He was a taxi-driver, who always had a car at his disposal when he worked, only it was very seldom that he cared to work. Although he married her swiftly enough and took her away from her family, still he had not

(*Continued on page 32*)

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(*Continued from page 30*)

supported her very well, and shortly after the were married he was arrested and accuse with two others of stealing a machine and sell ing it, and after months and months of ja life he had been sentenced to three years i the penitentiary.

In the meantime he had called upon her t aid him, pressed her to raise sums of whic she had never previously dreamed—and b ways of which she had never previousl dreamed—was pleaded with, all but ordered— and still she loved him. And then in executin the "how" of it she had been picked up by th police and sent here, as had Madeleine, onl she never told, not even to Madeleine, wha the police had never discovered—that at th suggestion of her first love she had include robbery among her arts.

"But I don't care," she had whispere finally as they worked. "He was good to me anyhow, when he had work. He was craz about me, and he liked to go places and danc and eat and see shows when he had money and he always took me. Gee, the times we'v had! And if he wants me to stick to him whe he gets out, I will. He ain't half as bad a some. Gee, you oughta hear some of the girl talk!" *Chains.* THEODORE DREISER.

THE ARTILLERY MULE STARTS FOR THE FRONT

I was disappointed. I had hoped to make the voyage across the sea in company with Tip, for with the exception of Dandy I had made no other close friends in the service. I voiced my sense of regret that Tip and I should be parted.

"I wouldn't bank too heavily on that yet, Prof," the old scoundrel assured me. "Rogan is a powerful person and he has a special interest in me, for some reason or other. I never knew a soldier to have as much affection for a mule as Rogan has for me. I suppose it's just for old sake's sake. Here he comes now."

"Hey, Tip, ye ould walloper," Rogan shouted, and came over and rubbed Tip's nose. "So they're goin' to ship the mules on the *Ishtar*, are they? Well, faith thin, there's one mule they'll lave behind to follow on a horse transport."

He climbed over the fence, looked cautiously around to see that he was not observed, and then plucked a hair from Tip's tail. Next he got out a small bottle of alcohol and

(*Continued on page 34*)

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(*Continued from page 32*)

washed the hair in it (I learned subsequently that this was to disinfect it), then threaded the hair through the head of a long slim needle, picked up Tip's off front foot and ran the needle under the hide of the fetlock from left to right and drew the hair through. Then, with a small pair of scissors he snipped the hair off on each side and set Tip's foot down.

"That'll make ye as lame as a dog be mornin', Tip, me jewel," he announced, "an' no lame mule will go aboard the *Ishtar*. Whin she's gone I'll pull that hair out an' in an hour ye'll be as well as ever ye were—secin' which I'll mintion the fact to the commandin' officer an' take ye aboard the horse thransport, where I can keep an eye on ye, ye ould divil, for I've a great notion to see ye do yer full thirty years av service and be retired wit' the honor ye deserve."

He walked away about his business. Tip rolled a comical eye at me, and I burst out laughing, as who would not?

"Can you beat that hombre?" Tip demanded.

I decided it couldn't be done.

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WHAT ARE YOU WEARING?

She turned then and looked at it, displayed in full light on the wall.

"Oh! John! But how beautiful!" she exclaimed. "I had no idea that it was like that."

"Beautiful?" He shook his head. "Hardly that."

He was studying it now for the first time, and he saw it no longer as a succession of a million stitches patiently added one after another; nor as a diversity of subjects collected upon one canvas; from the crouching hare in the foreground to the vision of God at the zenith—but as a whole, complete and indivisible; a composition in which every figure, every shade of colour, every smallest detail was essential to the integrity of the scheme.

And in the same moment he saw also the whole of his own past life with the same completeness, not as a succession of events, but as a single and indivisible composition; in which his boyish jealousy of his mother's cat had precisely the same value and meaning as his murder of Basil Cheney; in which no act, nor thought, nor emotion of his was of any greater or less importance than any other.

"What does it mean, exactly?" Jane was asking. "What is the subject?"

(*Continued on page 36*)

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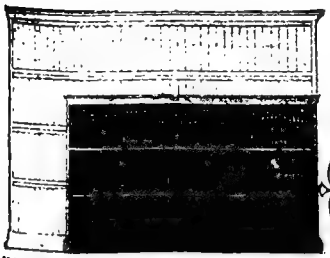

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(*Continued from page 34*)

"The subject is Joshua commanding the sun to stand still," John said; "and it means . . ."

He paused there for a moment, with a faint surprise at the realization of his own knowledge. Since when had he known what the tapestry really meant?

"It's an allegory," he continued, and hesitated again, this time because he found that he had no language for the knowledge that had come to him.

"Do you mean that the story of Joshua is an allegory?" Jane asked. "I've often wondered. One knew that the sun could not really have stood still, because that would have meant that the earth had stopped turning round."

John shook his head. "Not necessarily, you know," he said. "It depends, too, upon how quickly one lives. If one were able to live ten times as quickly, the sun and clocks and everything would appear to be going ten times as slowly. But it isn't that that matters. It makes no difference whether the thing actually happened or not. The point is, though I don't know how to explain it, that when something comes to you, as it has to me to-day, you see that all these extraordinary differences of values we put upon things don't exist outside—outside our own opinions of them. It seems to us a miracle that a man should make the sun stand still. So it is; but it's just as great a miracle for a man to lift his arm in order to do it. It's the will to do these things that is the real mystery, not the things themselves."

The Tapestry. J. D. BERESFORD.

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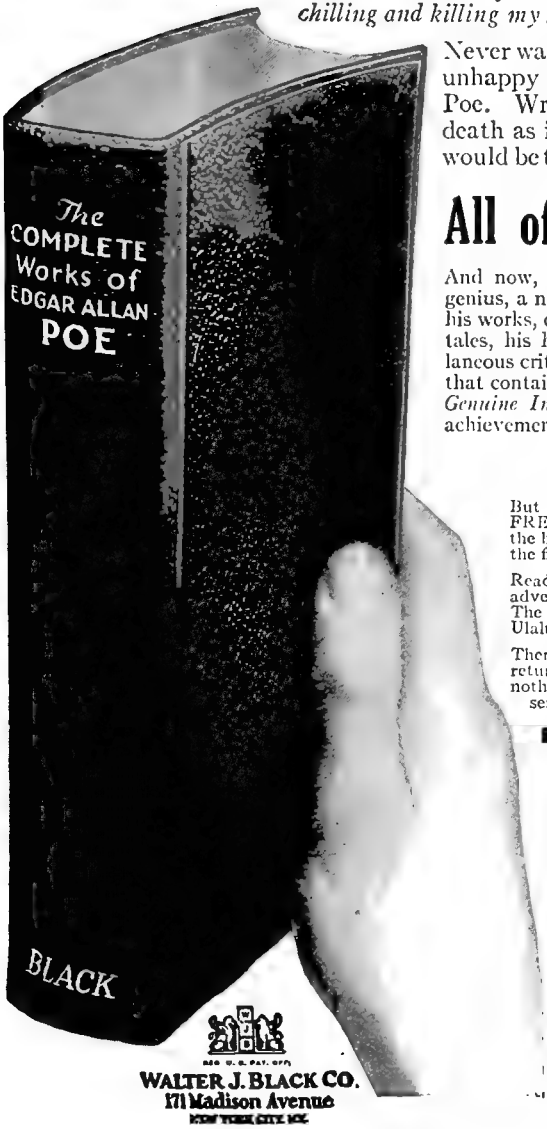

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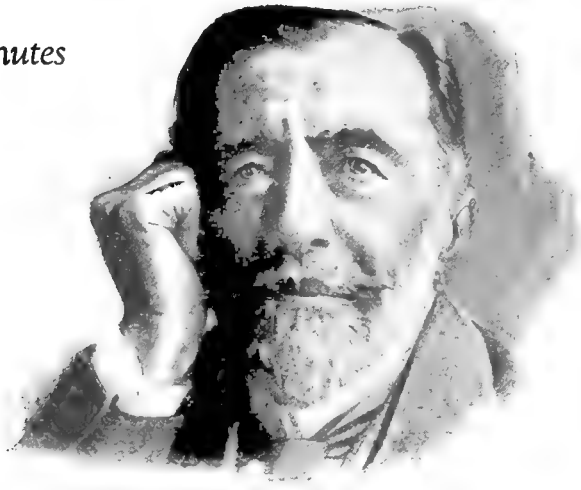

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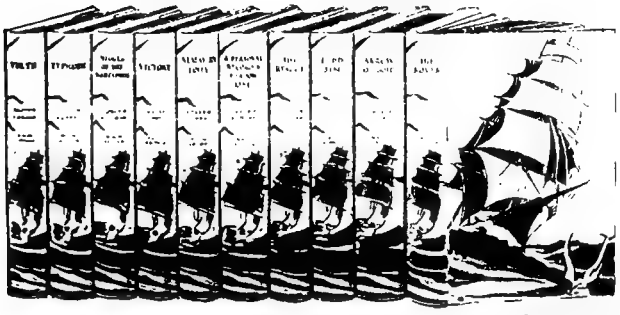

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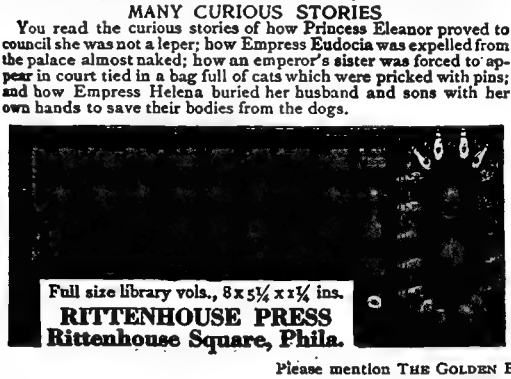

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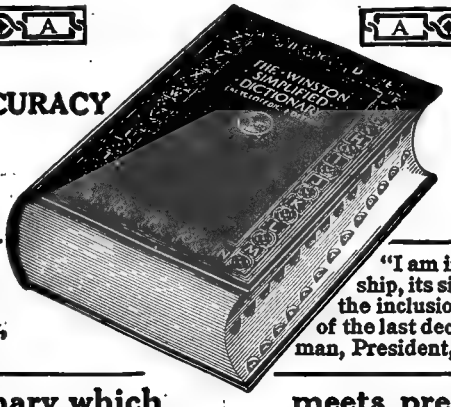

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Adventures in Investing
(page 72)

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"Really, Ralph— you should keep more abreast of things. I was surprised that you didn't contribute at least one idea or opinion to the whole evening's discussion."

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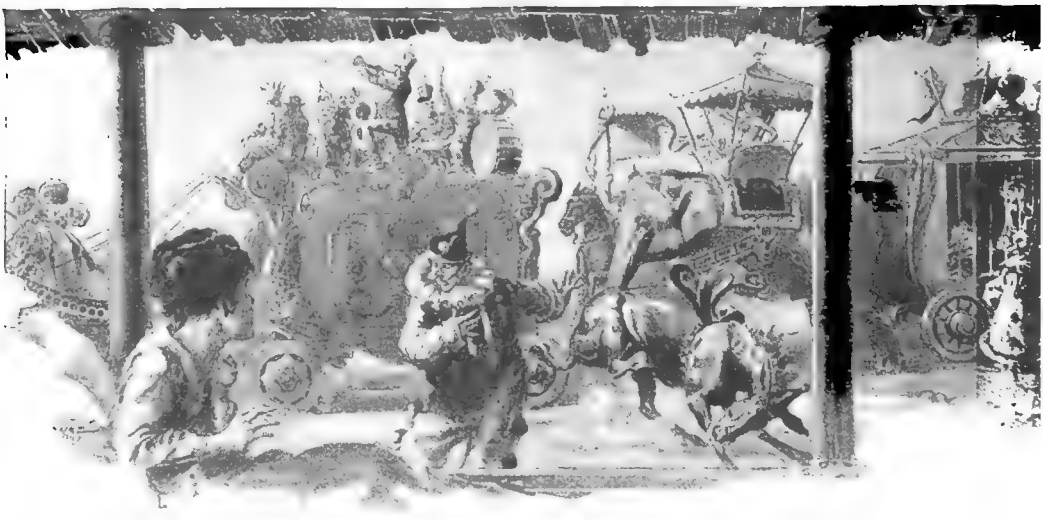

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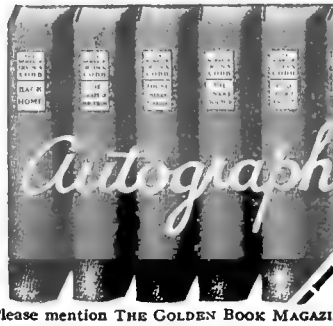

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Jacques Lebault was a French banker. He controlled a large part of my company's foreign business. The vice-president of my firm asked me if I would mind entertaining Lebault.

While escorting the Frenchman to my home, I discovered to my horror that he spoke only a few words of English. My heart sank. How could we carry on a conversation? I knew only a little French that I had learned in high school.

I did my best to talk to Lebault. But every minute the conversation grew more strained—more halting. When I thought of my wife who was waiting at home to greet us, I grew panic-stricken. She had never spoken a word of French in her life! What would she do?"

"Hello, Frank," was my wife's cheerful greeting.

I smiled nervously. My heart beat fast as I introduced Monsieur Lebault to her. The Frenchman bowed low and kissed my wife's hand in true European style.

"Ah, Madame," he said, "enchanté de faire votre connaissance!"

My Big Surprise

Imagine my astonishment! My wife answered Monsieur Lebault *in French!* "Je suis très heureuse de vous voir," she said.

To my further amazement, my wife *continued to talk French* with Monsieur Lebault. All during dinner she chatted away—gaily—easily—as if French was her native language. The Frenchman was delighted.

When he departed he was all smiles. "Merci, Madame! Merci, Monsieur!" he cried, thanking my wife and myself for our hospitality.

"Jane!" I exclaimed excitedly to my wife when we were alone. "Where on earth did you learn to speak French?"

Jane laughed. "Do you remember that advertisement I showed you a few months ago?" she asked—"that advertisement for a new kind of French course? Do you remember how you scoffed at it?—how you said it would be foolish to try to learn French without a teacher?"

I nodded.

"Well, Frank," said my wife, "I hated to give up the idea of learning French. And it didn't cost anything to see what the course was like, so I decided to send for it.

"Honestly, Frank, the course was wonderful—so simple—so easy! It's called the 'At-Sight' method. It is a method of learning French recently perfected by the Hugo Institute of Languages over in London.

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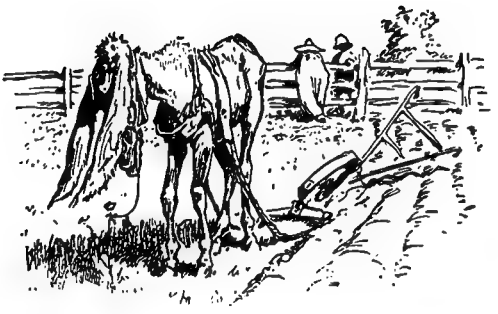
Louisa's Capitulation

By A. B. FROST

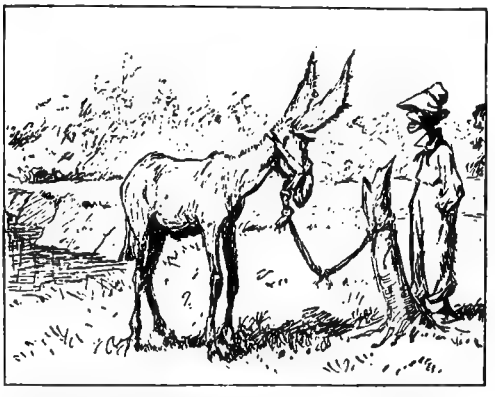


"Dat's a bad trick yo' muel Louisa's got, Brer Jackson!"

"I done bruk ebery shubbel an' broom on de place on dat muel an' kyant cure her, Brer Peters."

"I kin, Brer Jackson!"

"Brer Peters, ef you cure that muel I gwine giv' yo' two pullets an' a water-million."



"I'se gwine off heah in de bushes, an' ef yo' a honourable muel like w'at you looks like, yo' gwine to stan' still, an' no pullin' on dat ole rope, w'at ain't strong, nohow; you heah me?"

"Look a' dat, Brer Jackson; look a' dat!"

"Ki, Brer Peters, ain' she a-gwine?"

"Is yo' hurt, Louisa? Po' Louisa! I reely 'stonished w'en I see yo' git a fall like dat."

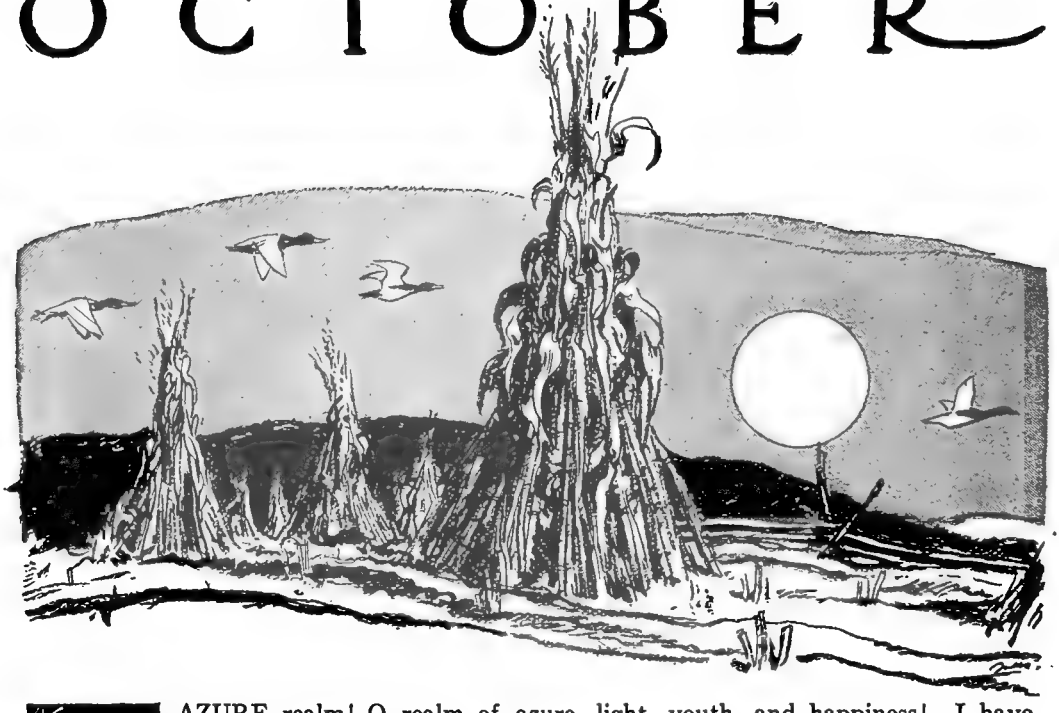
"Did yo' foots slip, Louisa? W'at make yo' jump in de water dat a-way?"

"*Po' Louisa!*"

"Louisa look kin' a downhearted, Brer Jackson."

"Dey ain' no mo' pull back in that muel; I jist keep de blinkers on her and tie her wif a piece of cotton thread dese days."

OCTOBER



O AZURE realm! O realm of azure, light, youth, and happiness! I have beheld thee . . . in my dreams.

There were several of us in a beautiful, decorated boat. Like the breast of a swan the white sail towered aloft beneath fluttering pennants.

I did not know who my companions were; but with all my being I felt that they were as young, as merry, as happy as I was!

And I paid no heed to them. All about me I beheld only the shoreless azure sea, all covered with a fine rippling of golden scales, and overhead an equally shoreless azure sea, and in it, triumphantly and, as it were, smilingly, rolled on the friendly sun.

And among us, from time to time, there arose laughter, ringing and joyous as the laughter of the gods!

Or suddenly, from some one's lips, flew forth words, verses replete with wondrous beauty and with inspired power . . . so that it seemed as though the very sky resounded in reply to them, and round about the sea throbbed with sympathy. . . . And then blissful silence began again.

Diving lightly through the soft waves, our swift boat glided on. It was not propelled by the breeze; it was ruled by our own sportive hearts. Whithersoever we wished, thither did it move, obediently, as though it were gifted with life.

We encountered islands, magical, half-transparent islands with the hues of precious stones, jacinths and emeralds. Intoxicating perfumes were wafted from the surrounding shores; some of these islands pelted us with a rain of white roses and lilies-of-the-valley; from others there rose up suddenly long-winged birds, clothed in rainbow hues.

The birds circled over our heads, the lilies and roses melted in the pearly foam, which slipped along the smooth sides of our craft.

In company with the flowers and the birds, sweet, sweet sounds were wafted to our ears. . . . We seemed to hear women's voices in them. . . . And everything round about,—the sky, the sea, the bellying of the sail up aloft, the purling of the waves at the stern,—everything spoke of love, of blissful love.

And she whom each one of us loved—she was there . . . invisibly and near at hand. Yet another moment and lo! her eyes would beam forth, her smile would blossom out. . . . Her hand would grasp thy hand, and draw thee after her into an unfading paradise!

O azure realm! I have beheld thee . . . in my dream!

The Azure Realm. IVAN TURGENIEV (Hapgood.)

1 There is something in October sets the gipsy blood astir!
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls, and calls each vagabond by name.
CARMAN.

2 The great pleasure of a dog is that you may make a fool of yourself with him and not only will he not scold you, but he will make a fool of himself too.
SAMUEL BUTLER.

3 What is success?
The deathless daughter
Of your weariness.
It is to dive in deeper, deeper water,
And even deeper, layer on layer
Of cold green mystery,
For an ever rosier, ever whiter, ever greyer
Pearl of the sea.
Thousand Nights (MATHERS).

4 But one thing I know; to cry to my children: "Live your Life!" DAUDET.

5 To make a prairie it takes a clover and one bee,—
One clover, and a bee
And revery.
The revery alone will do
If bees are few. EMILY DICKINSON.

6 A plain country fellow is one that manures his ground well, but lets himself lie fallow and untilled. . . . His mind is not much distracted with objects, but if a good fat sow come in his way, he stands dumb and astonished, and though his haste be never so great, will fix here half an hour's contemplation.
BISHOP JOHN EARLE.

7 *Boswell:* Pray, sir, do you not suppose that there are fifty women in the world with any one of whom a man may be as happy as with one woman in particular?
Johnson: Ay, sir, fifty thousand.
Life of Johnson.

8 If a "tie" clasps you, you are something only *with another*, and twelve of you make a dozen, thousands of you a people, millions of you humanity. MAX STIRNER.

9 I found Mr. Prin a good, honest, plain, man, but in his discourse not very free or pleasant. Among all the tales that passed among us to-day, he told us of one Dainford, that, being a black man, did scald his beard with mince-pie, and it came up again all white in that place, and continued to his dying day. PEPYS.

10 But 'neath yon crimson tree,
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
Her blush of maiden shame.
BRYANT.

11 Some girls up the road spent a very wet Sunday morning playing leapfrog in their pyjamas around the tennis lawn. It makes me envious. To think I never thought of doing that! and now it is too late. BARBELLION.

12 The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave comes to the sea,
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high
Shall keep my own away from me.
BURROUGHS.

13 I do not get nearer by a hair's breadth to any natural object, so long as I presume that I have an introduction to it from some learned man. To conceive of it with a total apprehension, I must for the thousandth time approach it as something totally strange. THOREAU.

14 When Sulaima saw me turn my eyes away—and I turn my glances from all that resemble her—she said: "I saw thee mad with love"; and I replied: "Youth is a madness of which age is the cure."
AL-OTBI (LUCAS).

15 This woman, whose mind was always fixed on worldly things, even when at church and during the benediction, was naturally, thoroughly, and absolutely virtuous, but her virtue was not the result of any effort, merit, or even consciousness. . . . Hers was one of those happy, narrow-minded dispositions which have not enough in them to go wrong. DE GONCOURT.

16 Dionysius would not trust his throat to a barber, but had his daughters taught to shave. . . . Nor, when they were grown, would he entrust even them with a razor; but contrived how they might

burn off the hair of his head and beard with red-hot nutshells. CICERO.

17 "Once I induced a young lover to let me read his love-letters. He brought them every day for a week. His love had appeared to me to be a perfect idyll, pure and lovely as a flower. Well—I never read such rot in my life: simply categories of features and infantile gibberish done in the style of a housemaid's novelette."
"BARON CORVO."

18 I thank God that (with joy I mention it) I was never afraid of hell, nor never grew pale at the description of that place. SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

19 The wind's way in the deep sky's hollow
None may measure, as none may say
How the heart in her shows the swallow
The wind's way. SWINBURNE.

20 Clelia thought this middle-class beauty wore a resolute look, which to her mind would only have been appropriate in a married woman of several years' standing. Otherwise her figure and waist were admirably neat; and her eyes, as they say in Lombardy, seemed to hold conversations with everything they looked at. STENDHAL.

21 The only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself with asking much about was, happiness enough to get his work done. CARLYLE.

22 A married man will do anything for money. TALLEYRAND.

23 Kant . . . applied philosophy even to holding up his stockings—by bands passing up into his trousers pockets, where they ended in springs contained in small boxes. DURANT.

24 Women have a wonderful instinct about things. They can discover anything except the obvious. WILDE.

25 Rousseau fixed the summit of his earthly bliss at living in an orchard with an amiable woman and a cow, and he never attained even that. He did get as far as the orchard, but the woman was not amiable, and she brought her mother with her, and there was no cow.
JEROME K. JEROME.

26 If you love an earthen vessel, say it is an earthen vessel which you love; then, when it has been broken, you will not be disturbed. ARRIAN.

27 There is a cunning which we in England call the turning of the cat in the pan, which is, when that which a man saith to another, he lays it as if another had said it to him; and to say truth, it is not easy, when such a matter passed between two, to make it appear from which of them it first moved and began. BACON.

28 If you cannot inspire a woman with love of you, fill her above the brim with the love of herself;—all that runs over will be yours. CHARLES C. COLTON.

29 Health is my expected heaven and you are the Houri—this word, I believe, is both singular and plural—if only plural, never mind—you are a thousand of them. KEATS (*To Fanny Brawne*).

30 When a Parisian woman of forty reviews her life, the story that memory tells her is the story of her emotions. To an American woman of the same age it is more often the story of her actions, —of what she calls her experiences.
BOURGET.

31 If women were by nature what they make themselves by art; if they were to lose suddenly all the freshness of their complexions, and their faces to become as fiery and leaden as they make them with the red and the paint they besmear themselves with, they would consider themselves the most wretched creatures on earth.
JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE.

The Golden Book Magazine

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Billy's Tenderfoot

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Stewart Edward White

DURING one spring of the early seventies Billy Knapp ran a species of road-house and hotel at the crossing of the Deadwood and Big Horn trails through Custer Valley. Travellers changing from one to the other frequently stopped there overnight. He sold accommodations for man and beast, the former comprising plenty of whiskey, the latter plenty of hay. That was the best anyone could say of it. The hotel was of logs, two-storied, with partitions of sheeting to insure a certain privacy of sight if not of sound; had three beds and a number of bunks; and boasted of a woman cook—one of the first in the Hills. Billy did not run it long. He was too restless. For the time being, however, he was interested and satisfied.

The personnel of the establishment consisted of Billy and the woman, already mentioned, and an ancient Pistol of the name of Charley. The latter wore many firearms, and had a good deal to say, but had never, as Billy expressed it, "made good." This in the West could not be for lack of opportunity. His functions were those of general factotum.

One evening Billy sat chair-tilted against the walls of the hotel waiting for the stage. By and by it drew in. Charley hobbled out, carrying buckets of water for the horses. The driver flung the reins from him with the lordly insolence of his privileged class, descended slowly, and swaggered to the bar-room for his drink. Billy followed to serve it.

"Luck," said the driver, and crooked his elbow.

"Anything new?" queried Billy.

"Nope."

"Held up?"

"Nope. Black Hank's over in th' limestone."

That exhausted the situation. The two men puffed silently for a moment at their pipes. In an instant the driver turned to go.

"I got you a tenderfoot," he remarked then, casually; "I reckon he's outside."

"Guess I ambles forth and sees what fer a tenderfoot it is," replied Billy, hastening from behind the bar.

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The tenderfoot was seated on a small trunk just outside the door. As he held his hat in his hand, Billy could see his dome-like bald head. Beneath the dome was a little pink-and-white face, and below that narrow, sloping shoulders, a flat chest, and bandy legs. He wore a light check suit, and a flannel shirt whose collar was much too large for him. Billy took this all in while passing. As the driver climbed to the seat, the hotel-keeper commented.

"Say, Hen," said he, "would you stuff it or put it under a glass case?"

"I'd serve it, a lay Tooloose," replied the driver, briefly, and brought his long lash 8-shaped across the four startled backs of his horses.

Billy turned to the re-inspection of his guest, and met a deprecating smile.

"Can I get a room here fer to-night?" he inquired in a high, piping voice.

"You kin," said Billy, shortly, and began to howl for Charley.

That patriarch appeared around the corner, as did likewise the cook, a black-eyed, red-cheeked creature, afterward counted by Billy as one of his eight matrimonial ventures.

"Snake this stranger's war-bag into th' shack," commanded Billy, "and, Nell, jest nat'rally rustle a few grub."

The stranger picked up a small hand-satchel and followed Charley into the building. When, a little later, he reappeared for supper, he carried the hand-bag with him, and placed it under the bench which flanked the table. Afterward he deposited it near his hand while enjoying a pipe outside. Naturally, all this did not escape Billy.

"Stranger," said he, "yo' seems mighty wedded to that thar satchel."

"Yes, sir," piped the stranger. Billy snorted at the title. "I has some personal belongin's which is valuable to me." He opened the bag and produced a cheap portrait of a rather cheap-looking woman. "My mother that was," said he.

Billy snorted again and went inside. He hated sentiment of all kinds.

The two men sat opposite each other and ate supper, which was served by the red-cheeked girl. The stranger kept his eyes on his plate while she was in the room. He perched on the edge of the bench with his feet tucked under him and resting on the toes. When she approached, the muscles of his shoulders and upper arms grew rigid with embarrassment, causing strange awkward movements of the hands. He answered in monosyllables.

Billy ate expansively and earnestly. Toward the close of the meal Charley slipped into place beside him. Charley was out of humour, and found the meat cold.

"Damn yore soul, Nell," he cried, "this yere ain't fitten fer a *hog* to eat!"

The girl did not mind; nor did Billy. It was the country's mode of speech. The stranger dropped his knife.

"I don't wonder you don't like it, then," said he, with a funny little blaze of anger.

"Meanin' what?" shouted Charley threateningly.

"You sure mustn't speak to a lady that way," replied the stranger, firmly, in his little piping voice.

Billy caught the point and exploded in a mighty guffaw.

"Bully fer you!" he cried, slapping his knee; "struck pyrites (he pronounced it pi-rights) fer shore that trip, Charley."

The girl, too, laughed, but quietly. She was just a little touched, though only this winter she had left Bismarck because the place would have no more of her.

In the face of Billy's approval, the patriarch fell silent.

About midnight the four inmates of the frontier hotel were awakened by a tremendous racket outside. The stranger arose, fully clothed, from his bunk, and peered through the narrow open window. A dozen horses were standing grouped in charge of a single mounted man, indistinguishable in the dark. Out of the open door a broad band of light streamed from the saloon, whence came the noise of voices and boots tramping about.

"It is Black Hank," said Billy, at his elbow, "Black Hank and his outfit. He hitches to this yere snubbin'-post occasional."

Black Hank in the Hills would have translated to Jesse James farther south.

The stranger turned suddenly energetic. "Don't you make no fight?" he asked.

"Fight?" said Billy, wondering. "Fight? Co'se not. Hank don't plunder *me* none. He jest ambles along an' helps himself, and leaves th' dust fer it every time. I jest lays low an' lets him operate. I never has no *dealin's* with him, understand. He jest nat'rally waltzes in an' plants his grub-hooks on what he needs. *I* don't know nothin' about it. *I'm* dead asleep."

He bestowed a shadowy wink on the stranger.

Below, the outlaws moved here and there.

"Billy!" shouted a commanding voice, "Billy Knapp!"

The hotel-keeper looked perplexed.

"Now, what's he tollin' *me* for?" he asked of the man by his side.

"Billy!" shouted the voice again, "come down here, you Siwash. I want to palaver with you!"

"All right, Hank," replied Billy.

He went to his "room," and buckled on a heavy belt; then descended the steep stairs. The barroom was lighted and filled with men. Some of them were drinking and eating; others were strapping provisions into portable form. Against the corner of the bar a tall figure of a man leaned smoking—a man lithe, active, and muscular, with a keen dark face, and black eyebrows which met over his nose. Billy walked silently to this man.

"What is it?" he asked, shortly. "This yere ain't in th' agreement."

"I know that," replied the stranger.

"Then leave yore dust and vamoose."

"My dust is there," replied Black Hank, placing his hand on a buckskin bag at his side, "and you're paid, Billy Knapp. I want to ask you a question. Standing Rock has sent fifty thousand dollars in greenbacks to Spotted Tail. The messenger went through here to-day. Have you seen him?"

"Nary messenger," replied Billy, in relief. "Stage goes empty."

Charley had crept down the stairs and into the room.

"What in hell are yo' doin' here, yo' ranikaboo ijit?" inquired Billy, truculently.

"That thar stage ain't what you calls *empty*," observed Charley, unmoved.

A light broke on Billy's mind. He remarked the valise which the stranger had so carefully guarded; and though his common-sense told him that an inoffensive non-combatant such as his guest would hardly be chosen as express messenger, still the bare possibility remained.

"Yo're right," he agreed, carelessly, "thar is one tenderfoot, who knows as much of ridin' express as a pig does of a ruffled shirt."

"I notes he's almighty particular about that carpet-bag of his'n," insisted Charley.

The man against the counter had lost nothing of the scene. Billy's denial, his hesitation, his half-truth all looked suspicious to him. With one swift, round sweep of the arm he had Billy covered. Billy's hands shot over his head without the necessity of command.

The men ceased their occupations and gathered about. Scenes of this sort were too common to elicit comment or arouse excitement. They knew perfectly well the *laissez-faire* relations which obtained between the two Westerners.

"Now," said Black Hank, angrily, in a low tone, "I want to know why in hell you tried that monkey game!"

Billy, wary and unafraid, replied that he had tried no game, that he had forgotten the tenderfoot for the moment, and that he did not believe the latter would prove to be the sought-for express messenger.

One of the men, at a signal from his leader, relieved Billy's heavy belt of considerable weight. Then the latter was permitted to sit on a cracker-box. Two more mounted the stairs. In a moment they returned to report that the upper story contained no human beings, strange or otherwise, except the girl, but that there remained a small trunk. Under further orders, they dragged the trunk down into the bar-room. It was broken open and found to contain nothing but clothes—of the plainsman's cut, material, and state of wear; a neatly folded Mexican saddle showing use, and a raw-hide quirt.

"Hell of a tenderfoot!" said Black Hank, contemptuously.

The outlaws had already scattered outside to look for the trail. In this they were unsuccessful, reporting, indeed, that not the faintest sign indicated escape in any direction.

Billy knew his man. The tightening of Black Hank's close-knit brows meant but one thing. One does not gain chieftainship of any kind in the West without propping his ascendency with acts of ruthless decision. Billy leaped from his cracker-box with the suddenness of the puma, seized Black Hank firmly about the waist, whirled him into a sort of shield, and began an earnest struggle for the instant possession of the outlaw's drawn revolver. It was a gallant attempt, but an unsuccessful one. In a moment Billy was pinioned to the floor, and Black Hank was rubbing his abraded fore-arm. After that the only question was whether it should be rope or bullet.

Now, when Billy had gone downstairs, the stranger had wasted no further time at the window. He had in his possession fifty thousand dollars in greenbacks which he was to deliver as soon as possible to the Spotted Tail agency in Wyoming. The necessary change of stage lines had forced him to stay overnight at Billy Knapp's hotel.

The messenger seized his bag and softly

ran along through the canvas-partitioned room wherein Billy slept, to a narrow window which he had already noticed gave out almost directly into the pine woods. The window was of oiled paper, and its catch baffled him. He knew it should slide back; but it refused to slide. He did not dare break the paper because of the crackling noise. A voice at his shoulder startled him.

"I'll show you," whispered the red-cheeked girl.

She was wrapped loosely in a blanket, her hair falling about her shoulders, and her bare feet showed beneath her coverings. The little man suffered at once an agony of embarrassment in which the thought of his errand was lost. It was recalled to him by the girl.

"There you are," she whispered, showing him the open window.

"Thank you," he stammered, painfully, "I assure you—I wish——"

The girl laughed under her breath.

"That's all right," she said, heartily, "I owe you that for calling old whiskers off his bronc," and she kissed him.

The messenger, trembling with self-consciousness, climbed hastily through the window; ran the broad loop of the satchel up his arm; and, instead of dropping to the ground, as the girl had expected, swung himself lightly into the branches of a rather large scrub-oak that grew near. She listened to the rustle of the leaves for a moment as he neared the trunk, and then, unable longer to restrain her curiosity in regard to the doings below, turned to the stairway.

As she did so, two men mounted. They examined the three rooms of the upper story hastily but carefully, paying scant attention to her, and departed swearing. In a few moments they returned for the stranger's trunk. Nell followed them down the stairs as far as the doorway. There she heard and saw things, and fled in bitter dismay to the back of the house when Billy Knapp was overpowered.

At the window she knelt, clasping her hands and sinking her head between her arms. Women in the West, at least women like Nell, do not weep. But she came near it. Suddenly she raised her head. A voice next her ear had addressed her.

She looked here and there and around, but could discover nothing.

"Here, outside," came the low, guarded voice, "in the tree."

Then she saw that the little stranger had not stirred from his first alighting-place.

"Beg yore pardon, ma'am, fer startling you at all, which I shouldn't, but——"

"Oh, never mind that," said the girl, impatiently, shaking back her hair. So deprecating and timid were the tones, that almost without an effort of the imagination she could picture the little man's blushes and his half-sidling method of delivery. At this supreme moment his littleness and lack of self-assertion jarred on her mood. "What're you doin' there? Thought you'd vamoosed."

"It was safer here," explained the stranger, "I left no trail."

She nodded comprehension of the common-sense of this.

"But, ma'am, I took the liberty of speakin' to you because you seems to be in trouble. Of course, I ain't got no right to *ask*, an' if you don't care to tell me——"

"They're goin' to kill Billy," broke in Nell, with a sob.

"What for?"

"I don't jest rightly make out. They's after someone, and they thinks Billy's caching him. I reckon it's you. Billy ain't caching nothin', but they thinks he is."

"It's me they's after, all right. Now, you know where I am, why don't you tell them and save Billy?"

The girl started, but her keen Western mind saw the difficulty at once.

"They thinks Billy pertects you jest th' same."

"Do you love him?" asked the stranger.

"God knows I'm purty tough," confessed Nell, sobbing, "but I jest do that!" and she dropped her head again.

The invisible stranger in the gloom fell silent, considering.

"I'm a pretty rank proposition, myself," said he at last, as if to himself, "and I've got a job on hand which same I oughta put through without givin' attention to anything else. As a usual thing folks don't care fer me, and I don't care much fer folks. Women especial. They drives me plumb tired. I reckon I don't stack up very high in th' blue chips when it comes to cashin' in with the gentle sex, anyhow; but in general they gives me as much notice as they lavishes on a doodle-bug. I ain't kickin', you understand, nary bit; but oncet in a dog's age I kind of hankers fer a decent look from one of 'em. I ain't never had no women-folks of my own, never. Sometimes I thinks it would be some scrumptious to know a little gal waitin' fer me somewhere. They ain't none. They never will

be. I ain't built that way. You treated me white to-night. You're th' first woman that ever kissed me of her own accord."

The girl heard a faint scramble, then the soft *pat* of someone landing on his feet. Peering from the window she made out a faint, shadowy form stealing around the corner of the hotel. She put her hand to her heart and listened. Her understanding of the stranger's motives was vague at best, but she had caught his confession that her kiss had meant much to him, and even in her anxiety she felt an inclination to laugh. She had bestowed that caress as she would have kissed the cold end of a dog's nose.

The men below stairs had, after some discussion, decided on bullet. This was out of consideration for Billy's standing as a frontiersman. Besides, he had stolen no horses. In order not to delay matters, the execution was fixed for the present time and place. Billy stood with his back to the logs of his own hotel, his hands and feet bound, but his eyes uncovered. He had never lost his nerve. In the short respite which preparation demanded, he told his opponents what he thought of them.

"Proud?" he concluded a long soliloquy as if to the reflector of the lamp. "Proud?" he repeated, reflectively. "This yere Hank's jest that proud he's all swelled up like a poisoned pup. Ain't everyone kin corral a man sleepin' and git fifty thousand without turnin' a hair."

Black Hank distributed three men to do the business. There were no heroics. The execution of this man was necessary to him, not because he was particularly angry over the escape of the messenger—he expected to capture that individual in due time—but in order to preserve his authority over his men. He was in the act of moving back to give the shooters room, when he heard behind him the door open and shut.

He turned. Before the door stood a small consumptive-looking man in a light check suit. The tenderfoot carried two short-barrelled Colt's revolvers, one of which he presented directly at Black Hank.

"'nds up!" he commanded, sharply.

Hank was directly covered, so he obeyed. The new-comer's eye had a strangely restless quality. Of the dozen other inmates of the room, eleven were firmly convinced that the weapon and eye not directly levelled at their leader were personally concerned with themselves. The twelfth thought he saw his chance. To the bewildered onlookers there seemed to be a flash and a bang, instantaneous; then things were as before. One of the stranger's weapons still pointed at Black Hank's breast; the other at each of the rest. Only the twelfth man, he who had seen his chance, had collapsed forward to the floor. No one could assure himself positively that he had discerned the slightest motion on the part of the stranger.

"Now," said the latter, sharply, "one at a time, gentlemen. Drop yore gun," this last to Black Hank, "muzzle down. Drop it! Correct!"

One of the men in the back of the room stirred slightly on the ball of his foot.

"Steady, there!" warned the stranger. The man stiffened.

"Next gent," went on the little man, subtly indicating another. The latter obeyed without hesitation. "Next. Now you. Now you in th' corner."

One after another the pistols clattered to the floor. Not for an instant could a single inmate of the apartment, armed or unarmed, flatter himself that his slightest motion was unobserved. They were like tigers on the crouch, ready to spring the moment the man's guard lowered. It did not lower. The huddled figure on the floor reminded them of what might happen. They obeyed.

"Step back," commanded the stranger next. In a moment he had them standing in a row against the wall, rigid, upright, their hands over their heads. Then for the first time the stranger moved from his position by the door.

"Call her," he said to Billy, "th' girl."

Billy raised his voice. "Nell! Oh, Nell!"

In a moment she appeared in the doorway at the foot of the stairs, without hesitation or fear. When she perceived the state of affairs, she brightened almost mischievously.

"Would you jest as soon, ma'am, if it ain't troubling you too much, jest nat-rally sort of untie Billy?" requested the stranger.

She did so. The hotel-keeper stretched his arms.

"Now, pick up th' guns, please."

The two set about it.

"Where's that damn ol' reprobate?" inquired Billy, truculently, looking about for Charley.

The patriarch had quietly slipped away.

"You kin drop them hands," advised the stranger, lowering the muzzles of his weapons. The leader started to say something.

"You shut up!" said Billy, selecting his own weapons from the heap.

The stranger suddenly picked up one of the Colt's single-action revolvers which lay on the floor, and, holding the trigger back against the guard, exploded the six charges by hitting the hammer smartly with the palm of his hand. In the thrusting motion of this discharge he evidently had design, for the first six wine-glasses on Billy's bar were shivered. It was wonderful work, rattling fire, quicker than a self-cocker even. He selected another weapon. From a pile of tomato-cans he took one and tossed it into the air. Before it had fallen he had perforated it twice, and as it rolled along the floor he helped its progression by four more bullets which left streams of tomato-juice where they had hit. The room was full of smoke. The group watched, fascinated.

Then the men against the wall grew rigid. Out of the film of smoke long, vivid streams of fire flashed toward them, now right, now left, like the alternating steam of a locomotive's pistons. *Smash, smash! Smash, smash!* hit the bullets with regular thud. With the twelfth discharge the din ceased. Midway in the space between the heads of each pair of men against the wall was a round hole. No one was touched.

A silence fell. The smoke lightened and blew slowly through the open door. The horses, long since deserted by their guardians in favour of the excitement within, whinnied. The stranger dropped the smoking Colts, and quietly reproduced his own short-barrelled arms from his side-pockets, where he had thrust them. Billy broke the silence at last.

"That's *shootin'!*" he observed, with a sigh.

"Them fifty thousand is outside," clicked the stranger. "Do you want them?"

There was no reply.

"I aims to pull out on one of these yere hosses of yours," said he. "Billy, he's all straight. He doesn't know nothin' about me."

He collected the six-shooters from the floor.

"I jest takes these with me for a spell," he continued. "You'll find them, if you look hard enough, along on th' trails—also yore broncs."

He backed toward the door.

"I'm layin' fer th' man that sticks his head out that door," he warned.

"Stranger," said Black Hank as he neared the door.

The little man paused.

"Might I ask yore name?"

"My name is Alfred," replied the latter.

Black Hank looked chagrined.

"I've hearn tell of you," he acknowledged.

The stranger's eye ran over the room, and encountered that of the girl. He shrank into himself and blushed.

"Good-night," he said, hastily, and disappeared. A moment later the beat of hoofs became audible as he led the bunch of horses away.

For a time there was silence. Then Billy, "By God, Hank, I means to stand in with you, but you let that kid alone, or I plugs you!"

"Kid, huh!" grunted Hank. "Alfred a kid! I've hearn tell of him."

"What've you heard?" inquired the girl.

"He's th' plumb best scout on th' southern trail," replied Black Hank.

The year following, Billy Knapp, Alfred, and another man named Jim Buckley took across the Hills the only wagon-train that dared to set out that summer.

Rondeau—By LEIGH HUNT

JENNY kiss'd me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in!
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have miss'd me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kiss'd me.

The Old Hunter—By LIAM O'FLAHERTY

MR. STEPHEN MULLEN, the horse-dealer of Ballyhaggard, went to an auction one day. He was a tall, slim man with a red face and white eyebrows. Being a very popular man, on account of his dry wit and his good temper, he met many friends in the town where the auction was being held, and the result was that he spent the morning in the hotels drinking. Slightly intoxicated, he arrived at the auction when everything was sold except an old hunter called Morrissey.

Mr. Mullen went up to the auctioneer, a friend of his, and asked him, had he anything left. The auctioneer pointed to the old hunter.

"That's the lot," he said.

"What's that?" said Mr. Mullen, shutting one eye and cocking his head sideways.

"Pooh!" said the auctioneer, "there's enough iron in that old rascal to keep a factory going for a month. Tell you what, these bank-clerks and shopkeepers that are buying horses now with their ill-gotten gains don't know a——"

"Hech, hech," said Mr. Mullen, "let's have a look at him. I might give ye the price of a drink for him."

They walked over to the hunter. He was a finely built animal, but he looked like a man that had just left a nursing home after a serious nervous breakdown. His bones were sticking through his hide, and though he held his head proudly in the air, it was obvious that he did so out of respect for his ancestry and not because of any consciousness of his strength. He was of a bay colour, and somebody had fired his left hind leg, so clumsily and in such a cruel manner that it appeared to have been done with a red-hot crowbar. The pelt was quite naked of hair and the flesh was singed in streaks.

"Look at that," said Mr. Mullen, pointing to the leg. "Did ye get him from a tinker, or what?"

"Lord have mercy on yer soul," said the auctioneer, "that fellah has a pedigree as long as yer arm. Come here, I'll show ye."

"Ye needn't bother," said Mr. Mullen. "What good is a pedigree to a dying man? The Master o' the Hounds might give a few bob for him for the pack."

Mr. Mullen wrinkled up his face in a smile and he looked at the auctioneer with his mouth open. He really wanted the horse, because he liked the old fellow's head, but he wanted to get him for next to nothing. The auctioneer also wanted to get rid of him very badly, but still, he wanted to strike a good bargain.

"Now drop the coddin', Mr. Mullen," he said, "and buy the horse if ye want him. Sure I needn't tell you what a horse is, whether he is a horse or a mule. Man alive, sure a few square meals 'ud change that fellah so much ye wouldn't know him. Look at his——"

"Aye," said Mullen coldly, "let's have a look at them. I mean at his insides. I bet he's got a smoker's heart and a liver stitched together with the best silk thread. If I buy him, would ye get him carted home for me?"

"I can see it's out for coddin' me ye are," said the auctioneer, turning to go away.

"Very well," said Mr. Mullen, clearing his throat, "I'll make ye an offer for him."

"What's that?" said the auctioneer, halting abruptly and turning around to Mr. Mullen.

"I've got thirty bob on me," said Mullen, contracting his white eyebrows. "I'll give ye the lot, though it's good money wasted."

The auctioneer pursed up his lips and stared at Mr. Mullen for a few moments as if he were dumfounded.

"D'ye really mean it?" he said.

Mr. Mullen nodded.

"Take him home, for God's sake," said the auctioneer, waving his hands.

Mr. Mullen paid for the horse and took him home. He led him along beside his own horse, and it was the devil of a job to keep him in hand. My boy, he had his head in the wind and champed along, rearing and trying to break loose.

"Good Lord," thought Mr. Mullen, "that fellah is a corker only for his age."

Mr. Mullen went to a party that night and there was heavy drinking. In his cups he began to boast about the old hunter he had bought for thirty shillings. Everybody made fun of him about it, so Mr. Mullen boasted that he would ride the old horse to the meet of the Ballyhaggard hounds next day.

"Wait till you see," he cried. "I'll leave you all so far behind that I'll have the fox's skin dressed before you arrive."

Next day Mr. Mullen's head was as big as a pot, and when he remembered his boast he was disgusted with himself. But he was a man of his word and he ordered the old hunter to be saddled for him. He drank a considerable amount of raw whiskey and mounted him. Off he went to the meet.

Everybody in the district turns out with the hounds, from Lord Clonmore to Mr. Mulligan, the butcher of Murren. All sorts of ungainly beasts appear. In fact, Mr. Murchison, the new Protestant curate, once joined, mounted on a cart-horse, which a scoundrel called The Tiger Donnelly sold him as an Irish hunter. Since the war and the revolution all sorts of people have been thrown together in the district, so that, as Mr. Mullen says, "There's no class about anything nowadays." But when Mr. Mullen himself appeared that day on Morrissey, everybody agreed that such an extraordinary animal had never been seen before. It was like a mortally sick man appearing at a wedding, half drunk and insisting on being the most hilarious person present.

"Bravo, Mr. Mullen," said Lord Clonmore. "The dead have arisen. Eh?"

Everybody laughed and Mr. Mullen was mortally insulted, but when the cavalcade set off, by Jove, Morrissey behaved himself marvellously. Like a good thoroughbred of the old school, he showed every ounce that was in him. He cleared the ditches and fences as lightly as those wonderful horses for which the Galway Blazers were famous, fellows that could live for a week on a raw turnip and cross a bog without wetting their fetlocks. Mr. Mullen kept refreshing himself now and again with stimulants, and as a consequence rode even more daringly than was his custom; but the old hunter carried him all day without a single stumble, until at last, just before the finish, he arrived at the drain that flows from the workhouse, about a mile outside the town. There is no more filthy or evil-smelling drain in the world. There is no necessity to describe it.

But when Morrissey arrived at this drain at full speed, he stopped dead. Undoubtedly the animal was too well bred to face it. Mr. Mullen was pitched over the horse's head and he fell headlong into the stinking place. Several people pulled up, but Mr. Mullen crawled out, uninjured. Seeing him, everybody went into hysterics with laughter. He was indescribable, and in fact unrecognizable. Morrissey lowered his head, sniffed at Mr. Mullen and set off back at a mad canter.

"It must have turned his stomach," laughed a red-haired farmer.

"Yer a lot of scoundrels," shouted Mr. Mullen, struggling to his feet and holding out his dripping hands that were as black and sticky as if he had dipped them in tar.

Morrissey was found again and brought back to the stables. Mr. Mullen went home and had a bath, and by that time his anger had worn off and he himself was able to laugh at the joke. Next morning he went to look at Morrissey. The poor animal was quite stiff with his efforts of the previous day. But he still had his head in the air and he whinnied joyfully when he saw Mr. Mullen. That softened Mr. Mullen's heart toward him.

"Damn it," he said to the stable-boy, "he's a great old horse. I'll take him down to the shore and give him a dip in the salt water to soften his legs."

He rode Morrissey down to the strand. It was a fine day, but there was a rather heavy ground-swell and the waves broke on the sand with a thundering noise. This thundering noise and the menacing aspect of the dark green waves, rising suddenly within a few feet of the shore and falling with a thud, terrified the horse. It was impossible to get him to walk in the tide. At last Mr. Mullen managed to get him near the surf, when the tide had receded for a particularly long distance, as it does now and again, after a certain number of short waves have broken. Then as the horse was stamping about and snorting, trying to get away from the water, an enormous wave rose suddenly and almost enveloped him. Instead of trying to rush backward, he was so confused by the rush of water under his stomach that he plunged out to sea. Mr. Mullen tried to head him off, but it was no use. Presently another equally large wave arose, passed right over the horse and the rider, so that they both turned a somersault. Mr. Mullen was thrown from the saddle and he became entangled somehow in the horse's legs. When he came to the surface, after having saved himself, the horse was five yards away and Mr. Mullen was in deep water. He swam a few strokes, struck ground and then looked behind him. There was the horse, swimming mightily out toward the open sea.

"God Almighty!" cried Mr. Mullen. "With ten pounds worth of a saddle on him!"

Mr. Mullen dashed up on to the strand and began to call some boatmen that were there. They ran over to him.

"Hey," he cried, "if he drowns, will he sink or float?"

"God save us," they cried, "who are ye talkin' about?"

"My horse, damn it," cried Mr. Mullen; "he's gone out to sea. Don't ye see him? Look."

"Aw, snakes alive," they said, when they saw the dark object, heaving along sideways, like an unwieldy porpoise.

"He'll float sure enough," said one man, "with the water he'll swallow."

"All right, then," said Mr. Mullen, "get me a boat. I want to save the saddle. The horse isn't worth his keep, but the saddle is worth money. Get a boat for me."

They rushed down a boat and put to sea after the horse. When they had gone out almost half a mile, they met the horse swimming back toward them.

"There he is," cried one boatman.

"He's floatin' sure enough," said Mr. Mullen. "Get alongside him and get the saddle."

"It's not floatin' he is, but swimmin' like a warrior," said the boatman.

"God!" said Mr. Mullen.

They were all amazed and they lay on their oars, as Morrissey swept past them toward the beach, going at a terrific pace. They followed him, and when they reached the strand, Morrissey was standing there, shivering and exhausted. Mr. Mullen took off his hat and struck his forehead.

"Well, that horse beats all I ever saw," he said. "Here. I'll buy a bottle of whiskey over this. Come on, men."

After that Mr. Mullen and the horse that went to sea became quite famous in the district. So that Mr. Mullen grew fond of the horse and he kept him all that winter in his stables with plenty of food. But he made no attempt to ride him, and although the fame of the horse spread afar, still nobody made an offer for him. Because even though he was famous for having swum a mile out to sea and then swam back again, he was also famous for having thrown Mr. Mullen into the workhouse drain.

Then in the following April another extraordinary thing happened to the horse. I must say that he had improved considerably during the winter. He had fattened a great deal and his hide was becoming almost glossy. The mark on his hind leg was not so outrageous, and to an ordinary person he seemed a perfectly sound horse. But to a horseman he was still an old crock. One of those game old things, whether they are old colonels who insist on wearing tight waists in their seventieth year, or old horses or old battered fighting cocks that take a step ferociously and then glare, wagging their chaps aggressively as if they were in the prime of their lives,—I say he was one of those game old things that make a virtue of looking fit even when they might be excused drooping their heads and lying down to die. But all the buyers admired him and left him alone. Then Mr. Stanley Edwards came to the town.

Mr. Edwards might be called a crock as well as the old hunter. He spent a greater part of each year in a nursing home. The remainder of the year he spent in the pursuit of extravagant pleasures, not always very well considered. His money was tied up in this country, otherwise it is very probable that he would never spend a week in it. But when he had done a great bout in London, he always had to return to Ireland to get some more money. After one of those bouts and a month in hospital, he engaged a villa in Ballyhaggard to take the sea air. A few days after his arrival in the town he came to Mr. Mullen. Mr. Mullen looked him up and down, rather surprised that such a weakling should come to him for anything.

"Well," he said, "what could I do for you?"

"Look here," said Mr. Edwards, "I have to live for a few months in this ghastly place. I'm sick and I have very little money. I have been here three days and I'm quite fed up with walking up and down the shore and talking to the lunatics around here. I want a horse. Can you get me one?"

"Let me see," said Mr. Mullen, looking at him shrewdly, "you'd want a quiet horse, I suppose?"

"I want a horse," said Mr. Edwards pettishly. "It doesn't matter what he is. If he breaks my neck it might be a jolly good idea."

"I see," said Mr. Mullen. "I think I've got the very thing that'll suit you."

"Oh! Look here," said Mr. Edwards rather nervously. "I don't mean I want some —— eh —— crazy thing. You know —— a —— oh, well ——"

"You leave it to me," said Mr. Mullen. "You can try him out before you buy him."

Morrissey was brought out and Mr. Edwards immediately mounted him and trotted off. Mr. Edwards looked a very poor figure on horseback. Some wit said

that he was born to be a rag-picker, because his gaunt frame bent like a willow rod and his nose was so long that he could use it in the same way that an elephant uses the tip of his trunk. But such a slight weight suited the old horse, and he went off very gallantly indeed, with that twirl in his right hind leg, which is a sign of old age in a horse and which warns off the cunning buyer but which is very attractive; like the smart twirl of the spurred boot which tells the swagger cavalry officer.

Mr. Mullen looked after the horse, scratching his chin and thinking that he would be very glad to accept a five-pound note for him.

After an hour, Mr. Edwards returned, perspiring but looking very happy. A good hour's trotting on a well-bred horse on a fine spring morning would make a corpse almost come to life again.

"Go all right?" said Mr. Mullen, smiling his most engaging smile.

"Splendid," said Mr. Edwards, sitting the horse and wiping his forehead, as if he were loath to dismount. "How much do you want for him?"

"I'll take thirty pounds at a pinch," said Mr. Mullen, after a moment's apparent thought and looking at Mr. Edwards as if he were going to do him a favour, which, however, gave him a great deal of pain.

"Oh!" said Mr. Edwards, a little surprised.

Then he dismounted and looked curiously at Mr. Mullen.

"It's a lot," he said.

"Oh! Well," said Mr. Mullen, making a gesture with his hands, "a horse isn't a bicycle."

"Quite," said Mr. Edwards. "Now, let me see."

He walked around the horse and passed his hand over the horse's body in various places. Mr. Mullen was very glad to see that he touched the wrong places. Then Mr. Edwards stood at a distance from the horse and looked at him. He seemed very loath to leave him. Mr. Mullen began to feel very comfortable.

"Look here," said Mr. Edwards at length, "I'll come back to-morrow and have another ride. May I?"

"Why, certainly," said Mr. Mullen affably. "You can have a look at his pedigree now if you like."

"Oh, has he got a pedigree?" said Mr. Edwards.

"Lord, yes," said Mr. Mullen, "yards of it."

Here it must be stated, that although Mr. Edwards was a wealthy country gentleman, he kept motor-cars instead of horses and knew nothing about the animals except on race-courses. So that a pedigree seemed to him as good a guarantee of perfection as the maker's name on a Rolls-Royce.

"Let's have a look at it," he said.

Mr. Mullen produced the pedigree and Mr. Edwards inspected it.

"In that case," he said, "I'll buy the horse right away."

"It's like taking milk from a child," thought Mr. Mullen, as Mr. Edwards wrote out the cheque.

Everybody expected Mr. Edwards to break his neck, and some people said that Mr. Mullen played rather a scurvy trick on the poor fellow, but during the whole of that summer the horse was seen on the roads almost every day, trotting along in the pink of condition. And what was more, Mr. Edwards became quite a new man. Whether it was the sea air or the riding that did it, he regained his health to an extraordinary extent. He did not become robust, but he was no longer an invalid and he led a decent healthy life. In fact, just before he went away, he came to Mr. Mullen and said: "Look here, Mr. Mullen, you've saved my life."

"Glad to hear it," said Mr. Mullen, without winking an eye.

In September Mr. Edwards left the district, but instead of going to England, as was his custom, he returned to his property in County Kilkenny. Nothing more was heard of him or of the horse for two years. And then two months ago I met Mr. Mullen in Dublin. We were having a drink together and talking about various things, when he suddenly gripped my arm and said:

"D'ye remember that horse, Morrissey, I had, the fellah that threw me into the drain?"

I nodded.

"Ye remember I sold him to a chap called Edwards from Kilkenny. Well, I've just been down there to a show. Met him there. He's still got the horse, going as strong as a three-year-old and . . . d'ye know what I'm going to tell ye? That horse saved his life, as he said himself. When I asked him about the horse, he said: 'I wouldn't part with that horse for a thousand. I haven't left this district since I saw you last, and I can drink two bottles of port now after dinner without turning a hair.'"

So that, indeed, it seems that there is something in a pedigree.

The River of Hate

By ACHMED ABDULLAH

Achmed Abdullah

"THE Wrath of the Thunder Gods," the Kafiri hillmen called the river that dropped to the western plains of Afghanistan and over into soft Persia in a succession of overlapping falls like the feathers on the breast of a pouter pigeon, while the Afghan nobles who, armed with the great, carved seal of the Governor of Kabul, came there to levy the quota of young men for the Ameer's army, called it the "River of Hate."

And Kafiri, as well as Afghans, spoke the truth.

For, during three months of the year, the North wind was riding a wracked sky and met the shock of the racing, roaring river, and the thunder crashed from the high ranges, splintering the young pines, occasionally taking toll of human life; and it was hate, even more than the swirling breadth of the river, which divided the villages that squatted on either bank.

South of the river, the Red Village lay spotted and threatening, like a tiger asleep in the sun, while North the flat-roofed houses of the White Village seemed snow flakes dropped on slabs of sullen granite—as sullen as the temper of the people when they looked across and saw the men of the Red Village sweep the whirlpool of the Black Rock with crude, effective net traps made of jungly rattan and hempen ropes; when they saw the catch of fat, blue-scaled, red-eyed *khirli* fish drawn up on the bank and flopping in the quivering light like dusky flecks of sunshine.

The Black Rock was the fortune of the Red Village.

Forming the end and pinnacle of a chain of ragged, slippery stones that spanned three-fourths of the river's breadth and rose and fell to the rise and fall of the water, it was within fifteen feet of the southern bank, and in winter, when rain had been heavy in the mountains and the River of Hate surged up a man's height in a couple of hours, it acted like a natural dam.

But in summer, when, freed from snow, the higher range limned ghostly out of the purple-gray distance and drought shrunk the river, the Black Rock peaked to a height of thirty feet and caused the water to drop into a great whirlpool, not far from the Red Village, where it blossomed like a gigantic waxen flower.

Too, it is in summer that the *khirli* fish, obeying their ancient tribal customs, come from their spawning, and when they return down the River of Hate on their way to the Persian Gulf, they are tired and weary with the many miles. So they lie down to rest in the bottom of the whirlpool of the Black Rock where the fishing rights, by immemorial law, antedating the law of the Koran, belong to the people of the Red Village; and the villagers catch them and feast, while the men of the White Village bemoan their fate and take the name of Allah and—if the Afghan priests be not listening—the names of various heathen gods decidedly in vain.

But they do not fight the people of the Red Village, except with an occasional stone or stick hurled from ambush and not meant to kill. For a law is a law.

When, after seven years' service in the Ameer's army—during which he had learned to shoot straight, to substitute a tall black fur cap, worn rakishly over the right ear, for the greasy shawl turban of the Kafiri, to embroider his rough hill diction with flowery Persian metaphor, and to ogle the women in the bazaars—Ebrahim Asif received word that his father, Sabihhudin Achmat, had died, and that he was now chief of the White Village, he went straight to the Governor of Kabul and asked to be released from service.

"My people are clamouring for me," he added in a lordly manner.

The Governor saw before him a young man, not over twenty-five, of a supple sweep of shoulders, a great, crunching reach of arms, a massive chest, and a dead-white, hawkish face that rose up from a black, pointed beard like a sardonic Chinese vignette. He thought to himself that here was a Kafiri, a turbulent pagan hillman indeed; but that seven years in Kabul must have put the Afghan brand upon his soul, and that he might be a valuable ally if ever his lawless tribesmen should give trouble—perhaps, only Allah knew! as a raiding vanguard accompanying an invading British or Russian column, as the little, sniveling, dirt-nosing jackals accompany the tiger.

"Your prayer is granted, Ebrahim Asif," the Governor said. "Return to your own people—a chief. And—" he smiled, "also remember that you are an Afghan, and no longer a lousy hillman!"

"Yes, Excellency!" said Ebrahim Asif.

On the second day out of Kabul he was back over the borders of his own country. On the third, he saw the faint, silvery-gray mountain, flung like a cloud against the sky, that marked the western limit of the White Village.

On the morning of the fourth, he was sitting on a raised earthen platform in the communal council hut of the village where his ancestors had been hereditary rulers since before the shining adventure of Shikandar Khan, he whom the Christians call Alexander the Macedonian, his rifle across his knees, and a naked, pot-bellied boy of ten fanning him with a silver-handled yak tail, stolen during some raid into Tibet. He was holding a perfumed, daintily embroidered handkerchief to his nose.

On the bare mud floor, below the platform, squatted the men of the village, some thirty in number, in a confused heap of sun-and-dirt-browned arms, legs and patched multi-coloured garments.

Ebrahim Asif, remembering the days of his childhood when his father had occupied the seat of chief which to-day was his, turned slightly to the left.

Directly in front of him squatted an old man whose name was Jarullah. His face was like a gnarled bit of deodar wood beneath a thatch of bristly, reddish hair.

Ebrahim Asif pointed at him.

"Jarullah," he said, "you are the oldest. Let me hear what wisdom, if any, the many years have brought you."

"It is not money we want," muttered Jarullah.

Then, embarrassed, he knew not why, he checked himself. His roving eyes sought his knees and he coughed apologetically, until a young man, lean, red-haired, with pock-marked vulpine features and bold gray eyes, stepped forward, pushed Jarullah unceremoniously aside, and squatted down in his place.

Over his shoulder, he pointed through the doorway, at the River of Hate, and the hissing whirlpool of the Black Rock, and beyond, at the Red Village, that seemed stiff and motionless in the quivering heat as if forged out of metal. Only at the bank were signs of life—the men pulling in the nets sagging with their shimmering load. Occasionally, a high-pitched, exultant yell drifted thinly across.

"Our bellies are empty, Chief," the young man whose name was Babar, said sulkily, "while they—" he spat—"the people of the Red Village——"

Ebrahim Asif rose, picked up his rifle by the shoulder strap, and walked toward the door.

"The old feud, eh?" he asked. "The feud over a potful of stinking *khirli* fish? By the teeth of the Prophet—on whom peace—I shall spice their mid-day meal with a couple of bullets and a rich sluicing of blood!"

But Jarullah stepped into his path and laid a trembling hand on his shoulder.

"There is the law, Chief!" he cried in a cracked, excited whine. "The fishing rights of the southern bank belong to the Red Village. Remember the law of the Kafiri!"

"There is no law for Afghans," smiled Ebrahim Asif.

"Right!" shrieked the old man. "There is indeed no law for Afghans! But you are a Kafiri, Chief. You must keep sacred the ancient law of the tribes—" and an angry, clucking chorus rose from the squatting clansmen.

"The ancient law! The ancient law!"

Ebrahim Asif was utterly astonished.

Quite instinctively he had picked up his rifle. Quite instinctively he had decided to send a few bullets whizzing to the opposite shore. It would be perfectly safe. For the only firearms that ever came into Kafiristan were those of the Ameer's ruffianly soldiers, soldiers either on active duty or, like himself, released from service, and he knew that for many years past no man of the Red Village had been drafted into the army.

Thus he was perfectly safe in announcing

his presence to them with a charge of lead and, later on, of coming to terms: a fair half of the *khirli* catch to his own village—otherwise bullets and blood.

It was simple—as sublimely simple, as sublimely brutal as his whole philosophy of life.

But they had spoken about the law—the ancient law——

The young man with the pock-marked, vulpine face—Babar—had seemed the most manly of them all.

"What do you say, Babar?" he asked, and the other mumbled piously, "It is the law. The fishing rights of the southern bank belong to the Red Village."

Ebrahim Asif shook his head. He stalked through the doorway, while the villagers looked after him, stolid, sullen. He walked up to the River of Hate.

The men of the Red Village were still fishing, peaceful, undisturbed, serenely safe. One looked up, squinted against the light with sharp, puckered eyes, and seemed to see the rifle in Ebrahim Asif's hand. But he paid no attention to it. To him, too, there was the ancient law.

And, suddenly, out of the nowhere, a heavy weight dropped on Ebrahim Asif's soul.

"Yes," he murmured, "there is the law—for us Kafiri—" and he tossed the rifle into the swirling, foaming water.

Late that night, as he sat alone in his father's hut, which was now his, scraps of memory came to him. Piece by piece he put them together.

He remembered how, years ago, when he had been a naked, sun-burned child with a red turban cloth wound about his shaven poll, his father, Sabihhudin Achmat, had been guide to a Kashmere rajah who had come North to hunt the thick-pelted, broad-headed tigers that drift into Kafiristan in the wake of the Mongolian snows. The rajah had brought a large retinue of servants, and one evening they and their master and his father had whispered together.

They had set to work, under the rajah's guidance. All night they had worked, with little Ebrahim looking on open-mouthed, using odd bits of steel and wire taken from the rajah's voluminous baggage, and wood and stones and spliced ropes and rattan.

About midnight they had sneaked out of the house and through the sleeping village, to the bank of the River of Hate, carrying between them a strange contrivance that seemed round and heavy. Hours later, his father had returned, drenched to the skin, but triumphant.

Today, Ebrahim Asif knew that the strange contrivance the Kashmere men had fashioned that night and which his father had put in a hole of the Black Rock, below the surface, was a water wheel to change the main current of the whirlpool, for since then he had seen many such wheels.

And when the next drought had shrunk the river and the *khirli* fish had returned from their spawning, when the people of the Red Village had swept the whirlpool of the Black Rock, day after day, they had caught no more than a lean handful of skinny, smelly dagger-fish, while the men of the White Village, wondering, yet obeying their chief's command, had gone down to the northern bank where the fishing rights were theirs and had set to work with improvised gear.

The catch had been huge; and for weeks, they had eaten their fill of *khirli* spiced with turmeric and sesame, while the people on the opposite shore had bemoaned their fate and had rubbed empty wrinkled stomachs.

Only the hereditary chief of the Red Village, Yar Zaddiq, a shrewd, elderly man, over six feet in height, with gray hair that had once been reddish-brown, a biting tongue and doubting, deep-set eyes, had suspected the hand of man, and, late one night, when the water was very low, had swum over to the Black Rock at the risk of his life and had investigated.

He had called for help. The wheel had been torn out, and a few days later, four miles up the river, accompanied by several of his clansmen, he had chanced upon Sabihhudin Achmat and had beaten him terribly.

After that, there had been no more catching of *khirli* fish on the northern bank, and the old hate of White Village against Red had grown a thousandfold.

The days that followed were drab and listless.

Ebrahim Asif stalked through the village in his best, most braggart Kabuli manner.

But, for the first time in his life, he was aware of a strange sensation which, had he been a westerner, he would have correctly analyzed as self-consciousness.

He said to himself that these were his people, that they had put their grievances before his feet, trusting to his wisdom and strength—and their greatest grievance was the matter of the *khirli* fish, the matter of the River of Hate. Willing and ready he

had been to help them, he continued his thoughts angrily, but they had tied his hands with their babble about the ancient tribal laws; he had tossed his rifle into the water—and—what did they want him to do?

They supplied him with food and tobacco and *bhang* as was his right, since he was their chief. But it was all done grudgingly, as a drab matter of duty.

Yet there was little open complaint; just an undercurrent of muttering and whining. Only the young man, Babar, put it into words one day.

"You are the Chief," he said. "You must help us!"

Simple enough words. But, somehow, they seemed to Ebrahim the final, unbearable stigma.

"Do you want me to attempt the impossible, O Abuser of the Salt, O Son of a Burnt Father?" he cried. "Do you want me to make noises with my ears and catch the wind of heaven with my bare hands, O Cold of Countenance?"—and he beat Babar with the flat of his saber till the blood came.

After that, the people of the village, his own people, trembled when he passed. And in all Kafiristan there was no man more lonely than he.

Thus he took to roaming the hills up and down the River of Hate, climbing to the higher range where, caught in crevices, the snow lay clean and stainless beneath the crisp air, down abrupt precipices, and into thick forests of spruce and beach where the dry leaves lay in intricate, wind-tossed, fox-red patterns fretted with delicate green shadows; and one day, returning past the natural bridge that marked the line between the two villages and where, years earlier, his father had been beaten by Yar Zaddiq, he saw a young girl standing there, poised lightly upon narrow, sandaled feet, and looking out upon the foaming River of Hate.

She turned as she heard his approach and stared at him fearlessly, and he stood still and stared back.

She was sixteen years of age. Her small slender body, just budding into the promise of womanhood beneath the thin, fringed, brown-and-gray-striped fustian robe that covered her from her neck to just below her knees, was perfect in every line. Her parted, braided hair was light brown and as smooth as oil, her eyes were gray with intensely black pupils, and her nose straight and short. There was a sweet curve to her upper lip, and a quick, smiling lift at the corners.

The smile rippled into low, gurgling laughter when she saw Ebrahim Asif bow deeply before her with clasped hands, as she had seen the men of her village salaam to the Ameer's swashbuckling emissaries.

He straightened up. With unconsciously graceful ease he put his hand on the heavy, carved silver hilt of his sword and looked at her squarely.

And his words, too, were square and clear, yet tinged with a certain reckless, boisterous good humour, a certain swaggering bravado.

"Your name, Crusher of Hearts!"

Again the girl laughed.

"I am Kurjan," she said. "I am the daughter of Yar Zaddiq, Chief of the Red Village, who, it is told, once gave your father a sound beating."

"Then—you know my name?" he rejoined, flushing darkly.

"Evidently, Ebrahim Asif!" came her mocking reply. "The fame of your splendour has traveled many miles, also the tale of how wisely you rule your own people, how you fill their stomachs with *khirli* fish—how they love you, O great Afghan——"

But, suddenly, she checked the flow of words and turned to go when she saw the man's insolent, black eyes fixed upon her with a calm, uncontrolled expression of admiration and desire, and instinctively she drew in her breath and clasped her right hand against her heart as, unhurryingly, he stepped up to her.

"Kurjan, daughter of Yar Zaddiq," he said very gently, "I am not an Afghan, though my dress is that of the Kabuli and though my lips have forgotten the proper twist and click of my native tongue in the many years I have spent away from home. I am a Kafiri, a hillman of hillmen and—" suddenly his voice peaked up to a high, throaty note, like the cry of an eagle circling above a frightened, fluttering song bird—"I love like a Kafiri!"

And, before she had time to run or defend herself, his great arms were about her, crushing her against his massive chest so that the long braids of her hair swept the ground behind her.

Very slowly, as if reluctantly, he released her.

"Go back to your father," he continued as she stood there, panting, a rush of unknown sensations, shyness, mixed with fear and a strange, tremulous, paining delight, surging through her body. "Tell him that a man has come to the River of

Hate. Tell him that to-night I shall come to his house to demand you as my wife. And—as to you, Crusher of Hearts—tell yourself when you lie on your couch, that I love you—that there is a sweetness and strength in my soul which is known to your soul only!"

And he walked away, his saber clanking behind him; and he did not turn once to look back at her.

Kurjan did not know if it was the strange, sweet shyness which had come to her so abruptly, or fear of her father's terrible, raging temper which sealed her lips. At all events, she did not say a word of what had happened to her when she reached home. Courteously she bowed to her father, who was resting his huge old gnarled body on the earthen platform, and stepped through the curtain into the back part of the house where the women crouched over the crimson charcoal balls of the cooking fire.

Thus, hours later, when night had dropped as it does in the hills, quickly, like a black-winged bird, and when Ebrahim Asif had gone up the river, crossed the natural bridge, and passed through the silent Red Village to the house of Yar Zaddiq, he found the latter unprepared for his coming.

But his first words explained the purpose of his visit. "I am Ebrahim Asif, the son of Sabihhudin Achmat, Chief of the White Village," he said with nonchalant dignity. "I have decided that your daughter shall be the mother of my sons. Hasten the wedding, old Chief. For I am an impatient man who does not brook denial or contradiction, and my young blood is sultry with passion."

And, calmly, he squatted down and helped himself to the other's supply of finely shaved *bhang*, conscious, by the rustle of the curtain that shut off the back part of the house, that Kurjan was looking at him.

She was standing very still, her heart thumping violently. Quickly, imperceptibly, the knowledge floated down upon her that she loved him. Anxiously, she waited for her father's reply.

When Yar Zaddiq looked up his words dropped smooth and even, as stones drop down a glacier.

"So you are Ebrahim Asif—" his lips curled in a crooked smile, exposing the toothless gums stained with opium and tobacco—"the son of him whom once I beat grievously with sticks—as a dog is beaten with thorn sticks——?"

"You—*and* your tribesmen! A dozen against one!"

"I could have killed him with my bare hands. I, alone! I was stronger than he!"

"But to-day you are old—and I am young. Your body is withered, while my body is bossed with muscles as the night sky is with stars," Ebrahim Asif said in a gentle voice, while his fingers toyed with the crimson cord of his sword, an action the significance of which was not lost on the older man.

And so he smiled.

"It is thus," he asked, "your wish to marry my daughter?"

"Yes."

"But—there is the ancient enmity between Red Village and White——"

"Over a potful of stinking *khirli* fish. I know." Ebrahim Asif waved a great, hairy hand. "But there will be no more babbling and jabbering and foolish quarreling after I have married your daughter. I am my late father's only son, and she—" negligently, with his thumb on which shone a star sapphire set in crude silver, he pointed at the curtain where she stood—"she is your only child. Let peace be the dowry of our wedding, peace between your village and mine, a forgetting of ancient hatreds, a splitting of future profits. Let us put aside the old enmities as a clean man puts aside soiled linen. In the future we shall divide the *khirli* catch evenly between your people and mine."

Yar Zaddiq laughed in his throat.

"*Aheel*" he cried. "It is I who gives all the dowry. And what will you give, young Chief?"

"I?" Ebrahim Asif raised an eyebrow. "Where hate has died, no room is needed to wield a sword. Where strength goes to the making of peace, no violence is needed to strike a dagger blow. Where quarrel is buried, no fertilizer is needed with which to grow friendship. But—I am an honest man! I shall make the bargain even, so that nobody may complain and that none of your people may say that you are unwise. Your daughter shall be mine! Half the *khirli* catch shall be my people's. And I, on my part, shall lend to your people the help of wisdom which I learned amongst the Afghans. And after your death—which Allah grant be not for many years—I shall rule both villages."

He rose and bowed with grave courtesy.

"I am an impatient man," he went on. "My heart plays with my passion. Let the

wedding be the next time I set foot in the Red Village. Come. Give oath."

He stood still and looked at Yar Zaddiq, who, too, had risen. For several seconds, the older man did not speak. His stubborn resolve that never, as long as he was alive, should Ebrahim Asif marry his daughter, that never, until the end of time, should his people cede to the White Village one tenth, not one hundredth part of the fishing rights which were theirs according to the ancient law, stood firm; but his opponent's equal resolve hacked at his faith like a dagger.

"Give oath!" repeated the other, touching the hilt of his sword, and then Yar Zaddiq spoke.

"You shall wed my daughter the next time you set foot in the Red Village," he said solemnly. "I swear it upon the Koran!"

But Ebrahim grinned boyishly.

"And yet I have heard," he said very gently, "that you men of the older generation, converted to Islam at the point of the sword, are not the stout Moslems you claim to be. Thus—swear by the gods of our people, our own people! Swear by the ancient gods of the Kafiri!"

And again he toyed with his sword, and again the old chief, a great bitterness bubbling in his words—for the Moslem oath meant nothing to him—swore that the next time Ebrahim set foot in the Red Village, he should wed Kurjan. By Ogun, god of sunshine, he gave oath, and by the three thunder gods; by Woggun, the god of the midweek, and by Khanli, the grim god on whose forehead is an ivory horn from which hangs the fates of men; and finally by Gagabudh, the jeweled god of the mountain glens who, alone of all the gods, is immortal and whom even Time cannot slay.

And Ebrahim Asif, well satisfied, went out into the night, courteously avoiding speech with Kurjan, though, during the last words, she had stepped fully into the room.

She looked after him. "I shall follow him," she said in a low voice. "I love him. He is brave and arrogant and cruel. There is passion in his heart and strength in his arms. I love him. He is brave."

Quite suddenly, Yar Zaddiq laughed.

"Yes, little daughter," he said. "He is brave. But—" he burst into high-pitched, senile cackle, "it is not wisdom he has learned amongst the Afghans! Not wisdom!"

"Except the wisdom of love!" murmured Kurjan as she left the house and looked into the dark. "The wisdom of love —which is simplicity—and arrogance—and strength!"

Love had come to her. She knew the lore of the Red Village and of the White, the old feud, the bitter, sullen enmity; but, somehow, Ebrahim Asif was neither of the Red Village nor of the White. He seemed to her the very spirit of the land, serenely brutal, resolutely pagan to the core of him, but a man!

"A man of men!" she said to him one whirling, golden afternoon when she met him amongst the frayed basalt ridges of the farther hills and lay panting in his crushing embrace. "A man of men—with the bowels of compassion of a striped tiger!"

"You have spoken true words, Dispenser of Delights," Ebrahim Asif agreed naïvely. "I am indeed a man such as with whom any other chief would be proud to have a quarrel."

"And such as any other woman might—" she slurred and stopped; and he held her close.

"That, too, is the truth, little musk rose," he said calmly. "Often have I dragged my crackling sword through the bazaars of Kabul, and black eyes of Afghan women and maids stared at me through close-meshed veils—and, perhaps, there may have been hooded eyelids raised quickly in sign of promise—and hope—and—*aheel*—reward. But—" and with a great gesture he dismissed the past as if it had never existed—"they passed into the dark, like gray djinns of evil. They left no trace, no heartache. There is only you in all the world, heart of my heart, and my soul is a carpet for your little feet. Step on it. Step on it with all your strength! For I am strong, strong!"

"My father, too, is strong. And he hates you. He speaks of you to me—though I do not reply. He curses you——"

"Allah!" Ebrahim Asif laughed and snapped his fingers. "Your father is a barren mule, bragging about the horse, his father. He is a toothless she-wolf—and presently I shall set foot on the soil of the Red Village and claim you."

"When, heart o' me?" she whispered.

And the answer came low and triumphant. "To-morrow, Crusher of Hearts!"

And, the next day, in the White Village, the conches brayed and the gongs were beaten; the young men danced over crossed daggers, and the unmarried girls drowned their heads with the dowers of the hillside and the forest.

For that morning, Ebrahim Asif had called the villagers to full durbar and had

given them the good news. There had been uncouth rejoicing.

Only Jarullah had struck a discordant note.

"Beware, young Chief," he had said, following Ebrahim from the council hut. "Yar Zaddiq has a forked tongue. His father was a hyena, and his mother a she-devil," so he warned.

"Possibly," the other had laughed. "But, whatever his ancestry, his curse has not descended to his daughter. She is a precious casket filled with the arts of coquetry. Too, she is strong and well turned of hip and breast. She will bear me stout men-children."

And now he was in his house, adorning himself as becomes a bridegroom; for he had decided that he would wed Kurjan that very night.

He curled and oiled his beard; he drew broad lines of antimony down his eyelids; he heightened the colour of his lips by chewing betel; he stained his finger tips crimson with henna; he wound an enormous green muslin turban around his fur cap; he arranged well the folds of his waistband; he perfumed his body from head to toes with pungent oil of geranium, a small bottle of which had cost him a year's pay to Kabul.

Then he threw a peach-coloured silk khalat, embroidered with cunning Persian designs in gold thread, over his broad supple shoulders, picked up his sword, and stepped out on the threshold where Jarullah was squatting.

"Jarullah," he said, "to-morrow morning I bring home the bride. See that a feast is being prepared. I myself shall bring some fat *khirli* fish, the pick of the catch. As to you, have the women roast a sheep, well stuffed and seasoned with condiments. In there amongst the boxes I brought from Kabul, you will find many things, spices of India and the far countries, strange sauces, and exquisite Chinese confections compounded of rose leaves and honey. Let the feast be worthy of the bride—and do not steal too much."

Jarullah overlooked the laughing insult of the young chief's last words. He clutched the hem of Ebrahim's khalat. He was terribly in earnest.

"Take care, young master," he whined, "lest evil befall you. You are brave, and trusting. But neither with bravery nor with trust can you knit the riven, lying tongue of such a one as Yar Zaddiq. Take along a dozen stout fighting men. Do not go alone."

Ebrahim smiled as he might at a babbling child.

"What avail is a rotten plow to a sound ox?" he asked casually. "What shall talkers do when there are no listeners? What is the good of lies when truth is the greatest lie?"

With which thoroughly mystifying words, he walked away in the direction of the natural bridge that linked the two villages. Evening was dropping.

Steadily Ebrahim Asif kept on his way, along the northern bank of the river, well within sight of the southern, so that his peach-coloured khalat flashed like a flame in the rays of the dying sun; and he laughed softly to himself at the thought that, doubtless, sharp eyes in the Red Village were watching his progress from bowlders and trees.

Half a mile below the natural bridge, he disappeared behind the shoulder of a basalt ledge that jutted out from the river and entered a thick clump of dwarf acacia.

Five minutes later, the watchers of the Red Village saw once more the braggard sheen of peach-coloured silk—and Yar Zaddiq whispered a last word to the Kafiri who crowded at his heels as jungle wolves to the tiger's kill.

Another ten minutes. The sun was hissing out in a sea of blood. The heavens were melting into a quiet night of glowing dark-violet with a pale moon peaking its lonely horn in the North, and up at the natural bridge where the two villages met, there was the sudden yelling of war cries, the rattle of stones, the throwing of thorn sticks,—and, above the noise, Yar Zaddiq's voice stabbed out as, flanked by the pick of his fighting men, he hurled himself upon the peach-coloured khalat before its wearer had had time to cross the bridge.

"When you set foot in the Red Village, Ebrahim Asif! I swore it! By the Koran did I give oath, and by the ancient gods of the Kafiri! When you set foot in the Red Village! True I am to the double oath!"—and his stick came down, tearing a great gash in the bridegroom's silken finery, brought from far Kabul.

The men of the Red Village closed in, with exultant, savage shouts.

Night had dropped, suddenly, completely, as it does in the tropics, with a burnous of black velvet.

Nothing was visible except the shadowy, fantastic outline of a dozen human bodies balled together into a tight knot, heaving, straining, wrestling, pulling down their

lonely opponent as hounds pull down a stag.

But the lonely man fought well. Time and again he jerked himself loose. Time and again his sword flashed free and tasted blood.

Time and again he drove his assailants before him towards the boundary of the Red Village.

But always, rallied by Yar Zaddiq's warring shouts, they hurled themselves back at him before he had a chance to cross the line.

And then came the end.

A jagged rock crashed on his head and he fell down, unconscious, bleeding from a dozen flesh wounds, curled up like a sleeping dog, his right hand across his forehead as if to ward off the blows of Fate.

Yar Zaddiq bent over him.

"You are a brave man, Ebrahim Asif," he said quite gently, "and doubtless you were a swashbuckler and a brawler in the tumult of the packed Kabul bazaars! Doubtless the gods have dowered your heart with stanch courage and your body with the strength of bunched muscles! But there is no wisdom in your soul, young Chief. *Aheel* Your caution is as uncertain as a Tartar's beard, as rare as wings upon a cat!"

He laughed.

But, with utter, dramatic suddenness, just as the moon stabbed down with a sharp wedge of silvery light that brought the features of the unconscious man into crass relief, his laugh changed to a howl of disappointment and rage, cracked, high-pitched and ludicrous.

He kicked the prostrate form with all his might, turned, and rushed back across the bridge as fast as his gnarled old legs would let him, while his clansmen, wondering, astonished, cluttered after him.

Stumbling, falling, cursing, he ran through the night. His withered lungs beat like a hammer. But he kept on, along the southern bank, towards his house that sprang out at him with warm, golden lights.

With his last ounce of strength he hurtled across the threshold—and there, by the side of Kurjan, one arm around her waist, the other gesturing some flowery words of love he was whispering in her ear, sat Ebrahim Asif, in the ragged clothes of Babar, drenched to the skin, but happy, serene, supremely sure of himself.

Languidly he looked up and greeted the old man who was speechless with rage and fatigue.

"Have the women prepare me a meal," he said, "a *khirli* fish, carefully boned, and spiced with tumeric, also a goblet of tea, steaming hot. For it was cold swimming the River of Hate above the whirlpool of the Black Rock, and it is not right that the bridegroom should sit shivering at the wedding."

Then, casually, he asked:

"Did you by any chance kill that youth of my village—ah—Babar—who changed clothes with me in the acacia clump below the bridge?"

"No—no—" stammered Yar Zaddiq; and Ebrahim Asif sighed contentedly.

"Good, by Allah and by Allah!" he said. "There are the makings of a man in that youth—once I shall have taught him the shining wisdom I learned at Kabul——"

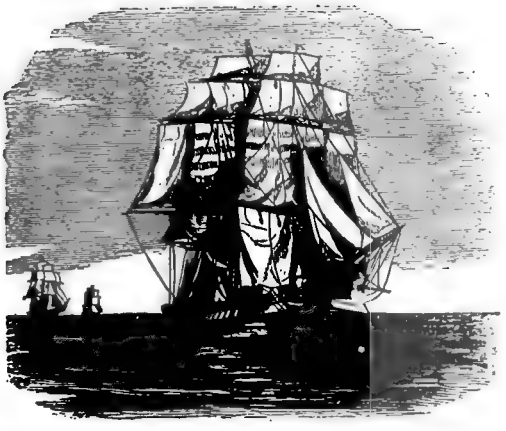
And, dreamily, with Kurjan's head on his shoulder, he looked through the open door where the night was draping the River of Hate in her trailing cloak of purple and black.

L'Amour—By CHEVALIER De BOUFFLERS

YOUNG Love is a deceitful child,
My mother says to me,
Although his aspect is so mild,
A very snake is he.
But I am curious, after all,
To know how one who is so small
So terrible can be.

With pretty Chloe, yesterday,
A swain I chanced to see:
Such soft, sweet words I heard him say
Sincere he sure must be.
A little god I heard him name,
And ah! it was the very same
My mother named to me.

Now just to find out what is meant,
And solve the mystery,
Young Colin,—'tis my firm intent,—
Shall seek for Love with me.
Though Love be ne'er so fierce and wild,
We two for such a tiny child
A match will surely be.



A Gunner on "Old Ironsides"

A Narrative of Adventures on the Frigate "Constitution" during the War of 1812

By MOSES SMITH

Sponger of Number 1 Gun

With a Prefatory Note by Rear Admiral Elliot Snow, C. C., U. S. N.

"She has won more battles, captured more prizes, sailed more miles, trained more Navy officers (and men), received less injury, and sustained fewer losses than any other ship in the world."

J. S. BARROWS.

THE *U. S. Frigate* Constitution, *on whose decks were enacted the scenes narrated by Moses Smith, was given the affectionate nick-name of "Old Ironsides" by a member of her crew during the heat of her engagement with the English frigate* Guerrière *on August 19th, 1812, because so many of the enemy's shot fell harmlessly into the sea upon striking her tough sides.*

The director of the film, "Old Ironsides," necessarily packed into one short period of her career, events which were spread over many years; consequently, many incidents, shown to-day on the screen, did not occur during the attack on the Tripolitan forts between July 25th and September 4th, 1804. The Constitution, *however, did carry then, as a figurehead, "Hercules with an Uplifted Club": it was shot away near the end of these attacks.*

The Federal statute under which the building of the U. S. Frigate Constitution *was commenced, was approved March 27th, 1794. The bill allowed the President the option of building four ships of forty-four guns each and two of thirty-six guns each, or of procuring the equivalent force by purchase. The first of these alternatives was chosen, and the* Constitution *was one of the six started under this act. She was built at Hartt's Shipyard in Boston, on the site which to-day is called Constitution Wharf.*

The ninth clause of this act, however, directed "that if peace shall take place between the United States and Algiers, no further proceedings shall be had under this act." A treaty of peace was *signed by our representatives in the City and Regency of Algiers, on September 5th, 1795, which was ratified by the Senate of the United States, March 2nd, 1796. As a consequence, the* Constitution, *along with the other five frigates, came near to being scrapped, and would have been, had not Congress, under the wise guidance of Washington, modified the act of 1794 and provided that the* Constitution *and two other frigates should be carried to completion. Thus was the* Constitution *first saved to the country.*

All six frigates were designed by Joshua Humphreys, who was descended from a family

of Welsh Quakers which settled in Haverford, Pa., in 1682. He enjoyed wide recognition as an able builder of ships, and as one of the most skilled naval architects of his time. After preparing the plans for the new frigates he received the first appointment as "Constructor of the United States Navy."

The Constitution, *which the British averred was "a seventy-four-gun ship in disguise," and, in derision, referred to as "a bunch of pine boards" flying a "gridiron," had the following characteristics and principal dimensions:*

Length from stem to stern-post (rabbets)	*174 ft.*	*10½*	*in.*
Length of keel	*145 ft.*	*0*	*in.*
Breadth of beam	*43 ft.*	*6*	*in.*
Depth of hold	*14 ft.*	*3*	*in.*
Height between lower and gun deck	*6 ft.*	*4*	*in.*
Height between gun and upper (spar) deck	*7 ft.*	*4*	*in.*
Displacement	*1,576 tons*		

She was "heavily sparred" and carried "a cloud of canvas" of thousands of square yards, made from Russian duck; her mainsail alone had in it over 425 square yards. The length of her main yard, to which the mainsail was bent when she was being fitted out in New York in 1803, just before she went to the Mediterranean, was 92 feet. She had very long head booms, i.e., bowsprit, jib boom and flying-jib boom, of which the respective lengths were 64 feet, 51 feet and 60 feet. Her cruising speed was in the neighbourhood of five knots (five sea-miles per hour), but with a "spanking breeze" from the right quarter and all sail "alow and aloft" she would log over twelve and more nearly thirteen knots. In maneuvering in right trim, she was "smart on the heel," meaning she changed quickly from one tack to another.

The battery she carried in 1803, when fitted out at New York, consisted of thirty 24-pounders and fourteen 12-pounders. Her guns were at that time lesser in number and smaller in size than she carried during the war of 1812. To handle the ship and man the guns she carried a crew of officers and men numbering in all about four hundred, and for these she carried provisions for six months, and something more than 46,000 gallons of water.

Her original cost of $302,718.64 turned out to be the very best sort of National insurance.

There is a very interesting tradition—as yet unverified—surrounding the laying of the Constitution's *keel and the fitting of the pieces of outside planking each side of the keel ("garboard strakes" they are called). It runs thus:*

The three daughters of Joshua Humphreys each possessed a long, handsome, full red cloak, as called for by the fashion of the day. At the time the garboard strakes of the Constitution *were to be fitted to the keel not a bit of red cloth was to be had in Boston. Yet, no garboard strake was ever laid in those days unless the white lead paint laid along the rabbet (groove in sides of the keel) was also laid in a piece of red cloth (usually red flannel). The* Constitution *had to be a lucky ship, so each of the girls sacrificed her cloak, cut it into long strips and these were placed in the garboard landing. She has ever been a lucky ship, despite the difficulties at her launching.*

The keel was of white oak; the frames, of live oak and red cedar; the lower and gun-deck beams were to have been of white oak, the upper or spar-deck beams of pitch pine, but at "the earnest entreaty of Mr. Humphreys" all were made of pitch pine. This timber came from Georgia, South Carolina and Massachusetts. "The first tree felled for the Constitution *was an oak on St. Simon's Island, off the mouth of the Altamaha River. The stump stood for many years as the 'Constitution Oak.'"[1] Some of the fastenings of these timbers were made from locust, called "tree nails," of which there were about 50,000. The copper bolts which were also used as fastenings were forged at Paul Revere's foundry. During the repairs made on "Old Ironsides" at the Boston Navy Yard in 1833, "a piece of timber 9 feet long, 27 inches wide, 14 inches thick, and weighing 1,460 lbs., was removed from her. On breaking it up, in it were found 364 pounds of iron, and 163 pounds of copper. Never did ship bear a more appropriate name than 'Old Ironsides.'"*

The cruises made by "Old Ironsides" took her into all the waters of the world, but more frequently into the Mediterranean than elsewhere. Six times she flew the broad pennant of the flag officer of the Mediterranean Squadron; twice as flagship of the Home Squadron and once of the Pacific. This last-mentioned cruise, as flagship, has been described splendidly by one of her crew—a fore-topman. Strange, is it not, that some of our most intimate details of the happenings on this vessel should have been written by men before the mast like Mercier,[2] a fore-topman, and Smith, a gun-sponger?

On her special service cruise in the East Indies, Pacific, and coast of Brazil, upon her arrival at Singapore under the command of

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[1] "The Frigate Constitution," by Ira N. Hollis (1901).
[2] "Life in a Man-of-War," by A Fore-topman (E. J. Mercier), 1927.

"Mad Jack" Percival, who should once more set foot on the Constitution's *deck but Commodore Chads, R. N., then commander of Her Majesty's naval forces at that place! He was formerly the first lieutenant of the* Java *when she was captured by the* Constitution, *and in consequence of the death of Captain Lambert was obliged to surrender her.*[1]

Many celebrities have set foot on her decks, both at home and abroad.

"In December, 1848," according to President Charles W. Lyons, S. J., of Georgetown University, "the Constitution *set out on a cruise that took her to the Mediterranean, where she cruised mostly along the Italian coast. At that time the Pope had left Rome because of troubled times, and was receiving shelter at the hands of the King of Naples.*

"Captain Gwynn extended an invitation to the King of Naples and Pope Pius IX to visit the Constitution, *then lying in the Bay of Naples. The invitation was accepted, and these dignitaries were rowed to her in a boat manned by the Captains of the other warships in the harbour, of which there were many—French, Russian, English, Spanish and American.*

"This is the first and only known instance of a sovereign pontiff being on American territory—for such was the deck of 'Old Ironsides.'"

Two cruises before this, when "Old Ironsides" was in the Mediterranean, keeping a sharp look-out for our interests, shortly before the revolt of Greece against Turkey, Lord Byron visited her. He is said to have remarked, while on board, that he "would rather have a nod from an American naval officer than a snuff-box from an Emperor."

On one occasion there must have been great excitement among the crew, at an arrival on board who, with lusty outcries, positively refused to set foot on her decks. The obstreperous individual was Master Constitution Stewart McCauley, the infant son of our Consul General and Mrs. McCauley, who was born on the Constitution *on her voyage from Tripoli to Alexandria.*

A record of the cruising times and "lay" years of "Old Ironsides" makes a long list:

1794-1797—Building at Hartt's Shipyard, Boston. Launched October 21st, 1797, at the third attempt. She was christened by Captain James Seaver.

1797-1798—Act to complete and fit her out passed March 27th, 1798.

1798-1801—Cruised in West Indies. Captured three small craft.

1801-1803—In port at New York.

1803-1806—Flagship of the Mediterranean Squadron, first time.

1806-1810—Was engaged in the Tripolitan War. Flagship of the Home Squadron and West Indies.

1811-1812—Special Service cruise to Europe.

1812-1815—Engaged in the War of 1812.

1812—July—Escaped capture when chased by seven vessels of the British Squadron.

1812—August 19th—Under Captain Isaac Hull captured H. M. S. Guerrière.

1812—Dec. 29—Under Captain Wm. Bainbridge captured H. M. S. Java *and five smaller vessels.*

1813—Overhauled at Boston Navy Yard; sailed under Captain Charles Stewart, December 31st, 1813.

1814—February 14th to April 3rd—Under Captain Charles Stewart, captured H. M. S. Picton *and three smaller vessels. Chased into Marblehead. Thence made her way to Boston, where she was blockaded eight months by the British fleet.*

1815—February 20th—Under Captain Charles Stewart, captured the Cyane *and* Levant.

1815-1821—Laid up in idleness, and repairing at the Navy Yard, Boston.

1821-1823—Flagship of the Mediterranean Squadron. Sailed May 13th, 1821, under the command of Captain Jacob Jones.

1823-1828—Flagship of the Mediterranean Squadron. Arrived at Navy Yard, Boston, under Captain D. T. Patterson, July 3rd, 1828.

1828-1830—Condemned by Naval Commissioners, and ordered to be broken up and sold. Public sentiment, aroused by the poem of Oliver Wendell Holmes, saved the frigate.

1833-1834—Repaired for service. First to enter, and thereby christened, the new dry-dock at the Navy Yard, Boston, on June 24th, 1833. During repairs, the famous "Jackson" figurehead was mutilated.

1835-1838—Flagship of the Mediterranean Squadron. Sailed from New York August 10th, 1835, under Captain Jesse D. Elliott, after having new head fitted to the "Jackson" figurehead.

1839-1841—Flagship of the Pacific Squadron, under Captain Dan Turner, and flying the pennant of Commodore Alexander Claxton.

1842-1843—Flagship of the Home Squadron.

1844-1846—Special service cruise in the East Indies, Pacific and coast of Brazil, under Captain Jack Percival.

1848-1851—Flagship of the Mediterranean and African Squadrons. Under the command of Captain John Gwynn. Visited by Pope Pius IX.

1851-1852—Lying at New York.

1852-1855—Flagship of the Mediterranean Squadron for the last time. Sailed from New York December 22nd, under Captain John Rudd. Captured the American slave schooner, H. N. Gambell.

1855-1860—Arrived at Portsmouth, N. H., June 14th, 1855, and was laid up until fitted as a school ship for the Navy.

1860-1871—School ship for the U. S. Naval Academy, at Annapolis and Newport. Again at Annapolis after the war between the North and South.

1871-1875—Hauled out and rebuilt at the Navy Yard, Philadelphia.

[1] *This engagement, in which Captain Lambert was mortally wounded, took place December 29th, 1812. Some of the mail captured at that time was not opened by the Navy Department until the spring of 1926.*

1876-1878—Training ship at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

1878-1879—Made her last cruise in foreign waters. She carried to Havre, France, the United States exhibits for the Paris Exposition. Ran ashore at Swanage Point, on the south coast of England, and was again "saved," with the help of the British Admiralty.

1879-1881—Arrived at New York, May 24th, 1879, and was ordered into service as a training ship for apprentice boys.

1882-1897—Laid up at the Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N. H., but part of the time served as a receiving ship. The "guardo," it was formerly called.

1897-1900—Towed to Boston for the celebration of her own centennial, October 21st, 1797-1897. Attended by the North Atlantic Fleet. Laid up, and on exhibition.

1900-1905—On February 14th, 1900 her repairs were authorized, the cost to be defrayed by donations to be raised through the agency of the Massachusetts Society, United Daughters of 1812. Only a few hundred dollars were donated.

1905—Recommended to be used as a target, and to be sunk by gun fire of the Atlantic Fleet. A nation-wide protest prevented this sacrilege, and again saved the vessel.

1906—Congress authorized the expenditure of an amount not exceeding $100,000 "to repair, equip and restore the ship."

1907-1908—Restoration commenced July 1st, 1907, and carried forward as far as funds would permit, until June 30th, 1908.

1909-1925—After restoration she was again placed "on exhibition at the Navy Yard, Boston," and gradually fell into a state of decay through the ravages of time.

1925—An act, approved March 4th, 1925, authorized the restoration of the vessel, and the Secretary of the Navy was given authority to accept and use donations and contributions for the purpose.

1925-1927—Campaign to raise funds was started in 1925, and is now under way. Over ten million school children have come to her rescue with their donations.

The escape of the Constitution *from the British Squadron July 17th to 20th, 1812 has been told many times, and the seamanship displayed on that occasion by Captain Hull and his first lieutenant, Charles Morris, very properly extolled. There was, however, an incident on land related to her escape from the* Tenedos *and* Junon, *when chased by them into Marblehead, which is not so often told. Divine service was being held in a church nearby, when the minister received word that the* Constitution *was being chased, and was in danger of being captured. The officiating clergyman, who was about to mount the pulpit to deliver his sermon, rose at once to the situation in words to this effect—"The congregation is dismissed; let us all hasten to the rescue of 'Old Ironsides.' Sermons can be heard any day, but dear 'Old Ironsides' can be saved only once in a life time." Whereupon he led his flock to her rescue.*

Moses Smith's description of the wounding of Dick Dunn and the fortitude he showed when his leg was amputated can be supplemented by an interesting bit of history connected with the restoration of "Old Ironsides," twenty years ago. At that time the naval authorities of the Boston Navy Yard, of which the writer of this preface was one, were casting about for authentic data as to details needed for the reconstruction of the frigate. A model of her was found in East Somerville, Mass., which bore the following label plate:

> *The original model of the U. S. Frigate* Constitution, *made on board after the action and capture of the British Frigate* Guerrière. *Presented to Richard F. Dunn, gunner, U. S. N., by his shipmates on board after the action.*

The name, Richard F. Dunn, seaman, was among the casualties reported as "dangerously wounded."[1]

In Moses Smith's narrative incidents are told which, so far as known, can not be found elsewhere. Take, for instance, his evidence that women were fighting on board the Guerrière, *when captured. It is well known that women did fight in the British service at an earlier date, but Moses Smith's statement is the first of its kind that the writer has seen. A very graphic account of the engagement between the* United States *and the* Macedonian, *written by a one-time British "powder-monkey" on the* Macedonian, *makes no mention of women being on board his vessel.*

Another instance is that of the destruction of a puncheon of molasses intended for switchel—a beverage made from molasses and water. In those days a pleasant and wholesome drink was often concocted with molasses, fermented yeast and several other ingredients.

What Moses Smith had to say about the escape of the Constitution *from the British Squadron July 17th-19th, 1812, has quite recently served to help clear up our ideas as to the means used to effect that remarkable bit of seamanship.*[2]

The Moses Smith Narrative was brought to light in rather an odd way. There is a tradition—a very well-founded one—that bell number 22, cast in the foundry of Paul Revere, was carried by the Constitution *in her engagement with the* Guerrière, *and*

[1] *One of the "In Memoriam" notices of the Portsmouth "Journal" (date unrecorded) contains as a preface a poem written by Maria Theresa Rice which bears this note about the Dunn Model—"A beautiful model, made by her uncle on board 'Old Ironsides.'"*

[2] *"The Escape of 'Old Ironsides'"—William Allen—"Scientific American," April, '27.*

was shot away. The bell thus destroyed was replaced by one "of very sweet tone" salvaged from the Guerrière. *In a search to locate this bell and verify the tradition, the Moses Smith narrative came to light in this wise:*

Some two years ago this search unearthed an as yet unpublished manuscript which contained a footnote reading—

> *Moses Smith, who was one of the* Constitution's *crew in the fight with the* Guerrière, *alludes to Captain Hull in his book, "Naval Scenes in the Last War."*

An effort was at once made to locate this book, in the hope that it might throw some light on the tradition about the bell.

Through the assistance of the Special Library Association of Boston, a notice of the writer's desire to locate the pamphlet was inserted in the "Library Journal." This resulted in the pamphlet being found in the Harvard College Library. Through the courtesy of that institution, a copy was obtained and is now being published. The readers who are now benefiting from this search will observe that the hope of its clearing up the tradition about the bell was not realized. But the book proved to be a real historical "find," and it seems to be the only record of "Old Ironsides'" engagement with the Guerrière *written by a seaman. It is interesting at least to speculate as to whether or not Moses Smith was the first to exclaim: "Huzza! Her sides are made of iron! See where the shot fell out!" Who will ever know?*

The "Luck of 'Old Ironsides'" is proverbial, as many naval officers living to-day have reason to know. The names of Edward Preble, Isaac Hull, William Bainbridge and Charles Stewart have become famous in our naval annals as the result of the victories they won in her in 1812.

"The events connected with the life of a nation are often intimately associated with objects and places. . . . Among the objects that must always be dear to the American people is the old frigate Constitution, *now lying at the Boston Navy Yard,"*[1] *awaiting rescue once more at the hands of the nation she served so well.*

The "Naval Scenes in the Last War" narrated by Moses Smith will surely help to keep green her memory and that of her brilliant commanders and gallant crews.

[1] *"The Frigate 'Constitution'"—Ira N. Hollis, 1901.*

Naval Scenes in the Last War

I. Shipping on board the *Constitution*

IT WAS in March, 1811, that I first enlisted in the United States service, and shipped on board the frigate *Constitution*, then lying in Boston harbour. From that time my life was identified for a long season with the history of that gallant man-of-war, both in peace and in war, in the perils of fight and in excitement of victory. During the whole period of my service in her, she was commanded by Captain (afterwards Commodore) Isaac Hull, with whom I became to be considered quite a favourite.

My station aloft was on the larboard fore yard-arm, and in battle I acted as sponger to gun No. 1. Being not very old, and of a jovial, ardent temperament, I was, like my companions, often getting into the little frays incident to a sailor's life, and did not always escape without testing the qualities of naval discipline. Being desirous of giving a narrative in all respects true to facts, I shall not attempt to suppress my own share in those foolish adventures, into which I was betrayed, in those days of thoughtlessness. A true idea of our mode of life will be obtained, as much perhaps from the little freaks and outbreaks which I shall relate, as from the larger circumstances of outfit and battle which will come before us.

There were about three hundred and fifty men on board, including fifty or seventy-five officers and marines. One of the crew, by the name of Brown, was fresh from up country, and afforded a good deal of sport. It seems he had been a hard drinker, and his wife was anxious to get him off to sea, out of the way of rum. But as he took no notion to the sailor's work they had persuaded him to ship as the "Captain's gardener"! The idea pleased him well, and coming on board not more than half sobered, as he cast a leer about the ship, his first inquiry was:

"Where in natur' is the Cap'n's garden?"

A universal burst of laughter was the answer. He was advised by some one, who was pleased with the sport, to wait till the Captain arrived and he would show him into the garden. Before long that personage appeared, but being not much pleased with the gardener's manœuvres, he had him sobered down by half-a-dozen lashes from the boatswain's mate. Showing some signs of rebellion at this, he was treated to a second dose of the same medicine; and this

was the last flogging I ever knew Brown to get. He became a good hand, and instead of raising vegetables, was put into the carpenter's gang.

Soon after I went on board, I found there was trouble with one Tom McCumber, who had shipped eighteen months before as quartermaster. Supposing his time was out, he undertook to leave. Whereupon he was put in irons, in which state he was at my arrival. I was much surprised to see the skill with which he would slip off his handcuffs when the officers were not looking. Pulling out his slender hands from the ruffles which he thought no ornament, he would carry on as he pleased; and when a sentry appeared, he would have them on in an instant, and be found lolling in his hammock.

The officers not being able to manage him, he was finally disgraced and put with the hands on the forecastle. But still he was always at his pranks. Every now and then some one of the crew when about his work would find a noose slung over his head, and himself reined up like a wild horse caught on the prairies. It was the work of Tom, and frequently brought him into trouble.

Anderson, one of the gunners, getting provoked with him, reported him to a lieutenant, who had him seized up to the capstan and prepared for a flogging. Whereupon our hero, exasperated to the utmost, burst forth in a patriotic speech:

"I thought it was a free country; but I was mistaken. My father was American-born, and my mother too. I expected to be treated as an American myself; but I find I'm not."

"Down with him," said the lieutenant, "and put him in irons. If it lay in *my* power, I'd have him shot in a moment."

So Tom was hurried away again into limbo.

After lying two or three months at Boston, we sailed for Annapolis (Md.), where we arrived after a boisterous passage. We were pursued by gales of wind which lasted three or four days, and compelled us to lay to for a long time, and to scud under bare poles.

At Annapolis, President Madison paid us a visit, and excited much attention. The hardy tars of the navy are always ready to do honour to their country's leader; and the strict habits of discipline in which they are trained, lead them to respect authority, whenever they properly understand its claims.

Tom McCumber took the liberty to write to Washington in reference to his difficulties. This was regarded as a great misdemeanour; and while at Annapolis, he was court-martialed. There were present on the trial Commodore Rogers of the *President*, Captain Smith of the frigate *Congress*, Captain Jones of the *Wasp*, and Captain Lawrence of the *Hornet*,—which vessels were lying there at that time. Lawrence was afterwards killed at the taking of the *Chesapeake*.

Day after day we knew by the sound of the gun the hour when the court convened and waited in much anxiety to learn our shipmate's fate. He was at length discharged, and so got clear of expected execution. Going on to Washington, he was never after heard of by us.

About this time the *John Adams* arrived at Annapolis from a foreign cruise, and from her men we learned a striking case of heroism, which is worthy to be told. A coloured seaman belonging to New York had been pressed into the English service, and when the *Adams* was lying off their coast, he got an opportunity to come on board of her as one of a boat's crew, sent with an officer upon some errand. Thinking now his time had come to escape from the British, he determined if possible not to return. Accordingly, as he stood upon the deck of the *Adams*, he suddenly seized a boarding axe, and in presence of the crew, cut off the fingers of his right hand at a single blow. Then with his left hand holding up the bloody weapon, he exclaimed,

"Now let the English take me, if they want me."

However, disabled as he was, they took him back, our officers having no power to interfere. If patriotism be anything but a name, then surely this noble African deserved a better fate. There are exalted qualities often concealed beneath a darkened skin.

About the first of winter, we started on my first regular cruise. Our business was to carry out Mr. Barlow, who was the bearer of dispatches from the United States to France. He had with him his family, forming a highly interesting group, and adding much to the spirit of the voyage. Everything was arranged on a stately scale, and nothing was wanting to make time pass away pleasantly and profitably to all on board. Music and books, and refined conversation, seemed to convert the man-of-war into a parlour or a cabinet.

Captain Hull was full of animation. He

had not then been married, and he took delight in showing his gallantry and respect for the ladies on board. He became quite a favourite with them, and appeared as familiar with the requirements of polite intercourse, as with the command of our stately frigate. He devised various methods of amusing his gentle guests; and after all it is not so difficult for refined females to dwell upon the deep, as would at first appear. With a moderate share of courage and intelligence, they soon learn to be satisfied with ocean scenery and ocean incidents. The roar of the billows becomes sweet music; the hurrying clouds and the dashing spray become like curtains of velvet and festoons of flowers. If woman can but confide in her protectors, she is at home anywhere, and by her society and her smiles, she makes that home blessed.

II. A Gale at Sea

Notwithstanding all the means of enjoyment which we had on board, they could not keep off the clouds that *will* gather, and the winds that *will* blow. We had quite a rough trip, and often was the courage of all on board put to the test.

We had been out not far from a week, when a tremendous gale came on. About midnight the wind all at once came round, and drove up a heavy breeze. It was a night of pitchy darkness. Not a star, not a patch of sky was to be seen. The clouds rolled terrifically over us, casting a still deeper shade on the awful gloom. Nothing was discernible, as we hurried about the deck; not even the rigging nor the masts could be discovered till we ran upon them in our way, or we plunged against them by the motion of the ship. Although in winter, the thunder peals began to echo around us, and the forked lightning came blasting through the air.

Such squalls are not infrequent near the Western Islands, where we then were. And still the winds blowed on,—longer and louder the thunder gusts came bellowing among the spars and along the sides of the careering vessel. Deeper and higher the waves rolled up around us, till the sea seemed like a boiling pot. It was not a long, high, steady swell, but a foaming cauldron, which defies all description. First our noble craft would pitch headlong into a chasm, and then she would roll over almost upon her beam ends. In a moment she would sink as if into the abyss, and then a clash of meeting waters would make her reel and stagger, as if she were coming all to pieces.

Never did the old *Constitution* get such a shaking as on that occasion. She rolled worse and trembled more than I have ever known her before or since. It required the greatest pains to keep the cannon in their places. If they had broken loose, and come tumbling down the deck, as she keeled over on her side, I would not have warranted their stopping till they had dashed through her timbers, strong as they were, and landed at the bottom of the sea.

This was no time for compliments. It was more than most could do, to keep upon their "underpinning." Even the best sea-legs were of little avail. Officers and seamen were jostled together, and piled upon one another without discrimination. The most scrupulous of our dignitaries, those most jealous of their station, found themselves embracing old rusty tars in a way altogether unbecoming. Neptune when he gets at it, is a real leveller. Some who had greased their shoes to keep them water proof, found it easier lying than standing, and were called full often to pick themselves from the wet deck, only to try their skill at diving again.

It was curious to see one trying to help another up, and the meanwhile himself tumbling over him among the tackle. And yet it was no scene for laughter. The uproar and disorder of the cabin can be better conjectured than told. Every sailor had his hands full, and yet not one but thought of the trying situation of the ladies below, and sympathized in their sufferings. The sons of the ocean have not unfeeling hearts; and though they sometimes appear rude and harsh, they have bosoms which sometimes heave with the most tender emotions. Careless of life for themselves, there was not a tar on board that ship but would have done his utmost for the safety of a female who he felt depended on his help.

Amid all the peril and excitement, there was complete subordination and diligence on board. It was a matter of pride to see the strictest discipline maintained at such an hour, and not a word uttered only by some proper officer. Never did our noble navy, or the *Constitution* herself, appear to better advantage, than at such a crisis.

Captain Hull was among us throughout, resolved to show off his distinguished craft in the very best possible light. Lieutenant Reed (now Commodore,) commanded the deck, and maintained the highest self-

possession. It was really cheering to see him as he passed about, and to hear his clear commands sounding amid the gale.

A ludicrous affair occurred in the midst of the storm, which was my fortune to witness. Mr. Reed ordered one of the men who stood by to pull upon a certain rope. Just then a flash of lightning had dazzled his eyes, rendering it still more difficult to discern the nearest object. The sailor reaching for the rope, grasped the Lieutenant through mistake firmly by the nose! Discovering his error, he stuttered forth in confusion——

"I—I beg pardon, sir; it's so dark, nobody on earth can see."

"Granted, my lad," said Reed, laughing, for the accident was too ludicrous to be resented.

"Here's the rope," he added, handing it himself. "Here! here!" he shouted, as the sailor plunged at him again. "Here it is; I've got hold of it. There, pull away." And at it they both went.

A hundred men or more waited the lieutenant's bidding. The gale was at its height. All at once was heard the cry——

"House top-gallant masts."

"Ay, ay, sir," echoed all around.

Amidst the pitchy darkness, the men sprang to the shrouds. Quick as thought they were at their stations, far up in the blast. But you could not see them there. Now and then, a stream of lightning darted along the sky, bringing out all the rigging and spars in bold relief against the clouds. Then might be discerned the forms of those sea-boys, as they bent to their work, fearless and firm. Helpless indeed would men be in such a moment, without the stout heart of the sailor, to risk all for duty.

The rigging was secured, and the masts lowered and stowed away in ten minutes or less. The ship immediately seemed relieved, and bore herself more readily through the waters. Not long after, we saw the "come-pleasant," that meteor light so often marked by sailors, descending by the mast, and we prophesied that the gale would soon die away.

But instead of that, it grew if anything more furious. There was but a single sail out, a storm stay-sail, and that worked grandly. Every moment we looked to see it torn to pieces, but it held on in spite of every blast, enabled us to lie to till morning.

At daylight we were forced to take in this remaining sail, and scud away under bare poles. The frigate rode off majestically, her motion being now more steady and grand. There was no creaking or grating in any of her parts. She appeared firm and fearless, like her commander, and it was evident to all that she was a craft most thoroughly built, and prepared to withstand almost any disaster. We shall not therefore be blamed for the pride which we felt in walking her decks, and mounting her masts.

Nothing could you hear but the hoarse roar of the winds as they poured through the rigging, mingled now and then as it died slightly away, with the fierce dashing of the billows. As the morning dawned, the captain came up from below, as calm as ever in sunshine, and gazing placidly around while all nature seemed upturned about him. Turning to the lieutenant in command, he observed quietly,

"She labours hard, Mr. Wadsworth, very hard, sir."

"Yes sir, but she makes fair weather of it."

"Ay, ay, indeed she does. She'll give us at this rate a good appetite for dinner."

"She comes up like a top, sir, and she's as steady too."

"Just so. What vessel have we there to leeward, Mr. Wadsworth?"

"A square-rigger; she's lying to, sir."

"Anything on her?"

"Not a stitch, sir. Nothing could stand this blow but masts."

"Keep the frigate so, Mr. Wadsworth. I'm thinking this will hang on some time yet,"—and he cast a look up at the clouds.

The captain conjectured rightly. The gale kept on for two whole days. But as we drove farther out to sea, the swell become longer and steadier, and our motion was less disagreeable. We kept a sharp lookout, but discovered few sails of any kind, and those visible only a little while at a time. Everything had been put in the snuggest order on board our frigate, and it was not till we found ourselves in the gulf current, where the fury of the gale had somewhat diminished, that we ventured to put out any canvas. From that time we gradually unfurled our sails, as fast as the ship would bear, and were soon again bounding buoyantly on our outward way.

III. Naval Life on the Ocean

Not long after the events just narrated, another squall arose. Lieutenant Morris was in command, and Captain Hull coming up, a few words passed between them, when the following scene occurred, which will

exhibit strikingly the sailor's character and life:

An order from the lieutenant:

"Lay aloft there, men! Take in two reefs!"

No quicker said than done. Every man was at his post in an instant, and the sails were in proper shape.

My station, it will be recollected, was on the fore top, and there I was busily employed with the rest of my gang, when an awkward shipmate next to me made a bungling piece of work of it, leaving his part of the sail somewhat loose.

"Who's that lubber?" cried Lieutenant Reed from below.

No answer.

"Larboard fore-yard there! what awkward chap is that?"

All silent.

Seeing me next to him, the lieutenant then ordered me to pass his name.

Still not a word. A sailor never informs against his shipmate.

"Down here, every one of you!" shouted Reed.

"Who was that scamp on the larboard side?" asked he of one of us, as we reached the deck.

"Don't know, sir," muttered out the man.

This was too much for the lieutenant. His wrath rose at once, and considering it as a conspiracy to defeat the discipline of the ship, he dealt alike with all. The whole gang of us took a flogging for our supper.

It will be seen that our treatment on board was very strict and severe, as is usual in a man-of-war. But this doubtless is necessary to all concerned. Far be it from me to throw reproach upon officers, who were doing what was often to them a painful duty. They must of course insist on exact obedience, and as I look back, I can not really blame them for it.

Next morning, about eight o'clock, we were engaged in sending up the top-gallant masts. A swarthy looking, jolly sort of tar, named Dan Blish, was endeavouring in vain to get the foot of the mast into its place; he said he wanted a heaver, to slew it round so that he could get in the fid. As he kept muttering and complaining, the lieutenant of the deck being informed, got enraged, and the next words I heard were,

"Mr. Blish! down here in a moment, Mr. Blish!"

Some hard words followed; the whole of us became involved in the controversy; and as a result, all the fore and main-top gangs, some thirty in number, had to take another dose of rope's end, well laid on.

It was Tom Musto, the boatswain's mate, who gave us the half-dozen apiece, and I shall never forget the day. It made old Adam boil up in one's soul, to receive those galling cuts over the back, for some slight matter, and I was tempted sometimes to make a more open rebellion. However, I bore it as well as I could, and said nothing.

Our grog was also stopped by the lieutenant, and this seemed worst of all in those days. Temperance had not then shed its light upon us, and the liquor that was usually so freely dealt out to us, was doubtless one great cause of our frequent difficulties. Thanks to the benevolent operations of the day, seamen are coming to free themselves, in a great measure, from this dreadful curse. May all grog rations speedily be stopped throughout our navy, not as a punishment, but as a blessing to our hardy tars.

In the midst of the stormy weather which we experienced in this cruise to France, the plague all at once broke out among the crew. It was an awful time to us, so suddenly were one and another cut down from our number. Frequently they were seized without the slightest warning, and in less than twenty-four hours were in their watery grave. The awful messenger was preying away three hundred and fifty men, far out on the watery waste. There was no kind friend nigh, to soothe the dying in their anguish, no minister of mercy to speak a word of consolation. I will mention one circumstance as a specimen of the sudden work which the plague made among us. At four o'clock in the afternoon, I spoke to Bill Lang, who shipped at the same time as myself, and asked him how he did. He replied that he was well. At four o'clock the next morning he was found dead in his hammock! Not much warning this.

At one time, it was proposed to smoke out the frigate with brimstone, in order to stop the pestilence. But this was not carried into effect, for fear the remedy might be worse than the disease. And so the havock of death went on. Wherever it found its victims, down in their slumbers, or aloft at their work, it fastened its icy fingers upon them, and defied every effort to shake it off. Sometimes three or four were hurried to an ocean grave in a single day. Yet dreadful as were those scenes, we soon became hardened to them, and almost laughed at the fell destroyer.

Though perfectly aware that no one was secure of life for a day, the peals of merriment and the outbreaks of profanity still broke from many a lip. So hardened does the neglected heart become to all moral considerations. After a while the scourge abated, and with diminished numbers we pursued our way.

The first of January was made memorable only by the following incident. We were exercising sail. Jack Mitchell, who was an able seaman, and second captain of the fore-top, was assisting in taking in two reefs. Come to shake them out, the earing got jammed in the crinkle; whereupon he out knife, and cut it. This being observed, he was called down, and received a dozen on the bare back with a cat-o-nine-tails.

"That's a new-year's gift," cried Jack.

This expression has fixed that first of January indelibly in my mind. We all of us had to take a "dowry" now and then, and a little wit was the only commodity with which we could ever season such sauce.

IV. Events in Europe

At length we approached our destination, and instead of steering at once, for France, we first anchored off Dover, on the English coast. Here a family affair took place, which was rather novel in its character, and excited considerable interest.

A boat came along side, bearing an old woman with her daughter, who said she was looking after her long lost son, and had heard that he was among our crew. At their request, all hands were mustered, and they soon lit upon the person, whom they identified as their own kith and kin. Strange to say, the young man denied all knowledge of them, and would have nothing to do with the affair. The girl said she had a scar on her hand, where in childhood he accidentally wounded her with a knife. But the tar denied it all.

He was a promising young sailor, and we should have been loath to part with him. But still on this matter, we were against him to a man. There was a general feeling that she had told the truth. How far the sad end of the youth corroborated this sentiment, the reader must judge for himself. He refused to go with them. About three weeks afterward, he was taken sick; and his spirits evidently sunk. The bloom faded from his cheeks—the light was dimmed in his eyes. Pitiable indeed was his appearance. He soon died a miserable death.

We soon sailed toward Portsmouth, and lay in the downs two or three nights. There was a fleet of English men-of-war lying at that place. One of our men, an Irishman, deserted, and swam off to the *Havana* frigate. They sent a boat informing us of the fact, but would not give him up. This excited Captain Hull. He informed the British officer, that the man had shipped as an American, and as such we had a right to claim him. But it was all to no purpose.

However, the next night retaliation was obtained; for one of their men was seen swimming over to us, under the very guns of his frigate. Upon being hailed by us, he took off his hat in the water, and swung it around in merry mood. He had papers, which when dried, showed that he was from New York, and was of good character. He loved his country's service, and we were resolved to keep him. We returned the English compliment, by reporting him at once to them; whereupon he was demanded back.

"Not at all," said Hull. "Give up our man, and we'll give up yours. It's a poor rule that won't work both ways."

That was the end of the affair.

The next day we got under way, and sailed for Cowes, where we found another English fleet. It was here that I had on a former occasion, when in the merchant's service, witnessed the following scene: A British sailor having deserted, and been retaken, as a punishment he was "whipped through the fleet." He was put into a boat, and rowed round past every vessel (of which there were about thirty), and as the boat passed each, for the whole distance from stem to stern, the blows were laid upon his back in quick succession. I suppose the object of this process was to exhibit the punishment for an example to all the seamen in the fleet, instead of confining it to a single ship. A hard sight that for shipmates to look upon.

While we were lying there, some uproar arose among us, and a number of the crew, for drunkenness, were put in irons. Captain Hull took his gig and went to Portsmouth, and upon that trip, two of the gig's crew ran away. We made up our minds that they could not be American born. When the captain returned, he was evidently much excited. The repeated desertions which were taking place, together with the course pursued by the English in the case before-named, and the idea which we indulged that they were actually engaged in bringing these things about, stirred up an indignation on the part of Hull,

which could not be easily appeased. The rest of us shared largely in the feeling, since, as American tars, we could not brook anything which looked like insult or reproach to our nation's honour. The aspect and language of our commander upon that occasion, can never be forgotten. The moment he reached us, turning to an officer, he exclaimed aloud,

"The insults of these cursed British are more than flesh and blood can bear." Then turning to the men, he added,

"Boys! are you ready to fight? I don't know but they'll be after us with a frigate. Are you ready for 'em?"

This was a home appeal and it was answered by a tremendous cheer from all on board. The men in irons even, when appealed to, joined in the general enthusiasm, whereupon the captain ordered them released. They immediately came forward with the rest to defend the ship and her flag. The cabin was shortly torn out of the way, and the ship made ready for any emergency.

We then started for France, and an English sloop-of-war came following us out of the harbour. About midnight she fired upon us. We were instantly summoned to quarters, and bore down for her. Captain Hull hailed:

"What sloop is that?"

After receiving an answer, he ordered them to send a boat, which they did not dare to refuse. Upon meeting their officer,

"How dare you fire on us?" shouted Hull.

"O!—we beg pardon," was the reply; "we mistook you for French."

"French! French!" retorted Hull; "you've been in sight all night, and yet can't tell who we are! I've a good mind to sink you on the spot."

They found themselves in rather bad hands, and were willing to get off the best way they could. As soon as we let them off, they squared their yards, and made all sail out of our sight.

It were such incidents constantly occurring between the navies of the two nations that served to hasten the existing grievances to a crisis, and resulted shortly afterwards in the declaration of war between England and the United States.

We soon reached the French coast, and entered the harbour of Shireburg (*Cherbourg*). As we passed up, with an English ship just under our lee, we were fired upon from the fort. The shot struck one of our boats, which were stowed amidships over the hatchway, and then lodged in the hammock nettings. The Frenchmen soon came to make their apologies, however, saying, they mistook us for English, as we were so close in their company. So the affair was soon adjusted. The war then existing between France and England, thus caused us frequent trouble.

Having duly landed Mr. Barlow, and then accomplished one principal object of our mission, we in a few days set sail for Holland, to fulfil another commission entrusted to us. That was, to pay to the Dutch a debt of $28,000, for ammunition furnished us in the Revolutionary War. We reached Texel, and there too the English were hard by, trying to blockade the port, and to prevent our landing the money, desirous perhaps of getting hold of it themselves. They knew that war was about to be declared with our country, and, it may be, indulged the hope of soon taking the *Constitution*, money, and all. But we were too sharp for them altogether.

We put the money on shore in the following style:

When the Dutch boats came off to bring us our water, we sent along the boats with the specie under cover of those water-boats. And since by the law of nations, boats can never be molested in carrying water and provisions, the English dared not fire at the money craft, for fear of hitting the others. By this stratagem, we succeeded in landing all the money in proper shape, although the creditors themselves, in fear of its being taken, had advised us not to undertake it, but to wait and pay them at some future day.

Before we left, some British braggadocio tried to raise a fuss with us and get us enraged, by accusing us of false statements in reference to the draft of our ship. We had given it as twenty-four feet, whereas they said there were but nineteen feet of water upon the bar when we came in. In this way they hoped to make our craft appear more insignificant than she was, and also create a disturbance between us and the Dutch authorities. But they did not succeed; we came off with clean papers, and with flying colours.

V. Scenes in Port

From Texel we returned to Shireburg, and then set sail for the United States. On our homeward passage, we fell in with the *Royal Oak*, an English seventy-four. She had been engaged in capturing and sinking a French privateer. The captain appeared

to feel very consequential after his exploit, and made us a visit in state. He began to brag of his doings, and said he should serve all Frenchmen after the same sort. He had run down the d—n privateer, and sent her, with every soul on board, to the bottom of the ocean! And he'd do it again!

He eyed us and our accoutrements pretty sharp. He found our guns double-shotted, and every man at his post, ready for action at a moment's warning. He soon stopped his bragging, and as he glanced about, his looks showed that he began to think somebody else *might* be able to do something as well as he. And I reckon before the year was out, his mind must have been settled upon that point. He kept pretty silent, which doubtless was the best course for him, and after a few salutations, he returned to his own deck, and we went on our way.

We arrived back at Annapolis about May, 1812, and immediately ran up the Potomac as far as the water would admit. We then took out all the guns and other heavy articles, in order to lighten ship and so were enabled to proceed to Washington.

While going up the river, we were one morning at eight o'clock sending up the yards. Tom Cassady, a Scotchman, whose station was at the top-gallant mast-head for the purpose of crossing the yards, was somewhat belated, when the rest went aloft. Just then, as the flying-jib halliards were let go, he caught hold upon them, and was drawn to the very top, whence he jumped upon the yard. Had he been hauled a foot farther, his hands would have brought up, and he would have been dashed upon the deck. For this act of temerity, when he came down, he received a dozen on the back.

"Be Goot," cried Tom, with his Scotch accent, "it's the last time, sure it will be."

And true enough, it was the last time; for at Washington he ran away, and was not seen again.

At Washington, everything was landed from on board the *Constitution*, and we lived on board of the old hulk of the *General Green*, while our own frigate was undergoing repairs.

One day Sam Winder saw one of the crew going down on board the old *York*, which was lying there, and mistrusting some evil, asked him—

"What are you going to do, my lad?"

"Drown myself!"

"Say nothing," replied Sam. "I'll help you."

Upon that, he took a piece of rope, and rove it through the eye of a pig of iron that was lying by.

"What are you about?" asked the intended suicide.

"I'm fixing this to tie round your neck, so you'll sink in a moment."

"O no! no!" cried the frightened man, "I won't drown myself—no! I won't."

This crafty process, it is said, is the very best method to bring such people to their senses. At any rate, there was no more trouble from him.

A more disastrous case however occurred. Tom Musto, boatswain's mate, attempted to get a discharge, saying that he was of English birth. The authorities not wishing to grant his request, he took it severely at heart, and pretended to be deranged. He soon went down on board the *York*, and drowned himself. His body was found one Sunday morning, floating between the *Constitution* and the wharf.

About this time, the purser's steward got drunk and received a flogging. On Monday morning, he went on shore, and stole a silver spoon, which he exchanged for whisky. At night he was put in irons for this offense, and Tuesday morning he was taken out and flogged again. Just as the blows were laid upon him, he saw the gunner passing by, and cried aloud,

"Shoot me! Mr. Anderson, shoot me!"

Whereupon Hull, who was standing near, exclaimed with an oath,

"You —— rascal! if you can't bear a flogging better than that, what made you get drunk and steal?"

That cry of the culprit betrays the awful feelings of a proud spirited sailor in regard to a flogging. Many a time would he rather die than receive it.

At length the news arrived of the declaration of war. That was indeed an exciting day. All truly American hearts began to beat with desires for their country's honour, and our naval tars generally looked for that honour in heroic fight.

A sloop-of-war was immediately fitted out below, under command of Captain Blakesley. Our men fearing that they should be drafted on board of her, some began to desert. They had a mortal dislike to leaving the old *Constitution*, which had been their pride, and by which they wished to stand to the last. Captain Hull hearing of this came to our rescue, and said for our encouragement,—

"Never fear! there sha'n't a man be drafted!"

He said he wished to have all his own men, —they were acquainted with him, and he with them. Doubtless this feeling of attachment between officers and men did much to secure us our victories in the last war. Our vessels were mostly manned with native-born Americans, who felt a real interest in their country's welfare, and fought not merely from compulsion or gain, as is ofttimes the case with the hired minions of arbitrary powers. When they struck, therefore, they struck as freemen fighting for their rights, and every blow told hard upon the quailing enemy.

There were at this time, two English sailors belonging to our ship. Captain Hull heard of two deserters advertised by the English, and a reward offered for their recovery, they having been guilty of some heinous crime. He noticed at once from the description, that these two men he had with him were the very ones, and not being willing to retain them in these circumstances neither wishing to give them up, he allowed them a discharge. Their names were Bob Jameson and Peter Carr. One of them was sick, and the captain proposed that we should give them something to help them on their way. So we raised among us $140, and divided it between them. They went with it to Baltimore, and soon spent it in sailor style.

Jameson afterwards shipped in the *Congress*, under Captain Smith, who, learning his crime, afterwards delivered him up to Captain Dacres, of the English navy. Dacres said that Jameson had killed a midshipman, and cut a lieutenant's arm off. He sent him to Halifax, thence he was carried to Jamaica, and there was hung.

There was also another man, a Spaniard, among our crew, who wanted to be off. Seeing him moping about in a warm day, with his woolen jacket on, shrugging up his shoulders, Captain Hull asked him what ailed him.

"Too much pe-o-chiz," he muttered in murdered Spanish.

He was always sick, and good for nothing. So the captain let him go.

In about a month after the declaration of war, the repairs on the *Constitution* had been hurried through, and we were about ready for a start, buoyant with the hope of doing good service for our country. We dropped down to Annapolis, and during a week's delay there, we busied ourselves in daily exercise, to acquire a skill in aim. Among other methods, we anchored a hogshead a mile off in the water, and fired at it as a target. Small as it appeared at that distance, we soon made close work of it. After we had practised sometime, Hull gave a knowing look as he passed along—

"I'll risk you now, my boys!" said he. "If it were an enemy's boat you had there, you'd cut it all to splinters."

VI. The *Constitution* in the War

Our preparations for war were much hastened by the return of John Adams with despatches from our English and French ministers. We immediately sailed from Annapolis to join the squadron at New York, which consisted of the *President*, *United States*, and other men-of-war lying there. We spoke but few vessels on our passage. One day, about four P. M., a large sail hove in sight. We immediately gave chase, and gained on her handsomely. At eight o'clock in the evening, Captain Hull came forward on the forecastle. Some of the officers and crew clustered respectfully around him. Old Adams, the boatswain, was standing by:

"Adams," said Hull, "what do you think of that vessel?"

"Don't know, sir," replied the veteran tar, with his deep voice. "I can't make her out, sir. But I think she's an Englishman."

"So do I," added Hull. "How long will it take to flog her, Adams?"

"Don't know, sir!" replied the boatswain. "We can do it, but they're hard fellows on salt water."

"I know that," continued the captain; "they are rather a hard set of fellows, sure enough. But don't you think we can flog them in two hours and a half, Adams?"

"Yes, sir!" said the boatswain, with all the coolness imaginable. "Yes, sir! we can do it in that time, if we can do it at all."

The captain turned away with a smile, and almost instantly had all sail set, and the ship drawing toward the stranger, with a smacking breeze to jog her along.

Hull came forward again, and took a close survey of the ocean and the distant sail.

"Dog her by and large till morning," said he to the lieutenant, "and then we shall see what she's made of."

That night every man on board the *Constitution* was wide awake. There was no sneaking from duty in any part of the brave old ship. I laid in my quarters on the bare deck, by the side of my gun. The sponger and ram-rod were all the time lying by me, ready for use at a moment's notice. Two pistols belonging to a midshipman,

Mr. German, were given into my charge for him. Other watches were in similar situations. It was a stirring hour. We hoped that we were about to strike the first blow for our country and her flag. There had never been a time, since our nation existed, when a fair trial of American naval prowess had occurred; our ships, our commanders, our men, during the war of the Revolution, had always fought to great disadvantage on the ocean; the honours won for us by the Chevalier Paul Jones were claimed as legitimately belonging to a British subject—a native of Scotland; our privateers, fitted out and manned in great haste, could not be expected to give fair specimens of American valour: here, then, on board the well-known and honoured frigate *Constitution*, was to be the theater for a naval action that should cover the Republic either with living disgrace or glory.

There was not an American sailor in that ship but felt something of this. However he might express it, in the rough words of the deep, or the bold look of his eye, this was the sentiment of his patriotic bosom.

At four o'clock in the morning, we heard the cry:—"Up, men! up! here's the whole American squadron within sight!"

"Pretty American squadron!" said I, as I looked out of the port-hole. "American squadron! Don't you see that English seventy-four?"

And sure enough, it proved to be a British fleet, blockading New York. Of course, it would not do for us single-handed to meddle with so many, and our course was plain.

All hands were called to quarters. New arrangements were made for escaping the enemy; port-holes were cut in the stern, on the spar-deck, and guns run out immediately. The English were now within three miles of us. There were seven men-of-war in all: the *Aeolus*, *African*, *Shannon*, *Guerrière*, *Belvidere*, *Nautilus*, and one other. It was a spirit-stirring sight, to see them steering toward us, with all sail set.

Our guns were now all up, and the breechings rove. Captain Hull came aft, coolly surveyed the scene, took a match in his hand, and ordered the quarter-master to hoist the American flag. I stood within a few feet of Hull at the time. He clapped the fire to my gun, No. 1, and such a barking as sounded over the sea! It was worth hearing. No sooner had our iron dog opened his mouth in this manner, than the whole enemy opened the whole of theirs. Every one of the ships fired directly toward us. Those nearest kept up their firing for some time; but of course not a shot reached us then, at the distance we were.

Captain Hull gave up the match to the captain of the gun, and we kept blazing away with our stern chasers. The shots we fired helped to send us ahead, out of the reach of the enemy. There was little or no wind; but we resolved to save ourselves from capture, or sink in the conflict. We soon found, however, that we made but slow work in getting ahead. Hull called Lieutenant Morris to him and said calmly,—

"Let's lay broadside to them, Mr. Morris, and fight the whole! If they sink us, we'll go down like men!"

We were off Little Egg Harbour, on the New Jersey shore, at the time stretching in toward the Delaware Bay. The enemy had drawn in between us and the land, so that the prospect was they might cut us off from the Capes.

Mr. Morris now spoke to Captain Hull: "There is one thing, sir, I think we'd better try."

"What's that?" replied Hull.

"Try to kedge her off," said the lieutenant.

"Well, try it," responded the captain. "But I imagine you'll fail. The water's too deep here; we've at least forty fathoms."

The kedges were soon under way. Every man worked as an American always should. We gained a little on the enemy by this manœuvre. We brought all the spare rigging out of the boatswain's store-room, and bent on so much line to the kedges that before one short peak came out of the ground, we let go the other kedge; this kept the frigate surging ahead all the while, at the rate of about three knots an hour, with the help of the boats. It was almost a dead calm, and the enemy soon saw that we were gaining on them. There was considerable stir on board the nearest ships. They had an American coast captain in one them, who told us afterwards that he saw and understood our "Yankee trick." The British imitated us, but they couldn't do much. They set the boats from three ships at work towing the one nearest us; but she made very little headway; we gained on them constantly, although slowly.

At that time not an American vessel, of any kind, was in sight; we were pursued alone, by the shores of our native country, and a more resolute set of men never smelt salt water. There hung on the mast, drooping silently in the calm sky, the ensign that we all loved so well; and as we looked toward it from the boats and tops, we were

determined to a man that it should never go down but with the ship. Captain Hull saw and felt this patriotic feeling, and cherished it to the utmost. Our stern chasers were fired at the ship closest aboard us; but the shot went over her. They fired their bow guns in return; but nothing hit us. We were anxious to cut away their rigging or masts, and bring down their sails by the run.

The boats were all manned. In one of them, Midshipman Bourie, as he looked toward the enemy, and thought of the possibility of an engagement, he exclaimed, "O, that I had my pistols here, that I might defend my boat to the last." Such was the spirit that animated every bosom. Is it any wonder that such seamen, when self-possessed, are almost always victorious on the ocean?

Toward dark a breeze sprang up, which helped us along very well.

Next morning it had increased to a pretty fresh blow, and we cracked on all the sail we could carry. One of the enemy's ships kept middling close to us; but we were ready for her. She ran down toward us, and then bore away for a short time. Again she hauled her wind, and put on after us. But it was no use. We walked away from her as if she had been lying at anchor. We then had no land in sight, and the wind kept freshening every hour. A squall broke on us; but we were ready for it, and had in the studding-sails in less than no time. Everything was set again, below and aloft, as soon as the squall passed over; and we showed the enemy our heels in a way that will long be remembered. We beat the fastest ship they had so badly, that we chased her hull down in a few hours.

"Now," said the captain, as the last strip of sail disappeared on the horizon, "now we'll take a cruise by ourselves; but if I come across one of these chaps alone, depend on it he shall pay for this."

We turned our cruise toward Boston, meeting with merchant vessels occasionally. One of them—bound to New York—we saved by giving notice of the blockade there. The captain presented us with a puncheon of rum for our information; and we presented him our wishes for his safe arrival in return. Rum was then more thought of on board our men-of-war than is now considered profitable.

In a few days we arrived in Boston, where we met the news that we had been captured by the enemy! It was said we had not ammunition enough. But if those who thought so had remained at our quarters until our ammunition was all gone, they would probably have altered their opinion. We had enough, at least, to tire them "some."

At Boston we obtained more men, wood and water; and were soon under way on another cruise. We met a number of merchant-men. Those of them that belonged to the enemy we set on fire, taking the crews with us as prisoners of war.

On the seventh day out from Boston, we met with some of the enemy. It was in the month of August, toward night. The ocean was soon shrouded in darkness. As the night came on, I think I never saw it darker.

At a late hour a vessel hove in sight, close aboard of us. We thought we saw a light in her cabin; but it proved to be a floating beacon which she had thrown overboard for the purpose of putting us on the wrong track. But we passed this dancing lantern in her wake, and steered directly for the ship. We kept her in view all night; and the next morning she proved to be the *Ranger*, a British sloop-of-war. It was not long before we were in her wake, and steering straight into her stern. On the way, we passed a large Dutch barque, that put new mettle into our speed. She had been taken under English colours by an American privateer, and retaken by the British, being then in charge of the *Ranger*. The American officers and men had not been taken out—so close were we upon them. The *Ranger* had concluded to let go this prize, and make good her own escape; but another large vessel, loaded with hemp and rosin, was set fire to before we could come up, and burnt to the water's edge.

We soon boarded and took possession of the barque. From her we learned that the *Ranger* had taken another prize, then on the way to Halifax. We ran down toward the *Ranger*, ordering the barque to follow but she refused to do it. We immediately left her to her fate, and stretched away to leeward for the other prize. It took but little time to overhaul her. Captain Hull was on the deck at the time.

"Load the long Tom," said he, "and give them some."

No answer.

"Closer!" cried Hull. "Fire closer!"

The next shot did the work. Her colours came down, and she rounded to. It was well she did, for a few more shots such as the last would have made it all day with her.

We took possession in the name of the

Stars and Stripes, and soon had the prisoners all out of her, and on board the frigate. She was then manned to send in. Midshipman Madison was put on board as prize-master, with orders to take her to the nearest American port. But she was afterwards taken by the *Acasta* frigate, carried to England, and the captured thrown into that horrible place, Dartmoor Prison.

We continued our cruise, taking an occasional vessel from the enemy, and setting her on fire. Many a fine large ship was thus destroyed by the *Constitution*. But we always saved the crews, and living animals. I do not remember that a goat, dog, fowl, or cat was thus burnt up.

At eleven o'clock on the night of the 18th of August, 1812, a brig hove in sight. It was very foggy, and we were unable to make out what she was. As we came up, Captain Hull hailed her himself:

"What brig's that?"

"The *John*, of St. John's."

"Where are you bound?"

"Halifax."

"Come under our lee. We'll send a boat aboard."

Lieutenant Morris boarded her. A boy of theirs, whom we had brought over from France, was heard to cry out:

"The old *Constitution!*"

"Away with your nonsense, lad," said one of the men in reply.

"You'll find out it is," added the boy. "Don't you see the eagle buttons?"

Lieutenant Morris had now reached the deck of the *John*. Her captain had ordered his state-room shut, and thrown his guns and cutlasses overboard, supposing us to be enemies. But the room was soon opened again, and our men had what they pleased. This vessel laid by us all night, and proved to be a Baltimore privateer. She had been chased all day by the *Guerrière;* and was afraid of us, on account of the fog.

The weather had now cleared up; and as we had learned by this adventure something of the whereabouts of the *Guerrière*, we were anxious to be off for her. But our Baltimore-Halifax neighbour had sprung his main-topmast in trying to get away from us,—we supplied him with a new one, and a quantity of muskets, cutlasses, and ruffles for the enemy's wrists.

VII. The Capture of the *Guerrière*

Having learned which way the *Guerrière* was steering when last seen, we crowded all sail in that direction. We steered a north-east course for several hours, until the morning of the 19th of August, 1812. This was the day of the battle.

We now changed our course, and steered south-east, with a good breeze. At ten o'clock, A. M., the lookout cried:

"Sail ho!"

"Where away?" inquired the lieutenant in command.

"Two points off the larboard bow, sir!" was the reply.

Hull had now come on deck. His first order was to a midshipman:

"Mr. German! take the glass and go aloft. See if you can make out what she is."

German was soon above us, looking intently in the direction named.

"What do you think?" asked Hull, with animation.

"She's a great vessel, sir! Tremendous sails."

"Never mind," coolly added Hull. "You can come down, sir. Mr. Adams," addressing another officer, "call all hands. Make sail for her!"

But before all hands could be called, there was a general rush on deck. The word had passed like lightning from man to man; and all who could be spared, came flocking up like pigeons from a net bed. From the spar deck to the gun deck, from that to the berth deck, every man was roused and on his feet. All eyes were turned in the direction of the strange sail, and quick as thought studding-sails were out, fore and aft. The noble frigate fairly bounded over the billows, as we gave her a rap full, and spread her broad and tall wings to the gale.

The stranger hauled his wind, and laid to for us. It was evident that he was an English man-of-war, of a large class, and all ready for action. In one of her topsails we read these words:

"NOT THE LITTLE BELT"

We understood this to mean that the ship we were now approaching was not the *Little Belt* which had been previously attacked. But we knew that very well; and subsequent events proved that they might have saved themselves the trouble of telling us of it. We saw it was the vessel we wanted to meet, not the *Little Belt*, but the big *Guerrière*, of thirty-nine guns.

As we came up she began to fire. They were evidently trying to rake us. But we continued on our course, tacking and half-tacking, taking good care to avoid being raked. We came so near on one tack, that an eighteen-pound shot came through us

under the larboard knight-head, striking just abaft the breech of the gun to which I belonged. The splinters flew in all directions; but no one was hurt. We immediately picked up the shot, and put it in the mouth of long Tom, a large gun loose on deck—and sent it home again, with our respects.

Another stray shot hit our foremast, cutting one of the hoops in two. But the mast was not otherwise injured, and the slight damage was soon repaired.

Hull was now all animation. He saw that the decisive moment had come. With great energy, yet calmness of manner, he passed around among the officers and men, addressing to them words of confidence and encouragement.

"Men!" said he, "now do your duty. Your officers cannot have entire command over you now. Each man must do all in his power for his country."

At this moment a man was killed on our spar deck. He had run away from us, and was only returned about a fortnight. He fell by the side of long Tom, and never rose again.

Hull now determined on closing with the enemy.

"Why don't you fire?" said he.

"We can't get our guns to bear, as she now lies," was the answer.

"Never mind, my boys!" said he to the men. "You shall have her as close as you please. Sailing-master! lay her alongside!"

We came up into the wind in gallant style. As we fell off a little the *Guerrière* ranged by us her whole length.

The stars and stripes never floated more proudly than they did at that moment. All was silent beneath them, save the occasional order from an officer, or the low sound of the movement of our implements of war. Every man stood firm at his post.

"No firing at random!" cried Hull in a subdued tone of voice. "Let every man look well to his aim."

This was the pride of American seamen. Correctness in taking aim did more than anything else in securing the naval victories of the last war.

A shot from the enemy now struck the spar deck, and word was passed that a man was killed.

The long Tom had been capsized, and Ike Kingman got a hoist. But jumping up, with a slap of the hand he said to himself, "take that."

"Now close with them!" cried Hull, raising his voice to its sternest note of command, so that it could be heard on the enemy's decks.

"Alongside with her, sailing-master!"

A whole broadside from our guns followed this command. The *Constitution* shook from stem to stern. Every spar and yard in her was on a tremble. But no one was hurt by the recoil of the guns, though several were made deaf by the noise. We instantly followed the thunder of our cannon with three loud cheers, which rang along the ship like the roar of waters, and floated away rapidly to the ears of the enemy.

This was a Yankee style which the British had not adopted. The English officers often spoke of it to ours, after the war was over. They said they were astonished at the spirit of our men in the toil and heat of the battle. Amid the dying and the dead, the crash of timbers, the flying of splinters and falling of spars, the American heart poured out its patriotism with long and loud cheers. The effect was always electrical, throughout all the struggle for our rights.

When the smoke cleared away after the first broadside, we saw that we had cut off the mizzen mast of the *Guerrière*, and that her main-yard had been shot from the slings. Her mast and rigging were hanging in great confusion over her sides, and dashing against her on the waves.

This discovery was followed by cheers from the *Constitution*, and the cry;

"Huzza, boys! We've made a brig of her! Next time we'll make her a sloop!"

On board the *Guerrière* was an American, by the name of Ben Hodges. As the battle commenced he appealed to the captain:

"That is an American frigate," said he; "and I cannot fight against my country."

How different this from the course of many an Englishman during the war! It was a feeling which the commander of the *Guerrière* respected.

"Go below, my man," said he. "Go into the cockpit. You may be of assistance there."

Hodges obeyed the order. As he stood by one of the surgeons, a voice said:

"I don't see that we've much to do, after all."

"Hold on a bit, sir," responded Hodges. "The Yankees haven't begun it. I'm thinking, sir, you'll have plenty to do."

This was just as the action was commencing. In a moment a red glare followed.

"There!" cried Ben. "They've begun. Now, look out." He had hardly spoken

before fifteen or twenty wounded men were tumbled into the cockpit.

"Your words were true enough, Ben," said one of the surgeons as he took up a knife. "Here's work for us—and plenty of it, too."

The *Guerrière* returned our fire with spirit—but it passed too high, and spent its force among our light spars, rigging and sails. Our fore-royal truck was shot away, with two pair of halyards; the flag was hanging down tangled on the shivered mast in the presence of the enemy. This sight inspired one of our men, familiarly called Dan Hogan, to the daring feat of nailing the standard to the mast. He was a little Irish chap, but brim-full of courage. Without a word from anyone, he sprang into the rigging and was aloft in a moment. He was soon seen, under the fire of the enemy, who saw him too, at the topmast height, clinging on with one hand, and with the other making all fast, so that the flag could never come down unless the mast came with it. The smoke curled around him as he bent to the work; but those who could see him, kept cheering him through the sulphury clouds. He was soon down again, and at his station in the fight.

Several shot now entered our hull. One of the largest the enemy could command struck us, but the plank was so hard it fell out and sank in the waters. This was afterwards noticed, and the cry arose:

"Huzza! Her sides are made of iron! See where the shot fell out!"

From that circumstance the name of the *Constitution* was garnished with the familiar title:

"OLD IRONSIDES"

By this title she is known around the world.

Very soon after the battle commenced, Lieutenant Bush fell, mortally wounded. Lieutenant Morris received a wound in his chest; but he bore himself bravely through until we won the day. Lieutenant Wardsworth came nobly forward, and filled the place made vacant by death with great honour to himself and advantage to the ship.

The braces of both ships were now shot off. The *Guerrière* swung round into our mizzen rigging, so that a part of her laid right over our taffrail. One might see the whites of the eyes, and count the teeth of the enemy. Our stern guns were pouring in upon them, so that we raked the ship fore and aft. Every shot told well. In a few moments the foremast was gone, and our prediction was fulfilled. The great *Guerrière* had become a sloop. Soon after the mainmast followed, rendering her a complete wreck. In the fall of the masts some of our boats were swept off, but the *Constitution* herself was hardly touched, except in some of the yards and sails. Both ships kept firing constantly—our guns continuing to do the most fearful execution.

One of the lieutenants now asked the captain if he should call the boarders.

"No!" replied Hull. "No! We can take her without losing so many lives."

The enemy seemed to have been expecting us to board him. He had placed two cannonades on the bowsprit, in such a manner as to sweep off our men as they should attempt to board. These were loaded to the muzzle with musket balls in canvas bags, and would have cut us down like a flock of sheep.

We were preparing for an attack in another quarter, when the *Guerrière* suddenly dropped to the leeward, and fired a gun for assistance. They tried to haul their colours down; but every man who could be seen attempting it, was shot dead from the tops of the *Constitution*. We were determined to give them an opportunity to be convinced that we would defend our country's rights to the last; and, besides, we thought these repeated attempts to haul down the flag were intended to deceive us—for we saw the men as busy as ever in continuing the action. I heard the powder-boy nearest me on board the *Guerrière* call to another:

"Work away, there! Huzza! She'll soon be ours!"

The women they had with them were engaged in passing powder, and other munitions of war. Amid such activity on the decks of the enemy, courage and prudence demanded that we should be active on our own.

As an intended insult, the English had hoisted a puncheon of molasses on their main stay, and sent out word:

"Do give the Yankees some switchel. They will need it, when they are our prisoners."

But we made a very different use of this molasses from what they intended. Our shooting at hogsheads in the Chesapeake Bay, was now turned to good account. We soon tapped their sweet stuff for them, in a way which they little thought of. The Yankee shot tasted the English molasses, and not the Yankee lips. We made the

decks of the *Guerrière* so slippery, that her men could hardly stand! They had more switchel prepared for them than they knew what to do with.

The action was now nearly at its close. The firing had become less frequent on both sides. All felt the necessity of proceeding at once to repair damages. But we dared not trust the enemy. Notwithstanding his disabled condition, it was evident he would attack us again, the first opportunity. His men were still numerous—his ammunition was but partly spent, and his guns had been cleared away from the lower decks, so as to work to the best advantage.

We sent a boat on board, but could get no satisfaction. His colours were down—but still there was danger of his attacking us unawares. This inspired a determined spirit on board the *Constitution.*

"Let's sink them!" was the cry that ran along our decks—for we felt that we were deceived.

At this moment Captain Dacres appeared in one of our boats, and immediately surrendered himself as a prisoner of war. We did not have any switchel prepared for him as he came on board, because we thought he had had enough already. The delivery of his sword to Hull by Dacres was a scene never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

As he placed the hilt in the hand of Hull, his first remark was:

"Captain Hull! what have you got for men?"

"O," replied Hull, with a sly smile, "only a parcel of green bush-whackers, Captain Dacres!"

"Bush-whackers! They are more like tigers than men. I never saw men fight so. They fairly drove us from our quarters."

We remained by the *Guerrière* all night. The prisoners were taken out and humanely disposed of. We immediately set ourselves at work, repairing damages. Two anchor stocks welded on the foremast, that had been injured by the stray shot, made that as good as new. In one hour's time, we had the gallant frigate as trim as she was when the fight began. But it was not so with the *Guerrière.* The Yankee wounds made in her sides were incurable. She was kept afloat near us, but with six feet of water in her hold. Lieutenant Reed had command. The prisoners were set at the pumps, but they could not all keep her free. She was soon reported to be in a sinking condition, and we hastened to get all the men out of her.

Some of the captives came on board of us very badly wounded. Their sufferings were greater than can be described, or even imagined. One poor fellow had his under jaw shot off; and while we were watching him, he bled to death. Others, deprived of arms and legs, lingered in the greatest torture, until death put an end to their pains.

There was one of our men—Dick Dunn—who bore the amputation of his leg with a fortitude I shall always bear in mind. "You are a hard set of butchers," was all he said to the surgeon, as his torn and bleeding limb was severed from his body. Others, whom I could name, bore their amputations equally well. Some of these brave defenders of the nation are among my friends; and I sometimes meet them stumping it through life. In the midst of all this suffering, Captain Hull was frequently found tendering the consolations needed in such an hour, and showing his humanity to the best advantage. He even looked more truly noble, bending over the hammock of a wounded tar, than when invading and conquering the enemy.

In spite of all the efforts to keep her afloat, we now saw that the *Guerrière* was rapidly sinking. A council of war was held on board the *Constitution,* and the decision was that she should be blown up. It was a moment of the deepest interest. After removing every thing thought necessary to be saved, we put a slow match to the magazine, and left her.

There was something melancholy and grand in the sight. Although the frigate was a wreck, floating about a mastless hulk at the sport of the waves, she bore marks of her former greatness. Much of her ornamental work had been untouched; and her long, high, black sides rose in solitary majesty before us, as we bade her farewell. For years she had been the house of thousands of human beings; for years she had withstood the shocks of the winds, the billows and the battle; for years she had borne the insignia of English valour to different and distant climes. But her years were now ended; her course was run; she was about to sink into the deep ocean forever.

Captain Dacres stood by our taffrail as we squared away from the *Guerrière.* He seemed to brush away a tear from his dark eye, as he took the last look of the vessel he had so lately commanded. But whatever may have been his feelings, it must be admitted that he had done his own duty well—and his men had defended their vessel to the last.

At the distance of about three miles we hove to, and awaited the result. Hundreds of eyes were stretched in that one direction, where the ill-fated *Guerrière* moved heavily on the deep. It was like waiting for the uncapping of a volcano—or the bursting up of a crater. Scarcely a word was spoken on board the *Constitution*, so breathless was the interest felt in the scene.

The first intimation we had that the fire was at work was the discharge of the guns. One after another, as the flame advanced, they came booming toward us. Roar followed roar, flash followed flash, until the whole mass was enveloped in clouds of smoke. We could see but little of the direct progress of the work, and therefore we looked more earnestly for the explosion—not knowing how soon it might occur. Presently there was a dead silence; then followed a vibratory, shuddering motion, and streams of light, like streaks of lightning running along the sides; and the grand crash came! The quarter deck, which was immediately over the magazine, lifted in a mass, broke into fragments, and flew in every direction. The hull, parted in the center by the shock, and loaded with such masses of iron and spars, reeled, staggered, plunged forward a few feet, and sank out of sight.

It was a grand and awful scene. Nearly every floating thing around her went down with the *Guerrière*. Scarcely a vestige remained to tell the world that such a frigate had ever swept the seas. We immediately squared away, and were again under a crowd of sail for our native land.

Thus ended the capture of the *Guerrière*.

The following is a correct account of ammunition expended on board of the *Constitution* in the action with the *Guerrière:*—

24 Pound Round Shot	300
32 Pound Round Shot	236
18 Pound Round Shot	10
32 Pound Stand of Grape	140
24 Pound Stand of Grape	120
24 Pound Canister Shot	40
32 Pound Canister Shot	60
24 Pound Double Head Shot	47
Total number of shot,	953

Amount of Gun Powder, 2,376 Pounds.

This memorandum was taken from the Log Book of the *Constitution*, by R. F. DUNN.

[*Gunner Smith's "Narrative" goes on to relate his subsequent cruises in the* Adams, *and the dramatic scene when Captain Morris blew her up off Hampden, up the Penobscot River, to prevent her capture by the British, who had taken Bangor.*]

Poverty

By ALCÆUS

Translated by Sir William Jones

THE worst of ills, and hardest to endure,
Past hope, past cure,
Is Penury, who, with her sister-mate
Disorder, soon brings down the loftiest state,
And makes it desolate.
This truth the sage of Sparta told,
Aristodemus old,—
"Wealth makes the man." On him that's poor,
Proud worth looks down, and honour shuts the door.

The Man and the Snake

By AMBROSE BIERCE

Ambrose Bierce

It is of veritabyll report, and attested of so many that there be nowe of wyse and learned none to gaynsaye it, that ye serpente hys eye hath a magnetick propertie that whosoe falleth into its svasion is drawn forwards in despyte of his wille and perisheth miserabyll by ye creature hys byte.

STRETCHED at ease upon a sofa, in gown and slippers, Harker Brayton smiled as he read the foregoing sentence in old Morryster's *Marvels of Science*. "The only marvel in the matter," he said to himself, "is that the wise and learned in Morryster's day should have believed such nonsense as is rejected by most of even the ignorant in ours."

A train of reflection followed—for Brayton was a man of thought—and he unconsciously lowered his book without altering the direction of his eyes. As soon as the volume had gone below the line of sight, something in an obscure corner of the room recalled his attention to his surroundings. What he saw, in the shadow under his bed, was two small points of light, apparently about an inch apart. They might have been reflections of the gas jet above him, in metal nail heads; he gave them but little thought and resumed his reading. A moment later something—some impulse which it did not occur to him to analyze—impelled him to lower the book again and seek for what he saw before. The points of light were still there. They seemed to have become brighter than before, shining with a greenish lustre that he had not at first observed. He thought, too, that they might have moved a trifle—were somewhat nearer. They were still too much in shadow, however, to reveal their nature and origin to an indolent attention, and again he resumed his reading. Suddenly something in the text suggested a thought that made him start and drop the book for the third time to the side of the sofa, whence, escaping from his hand, it fell sprawling to the floor, back upward. Brayton, half-risen, was staring intently into the obscurity beneath the bed, where the points of light shone with, it seemed to him, an added fire. His attention was now fully aroused, his gaze eager and imperative. It disclosed, almost directly under the foot-rail of the bed, the coils of a large serpent—the points of light were its eyes! Its horrible head, thrust flatly forth from the innermost coil and resting upon the outermost, was directed straight toward him, the definition of the wide, brutal jaw and the idiot-like forehead serving to show the direction of its malevolent gaze. The eyes were no longer merely luminous points; they looked into his own with a meaning, a malign significance.

II

A SNAKE in a bedroom of a modern city dwelling of the better sort is, happily, not so common a phenomenon as to make explanation altogether needless. Harker Brayton, a bachelor of thirty-five, a scholar, idler and something of an athlete, rich, popular and of sound health, had returned to San Francisco from all manner of remote and unfamiliar countries. His tastes, always a trifle luxurious, had taken on an added exuberance from long privation; and the resources of even the Castle Hotel being inadequate to their perfect gratification, he had gladly accepted the hospitality of his friend, Dr. Druring, the distinguished scientist. Dr. Druring's house, a large, old-fashioned one in what is now an obscure quarter of the city, had an outer and visible aspect of proud reserve. It plainly would not associate with the contiguous elements of its altered environment, and appeared to have developed some of the eccentricities which come of isolation. One of these was a "wing," conspicuously irrelevant in point of architecture, and no less

rebellious in matter of purpose; for it was a combination of laboratory, menagerie and museum. It was here that the doctor indulged the scientific side of his nature in the study of such forms of animal life as engaged his interest and comforted his taste—which, it must be confessed, ran rather to the lower types. For one of the higher nimbly and sweetly to recommend itself unto his gentle senses it had at least to retain certain rudimentary characteristics allying it to such "dragons of the prime" as toads and snakes. His scientific sympathies were distinctly reptilian; he loved nature's vulgarians, and described himself as the Zola of zoölogy. His wife and daughters not having the advantage to share his enlightened curiosity regarding the works and ways of our ill-starred fellow-creatures, were with needless austerity excluded from what he called the Snakery and doomed to companionship with their own kind, though to soften the rigours of their lot he had permitted them out of his great wealth to outdo the reptiles in the gorgeousness of their surroundings and to shine with a superior splendour.

Architecturally and in point of "furnishings" the Snakery had a severe simplicity befitting the humble circumstances of its occupants, many of whom, indeed, could not safely have been intrusted with the liberty that is necessary to the full enjoyment of luxury, for they had the troublesome peculiarity of being alive. In their own apartments, however, they were under as little personal restraint as was compatible with their protection from the baneful habit of swallowing one another; and, as Brayton had thoughtfully been apprised, it was more than a tradition that some of them had at divers times been found in parts of the premises where it would have embarrassed them to explain their presence. Despite the Snakery and its uncanny associations—to which, indeed, he gave little attention—Brayton found life at the Druring mansion very much to his mind.

III

Beyond a smart shock of surprise and a shudder of mere loathing Mr. Brayton was not greatly affected. His first thought was to ring the call-bell and bring a servant; but although the bell cord dangled within easy reach he made no movement toward it; it had occurred to his mind that the act might subject him to the suspicion of fear, which he certainly did not feel. He was more keenly conscious of the incongruous nature of the situation than affected by its perils; it was revolting, but absurd.

The reptile was of a species with which Brayton was unfamiliar. Its length he could only conjecture; the body at the largest visible part seemed about as thick as his forearm. In what way was it dangerous, if in any way? Was it venomous? Was it a constrictor? His knowledge of nature's danger signals did not enable him to say; he had never deciphered the code.

If not dangerous, the creature was at least offensive. It was *de trop*—"matter out of place"—an impertinence. The gem was unworthy of the setting. Even the barbarous taste of our time and country, which had loaded the walls of the room with pictures, the floor with furniture and the furniture with bric-a-brac, had not quite fitted the place for this bit of the savage life of the jungle. Besides—insupportable thought!—the exhalations of its breath mingled with the atmosphere which he himself was breathing.

These thoughts shaped themselves with greater or less definition in Brayton's mind and begot action. The process is what we call consideration and decision. It is thus that we are wise and unwise. It is thus that the withered leaf in an autumn breeze shows greater or less intelligence than its fellows, falling upon the land or upon the lake. The secret of human action is an open one: something contracts our muscles. Does it matter if we give to the preparatory molecular changes the name of will?

Brayton rose to his feet and prepared to back softly away from the snake, without disturbing it if possible, and through the door. Men retire so from the presence of the great, for greatness is power and power is a menace. He knew that he could walk backward without error. Should the monster follow, the taste which had plastered the walls with paintings had consistently supplied a rack of murderous Oriental weapons from which he could snatch one to suit the occasion. In the meantime the snake's eyes burned with a more pitiless malevolence than before.

Brayton lifted his right foot free of the floor to step backward. That moment he felt a strong aversion to doing so.

"I am accounted brave," he thought; "is bravery, then, no more than pride?. Because there are none to witness the shame, shall I retreat?"

He was steadying himself with his right

hand upon the back of a chair, his foot suspended.

"Nonsense!" he said aloud; "I am not so great a coward as to fear to seem to myself afraid."

He lifted the foot a little higher by slightly bending the knee, and thrust it sharply to the floor—an inch in front of the other! He could not think how that occurred. A trial with the left foot had the same result; it was again in advance of the right. The hand upon the chair back was grasping it; the arm was straight, reaching somewhat backward. One might have said that he was reluctant to lose his hold. The snake's malignant head was still thrust forth from the inner coil as before, the neck level. It had not moved, but its eyes were now electric sparks, radiating an infinity of luminous needles.

The man had an ashy pallor. Again he took a step forward, and another, partly dragging the chair, which when finally released fell upon the floor with a crash. The man groaned; the snake made neither sound nor motion, but its eyes were two dazzling suns. The reptile itself was wholly concealed by them. They gave off enlarging rings of rich and vivid colours, which at their greatest expansion successively vanished like soap-bubbles; they seemed to approach his very face, and anon were an immeasurable distance away. He heard, somewhere, the continuous throbbing of a great drum, with desultory bursts of far music, inconceivably sweet, like the tones of an æolian harp. He knew it for the sunrise melody of Memnon's statue, and thought he stood in the Nile-side reeds, hearing with exalted sense that immortal anthem through the silence of the centuries.

The music ceased; rather, it became by insensible degrees the distant roll of a retreating thunder-storm. A landscape, glittering with sun and rain, stretched before him, arched with a vivid rainbow framing in its giant curve a hundred visible cities. In the middle distance a vast serpent, wearing a crown, reared its head out of its voluminous convolutions and looked at him with his dead mother's eyes. Suddenly this enchanting landscape seemed to rise swiftly upward like the drop scene at a theatre, and vanished in a blank. Something struck him a hard blow upon the face and breast. He had fallen to the floor; the blood ran from his broken nose and his bruised lips. For a time he was dazed and stunned, and lay with closed eyes, his face against the floor. In a few moments he had recovered, and then knew that this fall, by withdrawing his eyes, had broken the spell that held him. He felt that now, by keeping his gaze averted, he would be able to retreat. But the thought of the serpent within a few feet of his head, yet unseen—perhaps in the very act of springing upon him and throwing its coils about his throat—was too horrible! He lifted his head, stared again into those baleful eyes and was again in bondage.

The snake had not moved, and appeared somewhat to have lost its power upon the imagination; the gorgeous illusions of a few moments before were not repeated. Beneath that flat and brainless brow its black, beady eyes simply glittered as at first with an expression unspeakably malignant. It was as if the creature, assured of its triumph, had determined to practise no more alluring wiles.

Now ensued a fearful scene. The man, prone upon the floor, within a yard of his enemy, raised the upper part of his body upon his elbows, his head thrown back, his legs extended to their full length. His face was white between its stains of blood; his eyes were strained open to their uttermost expansion. There was froth upon his lips; it dropped off in flakes. Strong convulsions ran through his body, making almost serpentine undulations. He bent himself at the waist, shifting his legs from side to side. And every movement left him a little nearer to the snake. He thrust his hands forward to brace himself back, yet constantly advanced upon his elbows.

IV

Dr. Druring and his wife sat in the library. The scientist was in rare good humour.

"I have just obtained by exchange with another collector," he said, "a splendid specimen of the *ophiophagus*."

"And what may that be?" the lady inquired with a somewhat languid interest.

"Why, bless my soul, what profound ignorance! My dear, a man who ascertains after marriage that his wife does not know Greek is entitled to a divorce. The *ophiophagus* is a snake that eats other snakes."

"I hope it will eat all yours," she said, absently shifting the lamp. "But how does it get the other snakes? By charming them, I suppose."

"That is just like you, dear," said the doctor, with an affectation of petulance. "You know how irritating to me is any

allusion to that vulgar superstition about a snake's power of fascination."

The conversation was interrupted by a mighty cry, which rang through the silent house like the voice of a demon shouting in a tomb! Again and yet again it sounded, with terrible distinctness. They sprang to their feet, the man confused, the lady pale and speechless with fright. Almost before the echoes of the last cry had died away the doctor was out of the room, springing up the stairs two steps at a time. In the corridor in front of Brayton's chamber he met some servants who had come from the upper floor. Together they rushed at the door without knocking. It was unfastened and gave way. Brayton lay upon his stomach on the floor, dead. His head and arms were partly concealed under the foot rail of the bed. They pulled the body away, turning it upon the back. The face was daubed with blood and froth, the eyes were wide open, staring—a dreadful sight!

"Died in a fit," said the scientist, bending his knee and placing his hand upon the heart. While in that position he chanced to look under the bed. "Good God!" he added, "how did this thing get in here?"

He reached under the bed, pulled out the snake and flung it, still coiled, to the center of the room, whence with a harsh, shuffling sound it slid across the polished floor till stopped by the wall, where it lay without motion. It was a stuffed snake; its eyes were two shoe buttons.

Good-bye, Cape Horn!

Chanty for the Opening of the Panama Canal

By LINCOLN COLCORD

I

FIFTY sail o' noble ships, threshing 'round the Horn,
Lean and handsome clipper ships, lifting by the fore,
Swooping like the albatross, riding like the swan;
Well, you won't see them no more.

Oh, you won't see them no more, a-swinging south,
With a white surge underneath the bow,
Racing through the gale, cracking on the sail,
For to get there, never mind how.

Then it's good-bye, oh, Cape Horn! (*We love you, too.*)
With a hey-yah! And a good-bye!
For the times are changed, and the courses laid anew.
Oh! Good-bye, Cape Horn!

II

They've gone and dug the Isthmus through, peaks o' Darien,
For cargo boat, man-o'-war, brutes o' heavy beam;
They'll lock 'em up on one side, and lock 'em down again,
To the glory o' the days o' steam.

Yes, glory o' the days o' steam. (Our sails are furled.)
Jungle-jangle! Full speed ahead!
Dirt and grime and grease, wallowing the seas,
In the lanes where the galleons led.

So, it's good-bye, oh, Cape Horn! (*And sailor's pride.*)
With a hey-yah! And a good-bye!
But once we owned our souls upon the tide.
Oh! Good-bye, Cape Horn!

III

And how the time'll stretch along, years beyond discern,
With you a-sitting lonesome above the southern floe,
Silent, bleak, forsaken, guarding of the turn
Where the white ships used to go.

Where the white ships used to pass, and pay their toll,
Pounding through the wind and the rain;
Where the birds that made their home on our wakes o' flashing foam,
Will scour the seas in vain.

Singing, good-bye, oh, Cape Horn, my Stormy Boy!
With a hey-yah! And a good-bye!
For the ships have gone, and the men left the employ.
Oh! Good-bye, Cape Horn!

The Canterville Ghost

By OSCAR WILDE

Oscar Wilde

I

WHEN Mr. Hiram B. Otis, the American Minister, bought Canterville Chase, every one told him he was doing a very foolish thing, as there was no doubt at all that the place was haunted. Indeed, Lord Canterville himself, who was a man of the most punctilious honour, had felt it his duty to mention the fact to Mr. Otis when they came to discuss terms.

"We have not cared to live in the place ourselves," said Lord Canterville, "since my grandaunt, the Dowager Duchess of Bolton, was frightened into a fit, from which she never really recovered, by two skeleton hands being placed on her shoulders as she was dressing for dinner, and I feel bound to tell you, Mr. Otis, that the ghost has been seen by several living members of my family, as well as by the rector of the parish, the Rev. Augustus Dampier, who is a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. After the unfortunate accident to the Duchess, none of our younger servants would stay with us, and Lady Canterville often got very little sleep at night, in consequence of the mysterious noises that came from the corridor and the library."

"My Lord," answered the Minister, "I will take the furniture and the ghost at a valuation. I have come from a modern country, where we have everything that money can buy; and with all our spry young fellows painting the Old World red, and carrying off your best actors and prima-donnas, I reckon that if there were such a thing as a ghost in Europe, we'd have it at home in a very short time in one of our public museums, or on the road as a show."

"I fear that the ghost exists," said Lord Canterville, smiling, "though it may have resisted the overtures of your enterprising impresarios. It has been well known for three centuries, since 1584 in fact, and always makes its appearance before the death of any member of our family."

"Well, so does the family doctor for that matter, Lord Canterville. But there is no such thing, sir, as a ghost, and I guess the laws of Nature are not going to be suspended for the British aristocracy."

"You are certainly very natural in America," answered Lord Canterville, who did not quite understand Mr. Otis's last observation, "and if you don't mind a ghost in the house, it is all right. Only you must remember I warned you."

A few weeks after this, the purchase was concluded, and at the close of the season the Minister and his family went down to Canterville Chase. Mrs. Otis, who, as Lucretia R. Tappan, of West Fifty-third Street, had been a celebrated New York belle, was now a very handsome, middle-aged woman, with fine eyes, and a superb profile. Many American ladies on leaving their native land adopt an appearance of chronic ill-health, under the impression that it is a form of European refinement, but Mrs. Otis had never fallen into this error. She had a magnificent constitution, and a really wonderful amount of animal spirits. Indeed, in many respects, she was quite English, and was an excellent example of the fact that we have really everything in common with America nowadays, except, of course, language. Her eldest son, christened Washington by his parents in a moment of patriotism, which he never ceased to regret, was a fair-haired, rather good-looking young man, who had qualified himself for American diplomacy by leading the German at the Newport Casino for three successive seasons, and even in London was well known as an excellent dancer. Gardenias and the peerage were his only weaknesses. Otherwise he was extremely sensible. Miss Virginia E. Otis was a little girl of

fifteen, lithe and lovely as a fawn, and with a fine freedom in her large blue eyes. She was a wonderful Amazon, and had once raced old Lord Bilton on her pony twice round the park, winning by a length and a half, just in front of the Achilles statue, to the huge delight of the young Duke of Cheshire, who proposed for her on the spot, and was sent back to Eton that very night by his guardians, in floods of tears. After Virginia came the twins, who were usually called "The Stars and Stripes," as they were always getting swished. They were delightful boys, and, with the exception of the worthy Minister, the only true republicans of the family.

As Canterville Chase is seven miles from Ascot, the nearest railway station, Mr. Otis had telegraphed for a wagonette to meet them, and they started on their drive in high spirits. It was a lovely July evening, and the air was delicate with the scent of the pinewoods. Now and then they heard a wood-pigeon brooding over its own sweet voice, or saw, deep in the rustling fern, the burnished breast of the pheasant. Little squirrels peered at them from the beech-trees as they went by, and the rabbits scudded away through the brushwood and over the mossy knolls, with their white tails in the air. As they entered the avenue of Canterville Chase, however, the sky became suddenly overcast with clouds, a curious stillness seemed to hold the atmosphere, a great flight of rooks passed silently over their heads, and, before they reached the house, some big drops of rain had fallen.

Standing on the steps to receive them was an old woman, neatly dressed in black silk, with a white cap and apron. This was Mrs. Umney, the housekeeper, whom Mrs. Otis, at Lady Canterville's earnest request, had consented to keep in her former position. She made them each a low curtsey as they alighted, and said in a quaint, old-fashioned manner, "I bid you welcome to Canterville Chase." Following her, they passed through the fine Tudor hall into the library, a long, low room, panelled in black oak, at the end of which was a large stained-glass window. Here they found tea laid out for them, and, after taking off their wraps, they sat down and began to look round, while Mrs. Umney waited on them.

Suddenly Mrs. Otis caught sight of a dull red stain on the floor just by the fireplace, and, quite unconscious of what it really signified, said to Mrs. Umney, "I am afraid something has been spilt there."

"Yes, madam," replied the old housekeeper in a low voice, "blood has been spilt on that spot."

"How horrid!" cried Mrs. Otis; "I don't at all care for blood-stains in a sitting-room. It must be removed at once."

The old woman smiled, and answered in the same low, mysterious voice, "It is the blood of Lady Eleanore de Canterville, who was murdered on that very spot by her own husband, Sir Simon de Canterville, in 1575. Sir Simon survived her nine years, and disappeared suddenly under very mysterious circumstances. His body has never been discovered, but his guilty spirit still haunts the Chase. The blood-stain has been much admired by tourists and others, and cannot be removed."

"That is all nonsense," cried Washington Otis; "Pinkerton's Champion Stain Remover and Paragon Detergent will clean it up in no time," and before the terrified housekeeper could interfere, he had fallen upon his knees, and was rapidly scouring the floor with a small stick of what looked like a black cosmetic. In a few moments no trace of the blood-stain could be seen.

"I knew Pinkerton would do it," he exclaimed, triumphantly, as he looked round at his admiring family; but no sooner had he said these words than a terrible flash of lightning lit up the sombre room, a fearful peal of thunder made them all start to their feet, and Mrs. Umney fainted.

"What a monstrous climate!" said the American Minister, calmly, as he lit a long cheroot. "I guess the old country is so overpopulated that they have not enough decent weather for everybody. I have always been of opinion that emigration is the only thing for England."

"My dear Hiram," cried Mrs. Otis, "what can we do with a woman who faints?"

"Charge it to her like breakages," answered the Minister; "she won't faint after that"; and in a few moments Mrs. Umney certainly came to. There was no doubt, however, that she was extremely upset, and she sternly warned Mr. Otis to beware of some trouble coming to the house.

"I have seen things with my own eyes, sir," she said, "that would make any Christian's hair stand on end, and many and many a night I have not closed my eyes in sleep for the awful things that are done here." Mr. Otis, however, and his wife warmly assured the honest soul that they were not afraid of ghosts, and, after invoking the blessings of Providence on her new

master and mistress, and making arrangements for an increase of salary, the old housekeeper tottered off to her own room.

II

THE storm raged fiercely all that night, but nothing of particular note occurred. The next morning, however, when they came down to breakfast, they found the terrible stain of blood once again on the floor. "I don't think it can be the fault of the Paragon Detergent," said Washington, "for I have tried it with everything. It must be the ghost." He accordingly rubbed out the stain a second time, but the second morning it appeared again. The third morning also it was there, though the library had been locked up at night by Mr. Otis himself, and the key carried up-stairs. The whole family were now quite interested; Mr. Otis began to suspect that he had been too dogmatic in his denial of the existence of ghosts, Mrs. Otis expressed her intention of joining the Psychical Society, and Washington prepared a long letter to Messrs. Myers and Podmore on the subject of the Permanence of Sanguineous Stains when connected with Crime. That night all doubts about the objective existence of phantasmata were removed forever.

The day had been warm and sunny; and in the cool of the evening, the whole family went out to drive. They did not return home till nine o'clock, when they had a light supper. The conversation in no way turned upon ghosts, so there were not even those primary conditions of receptive expectations which so often precede the presentation of psychical phenomena. The subjects discussed, as I have since learned from Mr. Otis, were merely such as form the ordinary conversation of cultured Americans of the better class, such as the immense superiority of Miss Fanny Davenport over Sarah Bernhardt as an actress; the difficulty of obtaining green corn, buckwheat cakes, and hominy, even in the best English houses; the importance of Boston in the development of the world-soul; the advantages of the baggage-check system in railway travelling; and the sweetness of the New York accent as compared to the London drawl. No mention at all was made of the supernatural, nor was Sir Simon de Canterville alluded to in any way. At eleven o'clock the family retired, and by half-past all the lights were out. Some time after, Mr. Otis was awakened by a curious noise in the corridor, outside his room. It sounded like the clank of metal, and seemed to be coming nearer every moment. He got up at once, struck a match, and looked at the time. It was exactly one o'clock. He was quite calm, and felt his pulse, which was not at all feverish. The strange noise still continued, and with it he heard distinctly the sound of footsteps. He put on his slippers, took a small oblong phial out of his dressing-case, and opened the door. Right in front of him he saw, in the wan moonlight, an old man of terrible aspect. His eyes were as red burning coals; long grey hair fell over his shoulders in matted coils; his garments, which were of antique cut, were soiled and ragged, and from his wrists and ankles hung heavy manacles and rusty gyves.

"My dear sir," said Mr. Otis, "I really must insist on your oiling those chains, and have brought you for that purpose a small bottle of the Tammany Rising Sun Lubricator. It is said to be completely efficacious upon one application, and there are several testimonials to that effect on the wrapper from some of our most eminent native divines. I shall leave it here for you by the bedroom candles, and will be happy to supply you with more, should you require it." With these words the United States Minister laid the bottle down on a marble table, and, closing his door, retired to rest.

For a moment the Canterville ghost stood quite motionless in natural indignation; then, dashing the bottle violently upon the polished floor, he fled down the corridor, uttering hollow groans, and emitting a ghastly green light. Just, however, as he reached the top of the great oak staircase, a door was flung open, two little white-robed figures appeared, and a large pillow whizzed past his head! There was evidently no time to be lost, so, hastily adopting the Fourth dimension of Space as a means of escape, he vanished through the wainscoting, and the house became quite quiet.

On reaching a small secret chamber in the left wing, he leaned up against a moonbeam to recover his breath, and began to try and realize his position. Never, in a brilliant and uninterrupted career of three hundred years, had he been so grossly insulted. He thought of the Dowager Duchess, whom he had frightened into a fit as she stood before the glass in her lace and diamonds; of the four housemaids, who had gone into hysterics when he merely grinned at them through the curtains on one of the spare bedrooms; of the rector of the parish,

whose candle he had blown out as he was coming late one night from the library, and who had been under the care of Sir William Gull ever since, a perfect martyr to nervous disorders; and of old Madame de Tremouillac, who, having wakened up one morning early and seen a skeleton seated in an armchair by the fire reading her diary, had been confined to her bed for six weeks with an attack of brain fever, and, on her recovery, had become reconciled to the Church, and broken off her connection with that notorious sceptic, Monsieur de Voltaire. He remembered the terrible night when the wicked Lord Canterville was found choking in his dressing-room, with the knave of diamonds half-way down his throat, and confessed, just before he died, that he had cheated Charles James Fox out of £50,000 at Crockford's by means of that very card, and swore that the ghost had made him swallow it. All his great achievements came back to him again, from the butler who had shot himself in the pantry because he had seen a green hand tapping at the window-pane, to the beautiful Lady Stutfield, who was always obliged to wear a black velvet band round her throat to hide the mark of five fingers burnt upon her white skin, and who drowned herself at last in the carp-pond at the end of the King's Walk. With the enthusiastic egotism of the true artist, he went over his most celebrated performances, and smiled bitterly to himself as he recalled to mind his last appearance as "Red Reuben, or the Strangled Babe," his *début* as "Gaunt Gibeon, the Blood-sucker of Bexley Moor," and the *furore* he had excited one lovely June evening by merely playing ninepins with his own bones upon the lawn-tennis ground. And after all this some wretched modern Americans were to come and offer him the Rising Sun Lubricator, and throw pillows at his head! It was quite unbearable. Besides, no ghost in history had ever been treated in this manner. Accordingly, he determined to have vengeance, and remained till daylight in an attitude of deep thought.

III

THE next morning, when the Otis family met at breakfast, they discussed the ghost at some length. The United States Minister was naturally a little annoyed to find that his present had not been accepted. "I have no wish," he said, "to do the ghost any personal injury, and I must say that, considering the length of time he has been in the house, I don't think it is at all polite to throw pillows at him,"—a very just remark, at which, I am sorry to say, the twins burst into shouts of laughter. "Upon the other hand," he continued, "if he really declines to use the Rising Sun Lubricator, we shall have to take his chains from him. It would be quite impossible to sleep, with such a noise going on outside the bedrooms."

For the rest of the week, however, they were undisturbed, the only thing that excited any attention being the continual renewal of the blood-stain on the library floor. This certainly was very strange, as the door was always locked at night by Mr. Otis, and the windows kept closely barred. The chameleon-like colour, also, of the stain excited a good deal of comment. Some mornings it was a dull (almost Indian) red, then it would be vermilion, then a rich purple, and once when they came down for family prayers, according to the simple rites of the Free American Reformed Episcopalian Church, they found it a bright emerald-green. These kaleidoscopic changes naturally amused the party very much, and bets on the subject were freely made every evening. The only person who did not enter into the joke was little Virginia, who, for some unexplained reason, was always a good deal distressed at the sight of the blood-stain, and very nearly cried the morning it was emerald-green.

The second appearance of the ghost was on Sunday night. Shortly after they had gone to bed they were suddenly alarmed by a fearful crash in the hall. Rushing downstairs, they found that a large suit of old armour had become detached from its stand, and had fallen on the stone floor, while seated in a high-backed chair was the Canterville ghost, rubbing his knees with an expression of acute agony on his face. The twins, having brought their pea-shooters with them, at once discharged two pellets on him, with that accuracy of aim which can only be attained by long and careful practise on a writing-master, while the United States Minister covered him with his revolver, and called upon him, in accordance with Californian etiquette, to hold up his hands! The ghost started up with a wild shriek of rage, and swept through them like a mist, extinguishing Washington Otis's candle as he passed, and so leaving them all in total darkness. On reaching the top of the staircase he recovered himself, and determined to give his celebrated peal of demoniac laughter.

This he had on more than one occasion found extremely useful. It was said to have turned Lord Raker's wig grey in a single night, and had certainly made three of Lady Canterville's French governesses give warning before their month was up. He accordingly laughed his most horrible laugh, till the old vaulted roof rang and rang again, but hardly had the fearful echo died away when a door opened, and Mrs. Otis came out in a light blue dressing-gown. "I am afraid you are far from well," she said, "and have brought you a bottle of Doctor Dobell's tincture. If it is indigestion, you will find it a most excellent remedy." The ghost glared at her in fury, and began at once to make preparations for turning himself into a large black dog, an accomplishment for which he was justly renowned, and to which the family doctor always attributed the permanent idiocy of Lord Canterville's uncle, the Hon. Thomas Horton. The sound of approaching footsteps, however, made him hesitate in his fell purpose, so he contented himself with becoming faintly phosphorescent, and vanished with a deep churchyard groan, just as the twins had come up to him.

On reaching his room he entirely broke down, and became a prey to the most violent agitation. The vulgarity of the twins, and the gross materialism of Mrs. Otis, were naturally extremely annoying, but what really distressed him most was that he had been unable to wear the suit of mail. He had hoped that even modern Americans would be thrilled by the sight of a Spectre in armour, if for no more sensible reason, at least out of respect for their natural poet Longfellow, over whose graceful and attractive poetry he himself had whiled away many a weary hour when the Cantervilles were up in town. Besides it was his own suit. He had worn it with great success at the Kenilworth tournament, and had been highly complimented on it by no less a person than the Virgin Queen herself. Yet when he had put it on, he had been completely overpowered by the weight of the huge breastplate and steel casque, and had fallen heavily on the stone pavement, barking both his knees severely, and bruising the knuckles of his right hand.

For some days after this he was extremely ill, and hardly stirred out of his room at all, except to keep the blood-stain in proper repair. However, by taking great care of himself, he recovered, and resolved to make a third attempt to frighten the United States Minister and his family. He selected Friday, August 17th, for his appearance, and spent most of that day in looking over his wardrobe, ultimately deciding in favour of a large slouched hat with a red feather, a winding-sheet frilled at the wrists and neck, and a rusty dagger. Towards evening a violent storm of rain came on, and the wind was so high that all the windows and doors in the old house shook and rattled. In fact, it was just such weather as he loved. His plan of action was this. He was to make his way quietly to Washington Otis's room, gibber at him from the foot of the bed, and stab himself three times in the throat to the sound of low music. He bore Washington a special grudge, being quite aware that it was he who was in the habit of removing the famous Canterville blood-stain by means of Pinkerton's Paragon Detergent. Having reduced the reckless and foolhardy youth to a condition of abject terror, he was then to proceed to the room occupied by the United States Minister and his wife, and there to place a clammy hand on Mrs. Otis's forehead, while he hissed into her trembling husband's ear the awful secrets of the charnel-house. With regard to little Virginia, he had not quite made up his mind. She had never insulted him in any way, and was pretty and gentle. A few hollow groans from the wardrobe, he thought, would be more than sufficient, or, if that failed to wake her, he might grabble at the counterpane with palsy-twitching fingers. As for the twins, he was quite determined to teach them a lesson. The first thing to be done was, of course, to sit upon their chests, so as to produce the stifling sensation of nightmare. Then, as their beds were quite close to each other, to stand between them in the form of a green, icy-cold corpse, till they became paralyzed with fear, and finally, to throw off the winding-sheet, and crawl round the room, with white, bleached bones and one rolling eyeball, in the character of "Dumb Daniel, or the Suicide's Skeleton," a *rôle* in which he had on more than one occasion produced a great effect, and which he considered quite equal to his famous part of "Martin the Maniac, or the Masked Mystery."

At half-past ten he heard the family going to bed. For some time he was disturbed by wild shrieks of laughter from the twins, who, with the light-hearted gaiety of schoolboys, were evidently amusing themselves before they retired to rest, but at a quarter-past eleven all was still, and, as midnight sounded, he sallied forth. The

owl beat against the window-panes, the raven croaked from the old yew-tree, and the wind wandered moaning round the house like a lost soul; but the Otis family slept unconscious of their doom, and high above the rain and storm he could hear the steady snoring of the Minister for the United States. He stepped stealthily out of the wainscoting, with an evil smile on his cruel, wrinkled mouth, and the moon hid her face in a cloud as he stole past the great oriel window, where his own arms and those of his murdered wife were blazoned in azure and gold. On and on he glided, like an evil shadow, the very darkness seeming to loathe him as he passed. Once he thought he heard something call, and stopped; but it was only the baying of a dog from the Red Farm, and he went on, muttering strange sixteenth-century curses, and ever and anon brandishing the rusty dagger in the midnight air. Finally he reached the corner of the passage that led to luckless Washington's room. For a moment he paused there, the wind blowing his long grey locks about his head, and twisting into grotesque and fantastic folds the nameless horror of the dead man's shroud. Then the clock struck the quarter, and he felt the time was come. He chuckled to himself, and turned the corner; but no sooner had he done so than, with a piteous wail of terror, he fell back, and hid his blanched face in his long, bony hands. Right in front of him was standing a horrible spectre, motionless as a carven image, and monstrous as a madman's dream! Its head was bald and burnished; its face round, and fat, and white; and hideous laughter seemed to have writhed its features into an eternal grin. From the eyes streamed rays of scarlet light, the mouth was a wide well of fire, and a hideous garment, like to his own, swathed with its silent snows the Titan form. On its breast was a placard with strange writing in antique characters, some scroll of shame it seemed, some record of wild sins, some awful calendar of crime, and, with its right hand, it bore aloft a falchion of gleaming steel.

Never having seen a ghost before, he naturally was terribly frightened, and, after a second hasty glance at the awful phantom, he fled back to his room, tripping up in his long winding-sheet as he sped down the corridor, and finally dropping the rusty dagger into the Minister's jack-boots, where it was found in the morning by the butler. Once in the privacy of his own apartment, he flung himself down on a small pallet-bed, and hid his face under the clothes. After a time, however, the brave old Canterville spirit asserted itself, and he determined to go and speak to the other ghost as soon as it was daylight. Accordingly, just as the dawn was touching the hills with silver, he returned towards the spot where he had first laid eyes on the grisly phantom, feeling that, after all, two ghosts were better than one, and that, by the aid of his new friend, he might safely grapple with the twins. On reaching the spot, however, a terrible sight met his gaze. Something had evidently happened to the spectre, for the light had entirely faded from its hollow eyes, the gleaming falchion had fallen from its hand, and it was leaning up against the wall in a strained and uncomfortable attitude. He rushed forward and seized it in his arms, when, to his horror, the head slipped off and rolled on the floor, the body assumed a recumbent posture, and he found himself clasping a white dimity bed-curtain, with a sweeping-brush, a kitchen cleaver, and a hollow turnip lying at his feet! Unable to understand this curious transformation, he clutched the placard with feverish haste, and there, in the grey morning light, he read these fearful words—

YE OTIS GHOSTE
Ye Onlie True and Originale Spook,
Beware of Ye Imitationes.
All others are counterfeite.

The whole thing flashed across him. He had been tricked, foiled, and outwitted! The old Canterville look came into his eyes; he ground his toothless gums together; and, raising his withered hands high above his head, swore according to the picturesque phraseology of the antique school, that, when Chanticleer had sounded twice his merry horn, deeds of blood would be wrought, and murder walk abroad with silent feet.

Hardly had he finished this awful oath when, from the red-tiled roof of a distant homestead, a cock crew. He laughed a long low, bitter laugh, and waited. Hour after hour he waited, but the cock, for some strange reason, did not crow again. Finally, at half-past seven, the arrival of the housemaids made him give up his fearful vigil, and he stalked back to his room, thinking of his vain oath and baffled purpose. There he consulted several books of ancient chivalry, of which he was exceedingly fond, and found that, on every occasion on which this oath had been used, Chanticleer had always crowed a second time. "Perdition seize the

naughty fowl," he muttered, "I have seen the day when, with my stout spear, I would have run him through the gorge, and made him crow for me an 'twere in death!" He then retired to a comfortable lead coffin, and stayed there till evening.

IV

THE next day the ghost was very weak and tired. The terrible excitement of the last four weeks was beginning to have its effect. His nerves were completely shattered, and he started at the slightest noise. For five days he kept his room, and at last made up his mind to give up the point of the blood-stain on the library floor. If the Otis family did not want it, they clearly did not deserve it. They were evidently people on a low, material plane of existence, and quite incapable of appreciating the symbolic value of sensuous phenomena. The question of phantasmic apparitions, and the development of astral bodies, was of course quite a different matter, and really not under his control. It was his solemn duty to appear in the corridor once a week, and to gibber from the large oriel window on the first and third Wednesdays in every month, and he did not see how he could honourably escape from his obligations. It is quite true that his life had been very evil, but, upon the other hand, he was most conscientious in all things connected with the supernatural. For the next three Saturdays, accordingly, he traversed the corridor as usual between midnight and three o'clock, taking every possible precaution against being either heard or seen. He removed his boots, trod as lightly as possible on the old worm-eaten boards, wore a large black velvet cloak, and was careful to use the Rising Sun Lubricator for oiling his chains. I am bound to acknowledge that it was with a good deal of difficulty that he brought himself to adopt this last mode of protection. However, one night, while the family were at dinner, he slipped into Mr. Otis's bedroom and carried off the bottle. He felt a little humiliated at first, but afterwards was sensible enough to see that there was a great deal to be said for the invention, and, to a certain degree, it served his purpose. Still, in spite of everything, he was not left unmolested. Strings were continually being stretched across the corridor, over which he tripped in the dark, and on one occasion, while dressed for the part of "Black Isaac, or the Huntsman of Hogley Woods," he met with a severe fall, through treading on a butter-slide, which the twins had constructed from the entrance of the Tapestry Chamber to the top of the oak staircase. This last insult so enraged him, that he resolved to make one final effort to assert his dignity and social position, and determined to visit the insolent young Etonians the next night in his celebrated character of "Reckless Rupert, or the Headless Earl."

He had not appeared in this disguise for more than seventy years; in fact, not since he had so frightened pretty Lady Barbara Modish by means of it, that she suddenly broke off her engagement with the present Lord Canterville's grandfather, and ran away to Gretna Green with handsome Jack Castletown, declaring that nothing in the world would induce her to marry into a family that allowed such a horrible phantom to walk up and down the terrace at twilight. Poor Jack was afterwards shot in a duel by Lord Canterville on Wandsworth Common, and Lady Barbara died of a broken heart at Tunbridge Wells before the year was out, so, in every way, it had been a great success. It was, however, an extremely difficult "make-up," if I may use such a theatrical expression in connection with one of the greatest mysteries of the supernatural, or, to employ a more scientific term, the higher-natural world, and it took him fully three hours to make his preparations. At last everything was ready, and he was very pleased with his appearance. The big leather riding-boots that went with the dress were just a little too large for him, and he could only find one of the two horse-pistols, but, on the whole, he was quite satisfied, and at a quarter-past one he glided out of the wainscoting and crept down the corridor. On reaching the room occupied by the twins, which I should mention was called the Blue Bed Chamber, on account of the colour of its hangings, he found the door just ajar. Wishing to make an effective entrance, he flung it wide open, when a heavy jug of water fell right down on him, wetting him to the skin, and just missing his left shoulder by a couple of inches. At the same moment he heard stifled shrieks of laughter proceeding from the four-post bed. The shock to his nervous system was so great that he fled back to his room as hard as he could go, and the next day he was laid up with a severe cold. The only thing that at all consoled him in the whole affair was the fact that he had not brought his head with him, for,

had he done so, the consequences might have been very serious.

He now gave up all hope of ever frightening this rude American family, and contented himself, as a rule, with creeping about the passages in list slippers, with a thick red muffler round his throat for fear of draughts, and a small arquebus, in case he should be attacked by the twins. The final blow he received occurred on the 19th of September. He had gone downstairs to the great entrance-hall, feeling sure that there, at any rate, he would be quite unmolested, and was amusing himself by making satirical remarks on the large Sarony photographs of the United States Minister and his wife, which had now taken the place of the Canterville family pictures. He was simply but neatly clad in a long shroud, spotted with churchyard mould, had tied up his jaw with a strip of yellow linen, and carried a small lantern and a sexton's spade. In fact, he was dressed for the character of "Jonas the Graveless, or the Corpse-Snatcher of Chertsey Barn," one of his most remarkable impersonations, and one which the Cantervilles had every reason to remember, as it was the real origin of their quarrel with their neighbour, Lord Rufford. It was about a quarter-past two o'clock in the morning, and, as far as he could ascertain, no one was stirring. As he was strolling towards the library, however, to see if there were any traces left of the blood stain, suddenly there leaped out on him from a dark corner two figures, who waved their arms wildly above their heads, and shrieked out "BOO!" in his ear.

Seized with a panic, which, under the circumstances, was only natural, he rushed for the staircase, but found Washington Otis waiting for him there with the big garden-syringe, and being thus hemmed in by his enemies on every side, and driven almost to bay, he vanished into the great iron stove, which, fortunately for him, was not lit, and had to make his way home through the flues and chimneys, arriving at his own room in a terrible state of dirt, and disorder, and despair.

After this he was not seen again on any nocturnal expedition. The twins lay in wait for him on several occasions, and strewed the passages with nutshells every night to the great annoyance of their parents and the servants, but it was of no avail. It was quite evident that his feelings were so wounded that he would not appear. Mr. Otis consequently resumed his great work on the history of the Democratic party, on which he had been engaged for some years; Mrs. Otis organized a wonderful clambake, which amazed the whole county; the boys took to lacrosse, euchre, poker, and other American national games, and Virginia rode about the lanes on her pony, accompanied by the young Duke of Cheshire, who had come to spend the last week of his holidays at Canterville Chase. It was generally assumed that the ghost had gone away, and, in fact, Mr. Otis wrote a letter to that effect to Lord Canterville, who, in reply, expressed his great pleasure at the news, and sent his best congratulations to the Minister's worthy wife.

The Otises, however, were deceived, for the ghost was still in the house, and though now almost an invalid, was by no means ready to let matters rest, particularly as he heard that among the guests was the young Duke of Cheshire, whose granduncle, Lord Francis Stilton, had once bet a hundred guineas with Colonel Carbury that he would play dice with the Canterville ghost, and was found the next morning lying on the floor of the card-room in such a helpless paralytic state that, though he lived on to a great age, he was never able to say anything again but "Double Sixes." The story was well known at the time, though, of course, out of respect to the feelings of the two noble families, every attempt was made to hush it up, and a full account of all the circumstances connected with it will be found in the third volume of Lord Tattle's *Recollections of the Prince Regent and his Friends*. The ghost, then, was naturally very anxious to show that he had not lost his influence over the Stiltons, with whom, indeed, he was distantly connected, his own first cousin having beeen married *en secondes noces* to the Sieur de Bulkeley, from whom, as every one knows, the Dukes of Cheshire are lineally descended. Accordingly, he made arrangements for appearing to Virginia's little lover in his celebrated impersonation of "The Vampire Monk, or the Bloodless Benedictine," a performance so horrible that when old Lady Startup saw it, which she did on one fatal New Year's Eve, in the year 1764, she went off into the most piercing shrieks, which culminated in violent apoplexy, and died in three days, after disinheriting the Cantervilles, who were her nearest relations, and leaving all her money to her London apothecary. At the last moment, however, his terror of the twins prevented his leaving his room, and the little Duke slept in peace under the

great feathered canopy in the Royal Bedchamber, and dreamed of Virginia.

V

A FEW days after this, Virginia and her curly-haired cavalier went out riding on Brockley meadows, where she tore her habit so badly in getting through a hedge that, on their return home, she made up her mind to go up by the back staircase so as not to be seen. As she was running past the Tapestry Chamber, the door of which happened to be open, she fancied she saw some one inside, and thinking it was her mother's maid, who sometimes used to bring her work there, looked in to ask her to mend her habit. To her immense surprise, however, it was the Canterville Ghost himself! He was sitting by the window, watching the ruined gold of the yellowing trees fly through the air, and the red leaves dancing madly down the long avenue. His head was leaning on his hand, and his whole attitude was one of extreme depression. Indeed, so forlorn, and so much out of repair did he look, that little Virginia, whose first idea had been to run away and lock herself in her room, was filled with pity, and determined to try and comfort him. So light was her footfall, and so deep his melancholy, that he was not aware of her presence till she spoke to him.

"I am so sorry for you," she said, "but my brothers are going back to Eton to-morrow, and then, if you behave yourself, no one will annoy you."

"It is absurd asking me to behave myself," he answered, looking round in astonishment at the pretty little girl who had ventured to address him, "quite absurd. I must rattle my chains, and groan through keyholes, and walk about at night, if that is what you mean. It is my only reason for existing."

"It is no reason at all for existing, and you know you have been very wicked. Mrs. Umney told us, the first day we arrived here, that you had killed your wife."

"Well, I quite admit it," said the Ghost, petulantly, "but it was a purely family matter, and concerned no one else."

"It is very wrong to kill any one," said Virginia, who at times had a sweet puritan gravity, caught from some old New England ancestor.

"Oh, I hate the cheap severity of abstract ethics! My wife was very plain, never had my ruffs properly starched, and knew nothing about cookery. Why, there was a buck I had shot in Hogley Woods, a magnificent pricket, and do you know how she had it sent to table? However, it is no matter now, for it is all over, and I don't think it was very nice of her brothers to starve me to death, though I did kill her."

"Starve you to death? Oh, Mr. Ghost—I mean Sir Simon, are you hungry? I have a sandwich in my case. Would you like it?"

"No, thank you, I never eat anything now; but it is very kind of you, all the same, and you are much nicer than the rest of your horrid, rude, vulgar, dishonest family."

"Stop!" cried Virginia, stamping her foot, "it is you who are rude, and horrid, and vulgar, and as for dishonesty, you know you stole the paints out of my box to try and furbish up that ridiculous bloodstain in the library. First you took all my reds, including the vermilion, and I couldn't do any more sunsets, then you took the emerald green and the chrome yellow, and finally I had nothing left but indigo and Chinese white, and could only do moonlight scenes, which are always depressing to look at, and not at all easy to paint. I never told on you, though I was very much annoyed, and it was most ridiculous, the whole thing; for who ever heard of emerald green blood?"

"Well, really," said the Ghost, rather meekly, "what was I to do? It is a very difficult thing to get real blood nowadays, and, as your brother began it all with his Paragon Detergent, I certainly saw no reason why I should not have your paints. As for colour, that is always a matter of taste: the Cantervilles have blue blood, for instance, the very bluest in England; but I know you Americans don't care for things of this kind."

"You know nothing about it, and the best thing you can do is to emigrate and improve your mind. My father will be only too happy to give you a free passage, and though there is a heavy duty on spirits of every kind, there will be no difficulty about the Custom House, as the officers are all Democrats. Once in New York, you are sure to be a great success. I know lots of people there who would give a hundred thousand dollars to have a grandfather, and much more than that to have a family ghost."

"I don't think I should like America."

"I suppose because we have no ruins and no curiosities," said Virginia, satirically.

"No ruins! no curiosities!" answered the Ghost; "you have your navy and your manners."

"Good evening; I will go and ask papa to get the twins an extra week's holiday."

"Please don't go, Miss Virginia," he cried; "I am so lonely and so unhappy, and I really don't know what to do. I want to go to sleep and I cannot."

"That's quite absurd! You have merely to go to bed and blow out the candle. It is very difficult sometimes to keep awake, especially at church, but there is no difficulty at all about sleeping. Why, even babies know how to do that, and they are not very clever."

"I have not slept for three hundred years," he said sadly, and Virginia's beautiful blue eyes opened in wonder; "for three hundred years I have not slept, and I am so tired."

Virginia grew quite grave, and her little lips trembled like rose-leaves. She came towards him, and kneeling down at his side, looked up into his old withered face.

"Poor, poor Ghost," she murmured; "have you no place where you can sleep?"

"Far away beyond the pine woods," he answered, in a low, dreamy voice, "there is a little garden. There the grass grows long and deep, there are the great white stars of the hemlock flower, there the nightingale sings all night long. All night long he sings, and the cold crystal moon looks down, and the yew-tree spreads out its giant arms over the sleepers."

Virginia's eyes grew dim with tears, and she hid her face in her hands.

"You mean the Garden of Death," she whispered.

"Yes, death. Death must be so beautiful. To lie in the soft brown earth, with the grasses waving above one's head, and listen to silence. To have no yesterday, and no to-morrow. To forget time, to forget life, to be at peace. You can help me. You can open for me the portals of death's house, for love is always with you, and love is stronger than death is."

Virginia trembled, a cold shudder ran through her, and for a few moments there was silence. She felt as if she was in a terrible dream.

Then the ghost spoke again, and his voice sounded like the sighing of the wind.

"Have you ever read the old prophecy on the library window?"

"Oh, often," cried the little girl, looking up; "I know it quite well. It is painted in curious black letters, and is difficult to read. There are only six lines:

> "'When a golden girl can win
> Prayer from out the lips of sin,
> When the barren almond bears,
> And a little child gives away its tears.
>
> Then shall all the house be still
> And peace come to Canterville.'

But I don't know what they mean."

"They mean," he said, sadly, "that you must weep with me for my sins, because I have no tears, and pray with me for my soul, because I have no faith, and then, if you have always been sweet, and good, and gentle, the angel of death will have mercy on me. You will see fearful shapes in darkness, and wicked voices will whisper in your ear, but they will not harm you, for against the purity of a little child the powers of Hell cannot prevail."

Virginia made no answer, and the ghost wrung his hands in wild despair as he looked down at her bowed golden head. Suddenly she stood up, very pale, and with a strange light in her eyes. "I am not afraid," she said firmly, "and I will ask the angel to have mercy on you."

He rose from his seat with a faint cry of joy, and taking her hand bent over it with old-fashioned grace and kissed it. His fingers were as cold as ice, and his lips burned like fire, but Virginia did not falter, as he led her across the dusky room. On the faded green tapestry were broidered little huntsmen. They blew their tasselled horns and with their tiny hands waved to her to go back. "Go back! little Virginia," they cried, "go back!" but the ghost clutched her hand more tightly, and she shut her eyes against them. Horrible animals with lizard tails and goggle eyes blinked at her from the carven chimneypiece, and murmured, "Beware! little Virginia, beware! we may never see you again," but the Ghost glided on more swiftly, and Virginia did not listen. When they reached the end of the room he stopped, and muttered some words she could not understand. She opened her eyes, and saw the wall slowly fading away like a mist, and a great black cavern in front of her. A bitter cold wind swept round them, and she felt something pulling at her dress. "Quick, quick," cried the Ghost, "or it will be too late," and in a moment the wainscoting had closed behind them, and the Tapestry Chamber was empty.

VI

ABOUT ten minutes later, the bell rang for tea, and, as Virginia did not come down, Mrs. Otis sent up one of the footmen to tell

her. After a little time he returned and said that he could not find Miss Virginia anywhere. As she was in the habit of going out to the garden every evening to get flowers for the dinner-table, Mrs. Otis was not at all alarmed at first, but when six o'clock struck, and Virginia did not appear, she became really agitated, and sent the boys out to look for her, while she herself and Mr. Otis searched every room in the house. At half-past six the boys came back and said that they could find no trace of their sister anywhere. They were all now in the greatest state of excitement, and did not know what to do, when Mr. Otis suddenly remembered that, some few days before, he had given a band of gipsies permission to camp in the park. He accordingly at once set off for Blackfell Hollow, where he knew they were, accompanied by his eldest son and two of the farm-servants. The little Duke of Cheshire, who was perfectly frantic with anxiety, begged hard to be allowed to go too, but Mr. Otis would not allow him, as he was afraid there might be a scuffle. On arriving at the spot, however, he found that the gipsies had gone, and it was evident that their departure had been rather sudden, as the fire was still burning, and some plates were lying on the grass. Having sent off Washington and the two men to scour the district, he ran home, and dispatched telegrams to all the police inspectors in the county, telling them to look out for a little girl who had been kidnapped by tramps or gipsies. He then ordered his horse to be brought round, and, after insisting on his wife and the three boys sitting down to dinner, rode off down the Ascot Road with a groom. He had hardly, however, gone a couple of miles, when he heard somebody galloping after him, and, looking round, saw the little Duke coming up on his pony, with his face very flushed, and no hat. "I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Otis," gasped out the boy, "but I can't eat any dinner as long as Virginia is lost. Please, don't be angry with me; if you had let us be engaged last year, there would never have been all this trouble. You won't send me back, will you? I can't go! I won't go!"

The Minister could not help smiling at the handsome young scapegrace, and was a good deal touched at his devotion to Virginia, so leaning down from his horse, he patted him kindly on the shoulders, and said, "Well, Cecil, if you won't go back, I suppose you must come with me, but I must get you a hat at Ascot."

"Oh, bother my hat! I want Virginia!" cried the little Duke, laughing, and they galloped on to the railway station. There Mr. Otis inquired of the station-master if any one answering to the description of Virginia had been seen on the platform, but could get no news of her. The station-master, however, wired up and down the line, and assured him that a strict watch would be kept for her, and, after having bought a hat for the little Duke from a linen-draper, who was just putting up his shutters, Mr. Otis rode off to Bexley, a village about four miles away, which he was told was a well-known haunt of the gipsies, as there was a large common next to it. Here they roused up the rural policeman, but could get no information from him, and, after riding all over the common, they turned their horses' heads homewards, and reached the Chase about eleven o'clock, dead tired and almost heart-broken. They found Washington and the twins waiting for them at the gate-house with lanterns, as the avenue was very dark. Not the slightest trace of Virginia had been discovered. The gipsies had been caught on Brockley meadows, but she was not with them, and they had explained their sudden departure by saying that they had mistaken the date of Chorton Fair, and had gone off in a hurry for fear they should be late. Indeed, they had been quite distressed at hearing of Virginia's disappearance, as they were very grateful to Mr. Otis for having allowed them to camp in his park, and four of their number had stayed behind to help in the search. The carp-pond had been dragged, and the whole Chase thoroughly gone over, but without any result. It was evident that, for that night at any rate, Virginia was lost to them; and it was in a state of the deepest depression that Mr. Otis and the boys walked up to the house, the groom following behind with the two horses and the pony. In the hall they found a group of frightened servants, and lying on a sofa in the library was poor Mrs. Otis, almost out of her mind with terror and anxiety, and having her forehead bathed with eau de cologne by the old housekeeper. Mr. Otis at once insisted on her having something to eat, and ordered up supper for the whole party. It was a melancholy meal, as hardly any one spoke, and even the twins were awestruck and subdued, as they were very fond of their sister. When they had finished, Mr. Otis, in spite of the entreaties of the little Duke, ordered them all to bed, saying that nothing more could be done that night, and that he would telegraph in the morning to Scotland Yard

for some detectives to be sent down immediately. Just as they were passing out of the dining-room, midnight began to boom from the clock tower, and when the last stroke sounded they heard a crash and a sudden shrill cry; a dreadful peal of thunder shook the house, a strain of unearthly music floated through the air, a panel at the top of the staircase flew back with a loud noise, and out on the landing, looking very pale and white, with a little casket in her hand, stepped Virginia. In a moment they had all rushed up to her. Mrs. Otis clasped her passionately in her arms, the Duke smothered her with violent kisses, and the twins executed a wild war-dance round the group.

"Good heavens! child, where have you been?" said Mr. Otis, rather angrily, thinking that she had been playing some foolish trick on them. "Cecil and I have been riding all over the country looking for you, and your mother has been frightened to death. You must never play these practical jokes any more."

"Except on the Ghost! except on the Ghost!" shrieked the twins, as they capered about.

"My own darling, thank God you are found; you must never leave my side again," murmured Mrs. Otis, as she kissed the trembling child, and smoothed the tangled gold of her hair.

"Papa," said Virginia, quietly, "I have been with the Ghost. He is dead, and you must come and see him. He had been very wicked, but he was really sorry for all that he had done, and he gave me this box of beautiful jewels before he died."

The whole family gazed at her in mute amazement, but she was quite grave and serious; and, turning round, she led them through the opening in the wainscoting down a narrow secret corridor, Washington following with a lighted candle, which he had caught up from the table. Finally, they came to a great oak door, studded with rusty nails. When Virginia touched it, it swung back on its heavy hinges, and they found themselves in a little low room, with a vaulted ceiling, and one tiny grated window. Imbedded in the wall was a huge iron ring, and chained to it was a gaunt skeleton, that was stretched out at full length on the stone floor, and seemed to be trying to grasp with its long fleshless fingers an old-fashioned trencher and ewer, that were placed just out of its reach. The jug had evidently been once filled with water, as it was covered inside with green mould. There was nothing on the trencher but a pile of dust. Virginia knelt down beside the skeleton, and, folding her little hands together, began to pray silently, while the rest of the party looked on in wonder at the terrible tragedy whose secret was now disclosed to them.

"Hallo!" suddenly exclaimed one of the twins, who had been looking out of the window to try and discover in what wing of the house the room was situated. "Hallo! the old withered almond-tree has blossomed. I can see the flowers quite plainly in the moonlight."

"God has forgiven him," said Virginia, gravely, as she rose to her feet, and a beautiful light seemed to illumine her face.

"What an angel you are!" cried the young Duke, and he put his arm round her neck, and kissed her.

VII

FOUR days after these curious incidents, a funeral started from Canterville Chase at about eleven o'clock at night. The hearse was drawn by eight black horses, each of which carried on its head a great tuft of nodding ostrich-plumes, and the leaden coffin was covered by a rich purple pall, on which was embroidered in gold the Canterville coat of arms. By the side of the hearse and the coaches walked the servants with lighted torches, and the whole procession was wonderfully impressive. Lord Canterville was the chief mourner, having come up specially from Wales to attend the funeral, and sat in the first carriage along with little Virginia. Then came the United States Minister and his wife, then Washington and the three boys, and in the last carriage was Mrs. Umney. It was generally felt that, as she had been frightened by the ghost for more than fifty years of her life, she had a right to see the last of him. A deep grave had been dug in the corner of the churchyard, just under the old yew-tree, and the service was read in the most impressive manner by the Rev. Augustus Dampier. When the ceremony was over, the servants, according to an old custom observed in the Canterville family, extinguished their torches, and, as the coffin was being lowered into the grave, Virginia stepped forward, and laid on it a large cross made of white and pink almond-blossoms. As she did so, the moon came out from behind a cloud, and flooded with its silent silver the little churchyard, and from a distant copse a nightingale began to sing.

She thought of the ghost's description of the Garden of Death, her eyes became dim with tears, and she hardly spoke a word during the drive home.

The next morning, before Lord Canterville went up to town, Mr. Otis had an interview with him on the subject of the jewels the ghost had given to Virginia. They were perfectly magnificent, especially a certain ruby necklace with old Venetian setting, which was really a superb specimen of sixteenth-century work, and their value was so great that Mr. Otis felt considerable scruples about allowing his daughter to accept them.

"My lord," he said, "I know that in this country mortmain is held to apply to trinkets as well as to land, and it is quite clear to me that these jewels are, or should be, heirlooms in your family. I must beg you, accordingly, to take them to London with you, and to regard them simply as a portion of your property which has been restored to you under certain strange conditions. As for my daughter, she is merely a child, and has as yet, I am glad to say, but little interest in such appurtenances of idle luxury. I am also informed by Mrs. Otis, who, I may say, is no mean authority upon Art,—having had the privilege of spending several winters in Boston when she was a girl,—that these gems are of great monetary worth, and if offered for sale would fetch a tall price. Under these circumstances, Lord Canterville, I feel sure that you will recognize how impossible it would be for me to allow them to remain in the possession of any member of my family; and, indeed, all such vain gauds and toys, however suitable or necessary to the dignity of the British aristocracy, would be completely out of place among those who have been brought up on the severe, and I believe immortal, principles of Republican simplicity. Perhaps I should mention that Virginia is very anxious that you should allow her to retain the box, as a memento of your unfortunate but misguided ancestor. As it is extremely old, and consequently a good deal out of repair, you may perhaps think fit to comply with her request. For my own part, I confess I am a good deal surprised to find a child of mine expressing sympathy with mediævalism in any form, and can only account for it by the fact that Virginia was born in one of your London suburbs shortly after Mrs. Otis had returned from a trip to Athens."

Lord Canterville listened very gravely to the worthy Minister's speech, pulling his gray moustache now and then to hide an involuntary smile, and when Mr. Otis had ended, he shook him cordially by the hand, and said: "My dear sir, your charming little daughter rendered my unlucky ancestor, Sir Simon, a very important service, and I and my family are much indebted to her for her marvellous courage and pluck. The jewels are clearly hers, and, egad, I believe that if I were heartless enough to take them from her, the wicked old fellow would be out of his grave in a fortnight, leading me the devil of a life. As for their being heirlooms, nothing is an heirloom that is not so mentioned in a will or legal document, and the existence of these jewels has been quite unknown. I assure you I have no more claim on them than your butler, and when Miss Virginia grows up, I dare say she will be pleased to have pretty things to wear. Besides, you forget, Mr. Otis, that you took the furniture and the ghost at a valuation, and anything that belonged to the ghost passed at once into your possession, as, whatever activity Sir Simon may have shown in the corridor at night, in point of law he was really dead, and you acquired his property by purchase."

Mr. Otis was a good deal distressed at Lord Canterville's refusal, and begged him to reconsider his decision, but the good-natured peer was quite firm, and finally induced the Minister to allow his daughter to retain the present the ghost had given her, and when, in the spring of 1890, the young Duchess of Cheshire was presented at the Queen's first drawing-room on the occasion of her marriage, her jewels were the universal theme of admiration. For Virginia received the coronet, which is the reward of all good little American girls, and was married to her boy-lover as soon as he came of age. They were both so charming, and they loved each other so much, that every one was delighted at the match, except the old Marchioness of Dumbleton, who had tried to catch the Duke for one of her seven unmarried daughters, and had given no less than three expensive dinner-parties for that purpose, and, strange to say, Mr. Otis himself. Mr. Otis was extremely fond of the young Duke personally, but, theoretically, he objected to titles, and, to use his own words, "was not without apprehension lest, amid the enervating influences of a pleasure-loving aristocracy, the true principles of Republican simplicity should be forgotten." His objections, however, were completely overruled, and I believe that when he walked up the aisle of

St. George's, Hanover Square, with his daughter leaning on his arm, there was not a prouder man in the whole length and breadth of England.

The Duke and Duchess, after the honeymoon was over, went down to Canterville Chase, and on the day after their arrival they walked over in the afternoon to the lonely churchyard by the pine-woods. There had been a great deal of difficulty at first about the inscription on Sir Simon's tombstone, but finally it had been decided to engrave on it simply the initials of the old gentleman's name, and the verse from the library window. The Duchess had brought with her some lovely roses, which she strewed upon the grave, and after they had stood by it for some time they strolled into the ruined chancel of the old abbey. There the Duchess sat down on a fallen pillar, while her husband lay at her feet smoking a cigarette and looking up at her beautiful eyes. Suddenly he threw his cigarette away, took hold of her hand, and said to her, "Virginia, a wife should have no secrets from her husband."

"Dear Cecil! I have no secrets from you."

"Yes, you have," he answered, smiling, "you have never told me what happened to you when you were locked up with the ghost."

"I have never told any one, Cecil," said Virginia, gravely.

"I know that, but you might tell me."

"Please don't ask me, Cecil, I cannot tell you. Poor Sir Simon! I owe him a great deal. Yes, don't laugh, Cecil, I really do. He made me see what Life is, and what Death signifies, and why Love is stronger than both."

The Duke rose and kissed his wife lovingly.

"You can have your secret as long as I have your heart," he murmured.

"You have always had that, Cecil."

"And you will tell our children some day, won't you?"

Virginia blushed.

Song Without Words

By ERNEST DOWSON

IN the deep violet air,
  Not a leaf is stirred;
  There is no sound heard,
But afar, the rare
  Trilled voice of a bird.

Is the wood's dim heart,
  And the fragrant pine,
  Incense, and a shrine
Of her coming? Apart,
  I wait for a sign.

What the sudden hush said,
  She will hear, and forsake,
  Swift, for my sake,
Her green, grassy bed:
  She will hear and awake!

She will hearken and glide,
  From her place of deep rest,
  Dove-eyed, with the breast
Of a dove, to my side:
  The pines bow their crest.

I wait for a sign:
  The leaves to be waved,
  The tall tree-tops laved
In a flood of sunshine,
  This world to be saved!

In the deep violet air,
  Not a leaf is stirred;
  There is no sound heard,
But afar, the rare
  Trilled voice of a bird.

Teja

A Drama in One Act

By HERMANN SUDERMANN

Translated by Archibald Alexander

PERSONS

TEJA, *King of the Goths.*
BALTHILDA, *Queen.*
AMALABERGA, *her mother.*
AGILA, *Bishop.*
EURIC, THEODEMIR, ATHANARIC } *Lords in the former kingdom of the Goths.*
ILDIBAD, *spearbearer of the King.*
HARIBALT, *a warrior.*
TWO CAMP WATCHERS.

The scene represents the King's tent. The curtains are open in the background and permit a view through the camp of the Gothic warriors, over toward Vesuvius, and the distant sea, which shine in the splendour of the setting sun. On the left stands the rudely constructed throne of the King. In the center, a table with seats around it. On the right, the King's couch, consisting of skins pieced together; above, a rack holding many kinds of weapons. Link torches on the right and left.

FIRST SCENE

TWO CAMP WATCHERS

FIRST CAMP WATCHER—Ho thou! Art thou fallen asleep?

SECOND CAMP WATCHER—Why should I be fallen asleep?

FIRST CAMP WATCHER—Because thou leanest so limber upon thy spear, bent like the bow of a Hun.

SECOND CAMP WATCHER—I stand so bent, because thus hunger gripes me less.

FIRST CAMP WATCHER—'Tis of no avail. It availeth as little as thy belt. Afterward, in standing upright, it is the more severe.

SECOND CAMP WATCHER—How long is this to last?

FIRST CAMP WATCHER—Until the ships come—that is simple indeed.

SECOND CAMP WATCHER—Yea, but when are the ships coming?

FIRST CAMP WATCHER—How can I know that? Look toward the heights. There, high upon the Milchberg, there standeth the watch, and overlooketh the sea for twenty miles. If he knoweth not! There, behind the Misenian hills, there they must be coming.

SECOND CAMP WATCHER—Verily, if the Byzantian let them pass.

FIRST CAMP WATCHER—The Byzantian hath no ships.

SECOND CAMP WATCHER—The Byzantian hath so many ships that he can surround the whole Italian world with them as with a hedge; as close as the Byzantian Eunuch hath surrounded us, these seven weeks.

FIRST CAMP WATCHER—These seven weeks!

SECOND CAMP WATCHER—Knowest thou what I got for nourishment, at noon this day? The same kind of bacon on which I brake my teeth eight days ago. Forsooth, I had cut my three crosses, with my knife. That was a meeting again! But to-day, I devoured it . . . a noble feast for a king's marriage day!

FIRST CAMP WATCHER—Think'st thou the King had more?

SECOND CAMP WATCHER—And think'st thou we would suffer ourselves to be beaten to death, suffer ourselves to be broken on the wheel, to be thrust through and put to shame, if he had more than we? Think'st thou we would lie here like chained dogs, and watch, did we not know that there is nothing to watch?

FIRST CAMP WATCHER—There is gold enough.

SECOND CAMP WATCHER—Gold! Pah, gold! Of gold I have enough myself. In my cellar at Canusium, I have buried a treasure—eh! . . . thou! The wives behind there in the Wagenburg must have meat left . . . wine too, they must still have.

FIRST CAMP WATCHER—Yea, the wives are there well enough—thou hast none, I suppose.

SECOND CAMP WATCHER—A Greek dishonoured mine, and I stabbed him to death! (*Pauses.*) Good! The wives must have meat; they must have wine too. But how long that— (*Noise and clash of weapons, slowly approaching.*) There, the marriage is surely ended.

FIRST CAMP WATCHER—Silence! There cometh the aged Ildibad—with the King's shield. (*Both put themselves on guard.*)

SECOND SCENE

THE SAME. ILDIBAD.

ILDIBAD (*hangs the shield in its place, and puts away the weapons lying about*)—Hath any news been sent down?

FIRST CAMP WATCHER—Nay!

ILDIBAD—Are ye hungry?

SECOND CAMP WATCHER—Oh, yea.

ILDIBAD—Hunger is for women—mark ye that! And show not such dark faces to our young Queen. That becometh not a marriage day.

THIRD SCENE

Surrounded by noisy people, TEJA *and* BALTHILDA *have appeared in front of the tent. They enter led by* BISHOP AGILA. *Before them, two choir-boys swinging censers. Behind them,* AMALABERGA, EURIC, ATHANARIC, THEODEMIR, *and other lords and military leaders. The tent covers are let down. Exeunt the watchers.* BISHOP *lets go the hands of the bridal pair, and turns back to* AMALABERGA. TEJA *stands gloomy and brooding.* BALTHILDA *casts a shy imploring look around her. Painful silence.*

ILDIBAD (*softly*)—Now must thou say something, King, to welcome thy young wife.

TEJA (*softly*)—Must I? (*Taking one of the choir-boys by the nape of the neck.*) Not so vehemently, boy; the smoke cometh up into our nostrils. What dost thou when thou wieldest not thy censer?

BOY—I wield my sword, King.

TEJA—That is right. But make ye haste with wielding the sword, or ye may easily be too late. (*Softly.*) Nothing to be seen of the ships, Ildibad?

ILDIBAD—Nothing, my King. But thou must speak to thy young wife.

TEJA—Yea . . . so now I have a wife, Bishop?

BISHOP—Here standeth thy wife, King, and waiteth on thy word.

TEJA—Forgive me, Queen, if I find not this word. I have been brought up in the midst of battles, and other dwelling-place have I not known. It will be hard for thee to share this with me.

BALTHILDA—King . . . my mother . . . taught me . . . (*She stops.*)

TEJA (*with assumed kindness*)—And what taught thee thy mother?

AMALABERGA—That a wife belongeth to her husband—above all, in the hour of distress; she taught her that, King.

TEJA—That may indeed be true and holy to ye wives. . . . If only the husband also belonged to his wife in the hour of distress. And yet one thing, Amalaberga. It hath been told me that in the morning, cocks crow near ye wives yonder in the Wagenburg. For weeks, the warriors have eaten no meat. I counsel ye, give them the cocks. (AMALABERGA *bows.*)

BISHOP—My King!

TEJA—Heh! Thou hast but now spoken so beautifully at the field-altar, Bishop. Dost thou desire to preach so soon again?

BISHOP—I will speak to thee, because bitterness devoureth thy soul.

TEJA—Verily? Thou thinkest it? Then I give ear.

BISHOP—Behold, like the spirit of divine wrath, so hast thou risen up among us, young man. . . . Not thy years did the nation count, only thy deeds. . . . Old men bowed willingly to thy youth, and since thou hadst yet a long time to serve, as one of the humblest, wert thou already our ruler. From the golden throne of Theoderic, where mercy had sat in judgment, where Totilas bestowed pardon with a smile, rang out sternly thy bloody word. . . . And woe clave to us as a poisoned wound. . . . Pursued hither and thither beneath the hot outpourings of Vesuvius, we are now encamped with women and children; while Byzantium, with its hireling soldiers, holdeth us surrounded.

TEJA—That it surely doth, ha, ha! Not a mouse can come through.

BISHOP—Our gaze wandereth wistfully

seaward: for thence hath God promised us bread.

TEJA—No tidings of the ships?

ILDIBAD (*softly*)—Nothing.

BISHOP—Before we armed ourselves for a new war with misery, as free men, true to the ancient law, we determined to choose thee a wife, for in his own body should the King taste why the Goth loveth death.

TEJA—Found ye that your King loved life overmuch?

BISHOP—My King!

TEJA—Nay, that dared ye not, for every hour of this life would hold ye up to mockery. . . . And even if the ancient law required it, why must ye weld me with this young thing which, trembling for fear before me and ye, hideth in her mother's skirts? And especially on so fitting a day, when hunger doth furnish the marriage music. . . . Look upon me, Queen—I must call thee by thy title of a half-hour, for, by God! I hardly yet know thy name. I pray thee, look upon me! Dost thou know me?

BALTHILDA—Thou art the King, Sire.

TEJA—Yea. But for thee I should be man, not King. . . . And knowest thou what manner of man standeth here before thee? . . . Behold! These arms have been hitherto plunged in reeking blood, not the blood of men shed in manly strife, I speak not of that, that honoureth the man—blood of unarmed pale children, of—(*shudders*)—Thou shalt have great joy, if I come with these arms to wind them about thy neck. . . . Dost thou indeed hear me? Have I not a beautiful voice, a sweet voice? Only it is a little hoarse. It is weary with screaming loud commands to murder. . . . Peculiar pleasure shall be thine when thou hearest tender words with this bewitching hoarseness. Am I not truly a born lover? These wise men knew that; therefore they taught me my calling. . . . Or believe ye, it was your duty to beguile your King in the weariness of camp life; as the great Justinian dallied in golden Byzantium, and sent forth his eunuchs to slay Gothic men? Ha, ha, ha!

BISHOP—My King, take heed lest thou be angry.

TEJA—I thank thee, friend. Yet that signifieth nothing. It is but my marriage humour. . . . But now I will speak to ye in earnest—(*Ascends to the high seat of the throne.*) On the golden throne of Theoderic, where mercy sat in judgment, can I, alas! not take my place; for that is being chopped into firewood at Byzantium. . . . Neither smiling like Totilas can I pardon, for no one longer desireth our pardon. . . . From the glorious nation of the Goths, there hath sprung a horde of hungry wolves—therefore it needeth a wolf as master. Thou, Bishop, didst call me the spirit of divine wrath, which I am not. . . . I am but the spirit of your despair. As one who all his life hath hoped for nothing, hath wished for nothing, I stand before you, and so I shall fall before you. That ye knew, and therefore ye are wrong, ye men, to reproach me secretly. Contradict me not! . . . I read it clearly enough between your lowering brows. . . . Because it goeth ill with us, make not a scapegoat of me—that I counsel ye.

THEODEMIR—King, wound us not. . . . The last drop of our blood belongeth to thee. Cast us not into the pot with these old men.

EURIC—We old men fight as well as they; and love, young man, as well as they.

TEJA—Then let that suffice. Your Queen shall soon enough learn how, in misfortune, friends quarrel among themselves. And as ye pass through the camp, tell the warriors, the only thing that frets the King this day—this day of joy, is it not?—is that he hath not the power to offer them a worthy marriage feast . . . or yet perchance— Ildibad!

ILDIBAD (*who on the right has secretly spoken in bewilderment to a watcher who has just entered*)—Yea, Sire.

TEJA—What have we still in our stores, old man?

ILDIBAD (*controlling his emotion*)—Truly, thou hast given away almost all thy provisions.

TEJA—I ask thee, what remaineth?

ILDIBAD—A jar of fermented milk, and two stale crusts of bread.

TEJA—Ha, ha, ha! Now thou seest, Queen, what a poor husband thou hast got. Yet if the ships be there, as the people say, then will I do royal honours to every one, even as is his due. Yet tell it not: that would mar their joy. But if they hear the trumpets sound, then tell them there will be meat and wine on the long tables, so much as— (*To* ILDIBAD, *who glides across the stage to his side.*) What is it?

ILDIBAD (*softly*)—The watch departeth. The ships are lost.

TEJA (*without the least change of countenance*)—Lost—how—in what way?

ILDIBAD—Treason.

TEJA—Yea, verily! Yea—meat and wine so much as each one will, at long white tables—I shall have it divided—and Sicilian

fruits for the women, and sweetmeats from Massilia. (*Sinks reeling upon the seat of the throne, and gazes absently into the distance.*)

THE MEN—What aileth the King? Look to the King!

BALTHILDA—Surely he is hungry, mother. (*Approaches him. The men draw back.*) My King!

TEJA—Who art thou, woman? What wilt thou, woman?

BALTHILDA—Can I help thee, Sire?

TEJA—Ah, it is thou, the Queen! Pardon me; and pardon me, also, ye men. (*Rises.*)

BISHOP—King, thou must husband thy strength.

THEODERIC—Yea, King, for the sake of us all.

THE MEN—For the sake of us all.

TEJA—In truth, ye warn me rightly. Women, I pray ye, return to your encampment. We have to take counsel. Do thou, Bishop, see well to their safe conduct.

AMALABERGA (*softly*)—Make thy obeisance, child!

BALTHILDA (*softly*)—Mother, will he speak no more to me?

AMALABERGA—Make thy obeisance! (BALTHILDA *obeys.*)

TEJA—Fare ye well! (*Exeunt* BALTHILDA, AMALABERGA, BISHOP. *Shouts of applause without, greet them.*)

FOURTH SCENE

TEJA. THEODEMIR. EURIC. ILDIBAD. THE WATCHER. THE LORDS.

TEJA—I have sent away the women and the priest; for what comes now concerneth us warriors alone. Where is the watcher? Come forth, man.

THE MEN (*muttering*)—The watcher from the hill! The watcher!

TEJA—Hereby ye know, men: the ships are lost. (*Tumult. Cries of horror.*)

TEJA—Quiet, friends, quiet! Thy name is Haribalt.

WATCHER—Yea, Sire!

TEJA—How long hast thou stood at thy post?

WATCHER—Since early yesterday, Sire.

TEJA—Where are thy two companions?

WATCHER—They remain above, as thou hast commanded, Sire.

TEJA—Good, then what saw ye?

WATCHER—The smoke of Vesuvius, Sire, descended upon the sea, beyond the promontory of Misenum. Thus we saw nothing until to-day about the sixth hour of the evening. Then suddenly the ships appeared—five in number—quite near the shore, there where it is said a city of the Romans lies buried in ruins. . . . One of us determined to hasten away, since——

TEJA—Stay! What signal bare the ships?

WATCHER—The foresail bound crosswise and——

TEJA—And?

WATCHER—A palm branch at the stern.

TEJA—Ye saw the palm branch?

WATCHER—As I see thee, Sire.

TEJA—Good, go on.

WATCHER—Then we perceived that the fishing-boats with which the Byzantians take their food, closely surrounded the ships, and then——

TEJA—What then?

WATCHER—Verily, Sire, they steered quite peaceably toward the camp of the enemy. There they unloaded. (*The men cover their heads. Silence.*)

TEJA (*who looks, smiling, from one to the other*)—It is good. . . . That is: thou shalt say nothing there without. . . . From me they should learn it. (*Exit* WATCHER.)

FIFTH SCENE

TEJA. THEODEMIR. EURIC. ATHANARIC *and the* OTHERS. LORDS.

TEJA—Your counsel, ye men!

THEODEMIR—Sire, we have none to give.

TEJA—And thou, Euric, with all thy wisdom?

EURIC—Sire, I have served the great Theoderic. And yet he would have had none to give.

TEJA—Come then, I know. . . . It is easy and quick to be understood: Die! . . . Why look ye at me with such mistrust? . . . Do ye not yet understand me? Think ye I require ye to wrap yourselves in your mantles, like cowardly Greeks, and beg your neighbours for a thrust in the back? Be calm: I will protect you against shame, since I can no more lead you to honour.—Our place here canno' be taken, so long as thirty of us have power to wield our spears. But the hour shall come—and at no distant time—when the last arm, crippled by hunger, can no more be outstretched to beg quarter of the invading murderers.

THEODEMIR—No Gothic man doeth that, King!

TEJA—For what thou art, thou canst give surety; for what thou shalt become, thou givest no surety to me. So I counsel and command ye to prepare yourselves for the last conflict. In the first gray of the

morning, we shall burst forth from the clefts, and array ourselves against the Byzantian in open field.

ALL—Sire, that is impossible.

THEODEMIR—King, consider, we are one against a hundred.

TEJA—And thou, Euric?

EURIC—Sire, thou leadest us to destruction.

TEJA—Yea, verily. Said I anything else? Do ye believe me to be so untried in things of war that I know not that? Why then halt ye? When Totilas led us, we were more than a hundred thousand. Now we are but five.—They all knew how to die, and can we, a miserable remnant, have forgotten it?

ALL—Nay, King, nay!

EURIC—Sire, grant us time to accustom ourselves to that horrible thing.

TEJA—Horrible? What seemeth horrible to ye? I speak not indeed to Romans who reel from the mass to the lupanar, and from the lupanar to the mass. Yet there is not one among ye whose breast is not covered with scars like an old stone with moss. These twenty years ye have made sport of death, and now it cometh in earnest, doth a Gothic man speak of "horrible"? What will ye? Will ye lie and hunger? Will ye devour one the other, like rats? Good. But I shall not do it with ye! Not I! Tomorrow, I take spear and shield, and go to gain on my own account the bit of death for which I long and languish like a thief since ye made me leader of your lost cause.—And thou at least, my old companion, thou comest with me—eh?

ILDIBAD (*falling down before him*)—I thank thee, Sire! Why ask whether I come?

ALL—We too, King. We all, we all!

THEODEMIR—Thou shouldst be praised, King, that thou hast pointed to us the way of happiness. And be not angry with us, if we were not able straightway to follow thee. Now I perceive clearly thy great thought. From grief and discord and despair, we rise, we do not go down to death. . . . Laughing, treadeth each on the other's corpse, in order laughing to sink down like him. . . . A light will go forth from us over the wide world. . . . Ah, that will be a draught from golden goblets—that will be a riot of exultant joy. Thank thee, my King. Often have I envied thee thy crown, now I venture to envy it no more.

TEJA—The thing will come to pass for the most part otherwise than thou dost imagine it, Theodemir. Yet I am glad that among the Goths, such inspiration still abideth.

EURIC—Also to me, King, grudge not a word; for I have indeed seen golden days. . . . Thou art not only the boldest, thou art also the wisest of all. . . . Had we now faltered, so should we all have fallen without defense, by the murderer's sword . . . And not only we, but the sick—and the children—and the wives.

TEJA—Ay, indeed, the wives! Of them I had not thought at all.

EURIC—But now to-morrow, we shall stand in battle, and on the second and third day, if we hold out so long, so that astonishment and fear at the miracle will lay hold on the Byzantian and all the rabble of Huns and Suevians which he draggeth after him. . . . We cannot utterly destroy them, but we can bait them with our blood till they be weary. . . . And when no one on that side is able to hold spear and bow, then shall the hour come when the Eunuch will have it said: "Depart in peace." How many of ye are then still left?—I fear not many——

TEJA (*laughing*)—We, surely not!

ALL (*with cruel laughter*)—Nay, we surely not!

EURIC—Then shall they take wives and children into the midst of them, and, head high, with naked swords, descend straight through the Byzantian camp toward Naples, to buy a piece of bread. And I tell ye, with such fear shall they be gazed at, that not even once shall a dog of the Huns dare to bark at them.

TEJA—Wife and child! Wife and child! What have we to do with them?

ATHANARIC—King, thou revilest the dearest of our possessions.

TEJA—Maybe!—I know only that there were too many mouths in the morning when the rations were divided. Otherwise we might have been able to support ourselves. And yet, this one thing I say to ye—and I shall enjoin it on the men without, upon their word as warriors—that none of the women know aught of our purpose. I will not that even one man be softened by the tears and cries of women.

ATHANARIC—Sire, that is inhuman which thou requirest, to take no leave of our wives.

TEJA—Take leave of them, me notwithstanding, but remain dumb as ye do it. He that hath wife and child here, let him go to the Wagenburg, and provide himself food and drink, for the women delight to keep a remnant between their fingers. This let him share with the unmarried, and be joyful when he can.

EURIC—And what should they say to

their wives, Sire, since already thou hast strictly forbidden communication?

TEJA—Say ye, it happens because of my marriage! Or the ships are there, if that sounds more worthy of belief. Say what ye will. Only that one thing, keep for yourselves.

THEODEMIR—And wilt thou thyself nevermore see thy young wife?

TEJA—Eh? Nay. . . . I mark not the least desire to. Surely now I shall speak to the people. I would that I had thy tongue, Theodemir.—The errand is troublesome to me, for I should speak great words, and I feel them not. Come! (*Exeunt all, with* ILDIBAD *slowly following.*)

SIXTH SCENE

The stage remains unoccupied for a short time.—The voice of the King is heard, who is received with acclamation. Then after a few seconds, subdued cries of woe. ILDIBAD *returns and sits down upon a stump near the curtain. Then he lights two torches which he puts into the links, and prepares the weapons of the King. Outside arises a shout of enthusiasm, which again is subdued.*

SEVENTH SCENE

ILDIBAD. BISHOP AGILA (*tottering in with exhaustion and excitement*).

ILDIBAD—Wilt thou not be seated, most worthy lord?

BISHOP—And goest thou not to hear what the King saith?

ILDIBAD—That hath naught to do with me, most worthy lord. The King and I—for a long time, we are united in action.

BISHOP—Verily, he standeth there like the angel of death.

ILDIBAD—Whether angel or devil, it is the same for me. (*The shout of enthusiasm rises anew and approaches the tent.*)

EIGHTH SCENE

THE SAME. THE KING (*with flaming eyes, pale yet calm*).

TEJA—Are the weapons in order?—Ah, 'tis thou, Bishop!

BISHOP—King, my King!

TEJA—Surely, thou shalt now be driven to seek another flock, Bishop. Wilt thou but give me thy blessing, pray give it quickly. . . . Theodemir is about to come.

BISHOP—And dost thou know thyself to be free, my son, from the trembling of every dying creature?

TEJA—Bishop, I have been a good servant of thy church. To dedicate her temples, as once Totilas did, have I not been able; but what there was to kill, I have killed for her welfare. Shall I perform a posture for the blessed Arius?

BISHOP—My son, I understand thee not.

TEJA—For that I am sorry, my father.

BISHOP—And hast thou taken leave?

TEJA—Leave—of whom? Rather have I a mind to cry "welcome"; but yet nothing is there!

BISHOP (*indignantly*)—I speak of thy wife, Sire.

TEJA—At this hour, I know only men, Bishop. Of wives I know nothing. Farewell! (*Enter* THEODEMIR *and* ILDIBAD.)

BISHOP—Farewell—and God be gracious to thy soul!

TEJA—I thank thee, Bishop. . . . Ah, there art thou, Theodemir. (*Exit* BISHOP AGILA.)

NINTH SCENE

TEJA. THEODEMIR. ILDIBAD (*in the background, occupied with the King's weapons going noiselessly in and out*).

TEJA—What are the warriors doing?

THEODEMIR—They who have their wives here, are gone to the Wagenburg. . . . There they will surely eat and drink and play with their children.

TEJA—And is thy wife here also?

THEODEMIR—Yea, Sire!

TEJA—And thy children?

THEODEMIR—Two boys, Sire!

TEJA—And thou didst not go?

THEODEMIR—I waited on thy call, Sire.

TEJA—What hour is it?

THEODEMIR—The ninth, Sire.

TEJA—And what do they who are free—the unmarried, and they whose wives are not here?

THEODEMIR—They lie by the fires and are silent. (*Exit* ILDIBAD.)

TEJA—See to it that something is brought to them also. I already ordered it. Will they sleep?

THEODEMIR—No one will sleep.

TEJA—At midnight, come and fetch me.

THEODEMIR—Yea, Sire. (*Makes as if to go.*)

TEJA (*with a shade of anxiety*)—Theodemir, stay! . . . Thou hast always been my adversary.

THEODEMIR—I was, Sire. For a long time I have ceased to be.

TEJA (*stretches out his arms*)—Come! (*They hold each other in a close embrace;*

then they clasp hands.) I would fain hold thee here, but truly thou must go to thy wife. (ILDIBAD *again enters.*) And forget not to have food brought to those who are gazing at the fires. They should have occupation. Brooding profiteth not in such an hour.

THEODEMIR—Yea, Sire. (*Exit.*)

TENTH SCENE

TEJA. ILDIBAD.

TEJA—Now, my old man, we should have nothing further to do upon this earth. Shall we talk?

ILDIBAD—Sire, if I might beg a favour for myself.

TEJA—Still favours, at this time? . . . I believe thou wouldst flatter me, old companion!

ILDIBAD—Sire, I am old. My arm would grow weary with bearing a spear, more quickly than is good for thy life. And by my fault shouldst thou not fall, Sire. . . . If no one else sleeps, think not evil of me, and let me sleep away the two hours.

TEJA (*with a new gleam of deep anxiety*)—Go, but not far away.

ILDIBAD—Surely, Sire, I have always lain as a dog before thy tent. In respect of that, on this last night, nothing will be changed. . . . Hast thou orders to give, Sire?

TEJA—Good-night! (*Exit* ILDIBAD.)

ELEVENTH SCENE

TEJA. *Afterward* BALTHILDA. (TEJA, *left alone, throws himself on his couch, staring straight before him with a bitter, wearied smile.* BALTHILDA *enters shyly. In one hand she carries a basket containing meat, bread, and fruits; in the other, a golden tankard of wine. She advances a few steps toward the table.*)

TEJA (*half rising*)—Who art thou?

BALTHILDA (*feebly and timidly*)—Knowest thou me not, King?

TEJA (*rising from his couch*)—The torches burn dimly. . . . Thy voice I have heard before! . . . What wilt thou of me?

BALTHILDA—I am indeed thy wife, King.

TEJA (*after a silence*)—And what wilt thou of me?

BALTHILDA—My mother sendeth me. I am to bring thee food and wine. The others eat and drink, and so my mother saith—— (*She stops.*)

TEJA—How didst thou enter here? . . . Did not the watch forbid thee to enter?

BALTHILDA (*drawing herself up*)—I am the Queen, Sire.

TEJA—Yea, verily. And Ildibad, what said he?

BALTHILDA—Thy old spearbearer lay and slept. I stepped across him, Sire.

TEJA—I thank thee, Balthilda. . . . I am not hungry. I thank thee. (*Silence.* BALTHILDA *stands and looks tearfully at him.*)

TEJA—I see, thou hast still a request to make of me. I pray thee, speak!

BALTHILDA—My King, if I return home with a well-filled basket, then shall I be mocked by all the women. . . . And the men shall say——

TEJA (*smiling*)—And what shall the men say?

BALTHILDA—He esteemeth her so little that—he consenteth not to take food from her hand.

TEJA—On my word, I assure thee, Balthilda, the men have other things to think on . . . yet nevertheless . . . reproach thou shalt not suffer through me. Set thy basket there. . . . Have ye still much of such things?

BALTHILDA—Sire, these two weeks have my mother and I and the women about us put aside the best of our share—flour and fruits—and the fowls have we not killed till this very day.

TEJA—Then indeed must ye have been mightily hungry, ye women?

BALTHILDA—Ah, it hath done us no hurt, Sire. . . . It was for a feast.

TEJA—In truth? Ye believed we should celebrate a feast to-day?

BALTHILDA—Well . . . is it then not a feast, Sire?

TEJA (*Is silent and bites his nether lip, examining her furtively*)—Wilt thou not be seated, Balthilda? . . . I should not yet let thee go home! That too would be a reproach, would it not? (BALTHILDA *is silent and looks down.*)

TEJA—And if I bade thee, wouldst thou wish to stay?

BALTHILDA—Sire, how should a wife not wish to stay beside her husband?

TEJA—Hast thou then the feeling in thy heart, that I—am—thy—husband?

BALTHILDA—Indeed, how could it be otherwise? The Bishop hath joined us together.

TEJA—And wert thou glad when he did it?

BALTHILDA—Yea. . . . Nay, I was not glad then.

TEJA—Why not?

BALTHILDA (*with a bright glance*)—Perhaps because, because . . . I was afraid, Sire, and I was praying.

TEJA—What didst thou pray?

BALTHILDA—That God would grant to me, his humble handmaid, the power to bring thee the happiness which thou needest, and which thou awaitest from me.

TEJA—Which I from thee—that didst thou pray?

BALTHILDA—Sire, may I not offer thee the food, and the wine?

TEJA—Nay, nay! . . . Hearken, Balthilda: without, by our fires, are warriors—they are hungry—I am not hungry.

BALTHILDA—Sire, give them what thou pleasest . . . give them everything!

TEJA—I thank thee, Balthilda. (*Raising the curtain.*) Ho there, watch! Come in, but prudently so as not to wake the old man. . . . (WATCHER *enters.*) Here, take this basket with food and wine, and divide it honestly. . . . Say your Queen sends it.

WATCHER—May I thank the Queen, Sire? (TEJA *nods.* WATCHER *shakes her hand heartily. Exit.*)

TEJA—Go—and bring me to eat!

BALTHILDA (*perplexed*) — Sire — why — mockest thou—me?

TEJA—Dost thou then not understand me? If thou wilt be my wife, thou must offer me my property, not thine!

BALTHILDA—Is not all of mine thy property, Sire?

TEJA—Hm! (*Silence. He takes her hands.*) Call me not Sire and call me not King. . . . Knowest thou not my name?

BALTHILDA—Thy name is Teja!

TEJA—Say it yet once again!

BALTHILDA (*softly, turning away*)—Teja!

TEJA—Is the name so strange to thee? (BALTHILDA *shakes her head.*)

TEJA—Then why hesitate?

BALTHILDA—Not for that, Sire! Since I knew that I was to serve thee as thy wife, I have often named thee by day and in the night. Only I never said it aloud. . . .

TEJA—And before thou knewest it, what was then thy thought?

BALTHILDA—Sire, why dost thou ask?

TEJA—And why dost thou not answer?

BALTHILDA—Sire, when I heard of thy bloody commands, and the others feared thee—then I often thought: How unhappy must he be that the destiny of the Goths compelleth him to such deeds!

TEJA—That hast thou thought?—That hast thou——?

BALTHILDA—Sire, was it wrong that I should think it?

TEJA—Thou hadst never seen my face, and thou didst understand me? And they who were around me, the wise men and tried soldiers, they understood me not! . . . Who art thou, woman? Who hath taught thee to read my heart?—Thee, thee alone of all?

BALTHILDA—Sire—I——

TEJA—All shuddered, and muttering hid themselves from me in corners—and saw not the way, the only way which haply might still have saved them. When the butcher's knife was already at their throat, they still told themselves some tale of compromise. And then came the crafty Greeks, measured themselves with them, and killed them one by one. Thus perished the hundred thousand. And I wrapped myself in grief and anger—I cast hope away from me like a bloody rag, I sprang into the breach with scornful laughter. I sowed horrors about me, when my own heart was convulsed with horror of myself. I have not once been drunk with all the blood. I have killed, killed, and still knew all the while: it is in vain! (*He sinks to his seat overcome with anguish, and stares straight before him.*)

BALTHILDA (*with a shy attempt at a caress*)—My poor dear King! Dear Teja!

TEJA (*raises his head and looks confusedly around him.*)—My God, what do I here? . . . Why do I tell all this to thee? Thou must not despise me because I am such a babbler. . . . Nor must thou believe that it is aught of remorse that compels me to this confession. . . . Perhaps I feel pity for the victims, but my conscience stands high above all that! . . . Far higher than my poor Gothic throne. . . . Look not upon me so. . . . There is in thy eye something that compels me to reveal my inmost thought to thee. . . . Who hath endued thee with this power over me? . . . Begone! . . . Nay, stay . . . Stay! I wish to tell thee yet something, quite in secret, before thou goest. . . . Besides, I should not cry out so, otherwise the watch may hear. . . . Incline thine ear to me. Never yet have I confessed it to any man, nor have I held it possible that I should ever confess it. . . . I bear an envy within me which devoureth my heart, whenever I think—knowest thou toward whom? . . . Toward Totilas. . . . Yea, toward Totilas in his grave. . . . They called him the "shining" Totilas, and their affection still cleaveth to him to-day. . . . Their eyes still flash when they even think of him.

BALTHILDA—Ah, Sire, how thou dost fret thyself!

TEJA (*anxiously*)—Didst thou ever see him?

BALTHILDA—Never.

TEJA—God be thanked! For hadst thou ever seen him as I saw him on the morning of the battle in which he fell . . . arrayed in golden armour . . . and the white steed pranced beneath him, and his yellow locks streamed like sunlight about him. And he laughed the foe in the face. . . . Laughed like a child! . . . Ah, laughing to die like him!

BALTHILDA—His lot was easy, Sire! He went from hence, but left to thee as an inheritance the half-destroyed kingdom. . . . How shouldst thou then have laughed?

TEJA (*eagerly*)—Is it not so?—Is it not so?—How . . . Ah, that doeth good! (*Stretching himself.*) Ah, thou doest me good!

BALTHILDA—How proud thou makest me, Sire!

TEJA—But hadst thou seen him and compared him to me, thou wouldst spit upon me!

BALTHILDA (*fervently*)—I should have seen only thee, Sire—dear, dear Sire! (TEJA *looks askance at her, shyly and distrustfully, then walks silently to the left, sinks down before the seat on the throne, and, burying his face in the chair, weeps bitterly.*)

BALTHILDA (*follows him shyly and kneels down beside him*)—Teja, beloved, if I hurt thee, pardon me!

TEJA (*rises and grasps her arm*)—Tell it to no one!

BALTHILDA—What, Sire?

TEJA—That thou hast seen me weep! Swear it to me!

BALTHILDA—It hath been told me that I am now even as a piece of thy body—and of thy soul also! . . . Wherefore should I swear?

TEJA—If thou art a piece of my body, then come nearer to me, that thou mayst not see my tears.

BALTHILDA—Let me dry them for thee! See, for this cause am I here.

TEJA—Ah, 'tis well with me. . . . I must indeed have died of shame, for never yet hath a Gothic man been seen to weep. Even when we buried Totilas, we wept not. . . . Yet I am not ashamed. . . . If I but knew why suddenly it is so well with me! . . . Balthilda, I will tell thee something. But thou must not laugh me to scorn.

BALTHILDA—How should I laugh at thee, beloved?

TEJA—I am hungry.

BALTHILDA (*springing up in surprise*)—Alas, surely thou hast given everything away!

TEJA—Oh, by no means! Go just over there, wilt thou? (*She obeys.*) Behind my couch—seest thou the fireplace?

BALTHILDA—Here where the ashes lie?

TEJA—There standeth a chest?

BALTHILDA—Yea.

TEJA—Wilt thou open the lid?

BALTHILDA—Ah, it is heavy!

TEJA—Now feel within! Deep, deep! . . . There Ildibad, the old miser—well?

BALTHILDA (*disappointedly*)—A couple of bread crusts; is that all, Sire?

TEJA—There is indeed nothing more.

BALTHILDA—May I not then go quickly over to the Wagenburg? . . . Perhaps still. . . .

TEJA—Oh nay. . . . They themselves need the fragments. . . . Bring that hither! As brothers we shall share it—eh? And then there is sufficient for both. Wilt thou?

BALTHILDA—Yea. (*She sits beside him.*)

TEJA—So, now give to me! Ah, that is good to the taste! Is it not good to the taste? But ah, thou also must eat.

BALTHILDA—I fear there is not enough for thee.

TEJA—Nay, that is against the agreement. . . . So. . . . Is it not good to the taste?

BALTHILDA—To me nothing hath ever tasted half so sweet.

TEJA—Pray come nearer to me . . . I will take the crumbs from thy lap . . . So—why is it that suddenly I am hungry? See, now we celebrate our marriage feast.

BALTHILDA—And better than those without, with meat and wine—do we not?

TEJA—Well, did I not tell thee? . . . But thou hast a bad seat!

BALTHILDA—Nay, I am seated well!

TEJA—Come, stand up! Pray, stand up!

BALTHILDA (*rising*)—Well?

TEJA—Sit there, just above!

BALTHILDA (*terrified*)—Upon the throne—for God's sake—how dare I——?

TEJA—Art thou not then the Queen?

BALTHILDA (*decidedly*)—If I must sit there in earnest! But in jest—nay!

TEJA—Ah, the stupid bit of wood! (*He hurls down the throne.*) At least it should be of use for something! . . . So now lean against it!

BALTHILDA—Beloved, doest thou justly?

TEJA (*surprised*)—Nay! (*He sets the*

throne up again, leads her to her former place, and places her head against the seat.) There indeed thou art well seated—yea! . . . And we trespass not against this trash. If the Bishop had seen that—he, ha, ha, ha! Wait, I will eat again!

BALTHILDA—There, take!

TEJA—Still—remain quite still! I shall fetch it for myself. (*He kneels upon the podium beside her.*) Now I am quite upon my knees before thee. . . . What is there that we do not learn! . . . Thou art beautiful! . . . I never knew my mother!

BALTHILDA—Never knew!

TEJA—Never had a sister. . . . No one. . . . Never played in my life. . . . That I am surely learning last not least.

BALTHILDA—Why last not least?

TEJA—Ask not—nay? Ah thou, thou! Ha, ha, ha! Pray eat! Bite from mine—yea? Obediently—thou knowest what the Bishop said?

BALTHILDA (*bites and then springs up*)—But wilt thou not also drink?

TEJA—Ah, surely! Bring me only the milk jar! Bring me only the milk jar. . . . Thou knowest the one that Ildibad told us of.

BALTHILDA (*who has walked across*)—Is this the one?

TEJA (*rising*)—That is indeed it. But thou also must drink.

BALTHILDA—Is is fitting so?

TEJA—I know not. It should be!

BALTHILDA—So be it, then. (*She drinks and shakes with laughter.*) Ugh! That hath a bad taste.

TEJA—Give it to me. (*He drinks.*) Nay! (*He drinks again.*) Go! . . . Art thou then such a despiser of nourishment? . . . Yea, who art thou then? And how comest thou hither? And just what wilt thou of me?

BALTHILDA—I will love thee!

TEJA—Thou—my wife! Thou . . . (*They fly into one another's arms. Softly.*) And wilt thou not kiss me? (BALTHILDA *shakes her head, ashamed.*)

TEJA—Why not? (BALTHILDA *again shakes her head.*)

TEJA—Yet tell me, why not?

BALTHILDA—I will tell thee in thine ear.

TEJA—Well?

BALTHILDA—Thou hast a "milk-beard."

TEJA (*wipes his mouth in terror, then in assumed anger*)—What have I? Knowest thou not who I am? How then dost thou suffer thyself to tell thy King he—say it yet once more! I will but see.

BALTHILDA (*laughing*)—A — milk — beard.

TEJA (*laughing*)—Now, wait!

TWELFTH SCENE

THE SAME. ILDIBAD.

ILDIBAD—Sire, thou calledst? (*He stands rigid with astonishment, and is about to retire silently.*)

TEJA (*collects himself abruptly. He appears to wake out of a dream. His manners and bearing revert to the gloomy energy which previously had the ascendency.*)—Stop, stay, what happens without?

ILDIBAD—The warriors return from the Wagenburg, sire, and most of the wives come with them.

TEJA—Are the leaders assembled?

ILDIBAD—Yea, Sire.

TEJA—They might have patience for a moment more.

ILDIBAD—Yea, Sire.

TEJA—For I also have a wife.

ILDIBAD—Yea, verily, Sire. [*Exit.*]

THIRTEENTH SCENE

TEJA. BALTHILDA.

BALTHILDA—Teja, beloved, what happeneth to thee?

TEJA (*remains standing before her and takes her head in his hands*)—To me, it is as if in this hour we had strayed hand in hand through a whole world of joy and sorrow. That disappeareth—all disappeareth. I am again the—I was—nay, I am not he.—But be thou high above all the women, the Queen . . . Wilt thou?

BALTHILDA—Sire, what dost thou require of me?

TEJA—Thou wilt not entreat and wilt not cry out?

BALTHILDA—Nay, Sire.

TEJA—The day draweth nigh. Before us standeth death.

BALTHILDA—Sire, I understand thee not. None can attack us, and until the ships come——

TEJA—The ships come never more. (BALTHILDA *strokes herself on the cheeks, and then stands motionless.*)

TEJA—But we men are going forth upon the field, to fight.

BALTHILDA—That can ye not do—that is surely—impossible.

TEJA—We must. Art thou the Queen, and perceivest not that we must?

BALTHILDA—Yea—I—per—ceive—it.

TEJA—The King fights in the foremost rank, and we shall see each other no more alive. . . . Knowest thou that?

BALTHILDA—Yea, I know it! . . . (*Silence. They look at each other.*)

TEJA—Thy blessing will I have upon the way. (*He sinks on his knees before her; she lays her hands upon his head, bends down to him, trembling, and kisses him on the forehead.*)

TEJA (*springs up and tears back the curtain*)—Enter, who waiteth there!

FOURTEENTH SCENE

THE SAME. AMALABERGA, EURIC, AGILA, ATHANARIC, THEODEMIR, *and other leaders.*

AMALABERGA—King, I sent my child to thee. . . . I hear ye men have to act. . . . Give her again to me.

TEJA—Here hast thou thy child! (*Exeunt* AMALABERGA *and* BALTHILDA.)

FIFTEENTH SCENE

THE SAME. *Except* AMALABERGA *and* BALTHILDA.

TEJA (*stares after them, rouses himself, and perceives the Bishop.*) Bishop, I treated thee basely this evening. Forgive me and have my thanks, for surely I also know why the Goth loveth death. . . . (*Grasps his sword.*) Now be ye ready? Have the farewells been said?

THEODEMIR—Sire, we have disobeyed thy command. Which of our wives betrayed it, and which of us told it, that cannot be determined. Enough, they all know it.

TEJA—And then have cried ah and woe?

THEODEMIR—Sire, they have silently kissed the blessing of death upon our brows.

TEJA (*exclaims half to himself*)—They also! (*Aloud.*) Truly we are a nation of kings. It is our misfortune. So come! (*He strides to the background. The others follow. Amid the noisy cries of the people greeting the King, the curtain falls.*)

Windows

A Little Poem in Prose

By CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

Translated by Arthur Symons

HE WHO looks in through an open window never sees so many things as he who looks at a shut window. There is nothing more profound, more mysterious, more fertile, more gloomy, or more dazzling, than a window, lighted by a candle. What we can see in the sunlight is always less interesting than what goes on behind the panes of a window. In that dark or luminous hollow, life lives, life dreams, life suffers.

Across the waves of roofs, I can see a woman of middle age, wrinkled, poor, who is always leaning over something, and who never goes out. Out of her face, out of her dress, out of her attitude, out of nothing almost, I have made up the woman's story, and sometimes I say it over to myself with tears.

If it had been a poor old man, I could have made up his just as easily.

And I go to bed, proud of having lived and suffered in others.

Perhaps you will say to me: "Are you sure that it is the real story?" What does it matter, what does any reality outside of myself matter, if it has helped me to live, to feel that I am, and what I am?

The Spirit of October

A London Voluntary

By WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

Scherzando

DOWN through the ancient Strand
The Spirit of October, mild and boon
And sauntering, takes his way
This golden end of afternoon,
As though the corn stood yellow in all the land,
And the ripe apples dropped to the harvest-moon.

Lo! the round sun, half-down the western slope—
Seen as along an unglazed telescope—
Lingers and lolls, loth to be done with day:
Gifting the long, lean, lanky street
And its abounding confluences of being
With aspects generous and bland;
Making a thousand harnesses to shine
As with new ore from some enchanted mine,
And every horse's coat so full of sheen
He looks new-tailored, and every 'bus feels clean,
And never a hansom but is worth the feeing;
And every jeweller within the pale
Offers a real Arabian Night for sale;
And even the roar
Of the strong streams of toil, that pause and pour
Eastward and westward, sounds suffused—
Seems as it were bemused
And blurred, and like the speech
Of lazy seas on a lotus-haunted beach—
With this enchanted lustrousness,
This mellow magic, that (as a man's caress
Brings back to some faded face, beloved before,
A heavenly shadow of the grace it wore
Ere the poor eyes were minded to beseech)
Old things transfigures, and you hail and bless
Their looks of long-lapsed loveliness once more:
Till Clement's, angular and cold and staid,
Gleams forth in glamour's very stuffs arrayed;
And Bride's, her aëry, unsubstantial charm
Through flight on flight of springing, soaring stone
Grown flushed and warm,
Laughs into life full-mooded and fresh-blown;
And the high majesty of Paul's
Uplifts a voice of living light, and calls—
Calls to his millions to behold and see
How goodly this his London Town can be!

For earth and sky and air
Are golden everywhere,
And golden with a gold so suave and fine
That looking on it lifts the heart like wine.
Trafalgar Square
(The fountains volleying golden glaze)
Shines like an angel-market. High aloft
Over his couchant Lions, in a haze
Shimmering and bland and soft,
A dust of chrysoprase,
Our Sailor takes the golden gaze
Of the saluting sun, and flames superb,
As once he flamed it on his ocean round.
The dingy dreariness of the picture-place,
Turned very nearly bright,
Takes on a luminous transiency of grace,
And shows no more a scandal to the ground.
The very blind man pottering on the kerb,
Among the posies and the ostrich feathers
And the rude voices touched with all the weathers
Of the long, varying year,
Shares in the universal alms of light.

The windows, with their fleeting, flickering fires,
The height and spread of frontage shining sheer,
The quiring signs, the rejoicing roofs and spires—
'Tis El Dorado—El Dorado plain,
The Golden City! And when a girl goes by,
Look! as she turns her glancing head,
A call of gold is floated from her ear!
Golden, all golden! In a golden glory,
Long-lapsing down a golden coasted sky,
The day, not dies, but seems
Dispersed in wafts and drifts of gold, and shed
Upon a past of golden song and story
And memories of gold and golden dreams.

Columbus and Gutierrez

By GIACOMO LEOPARDI

Translated by Leslie Cross

COLUMBUS—A beautiful night, friend.

GUTIERREZ—Beautiful, indeed—but I think the sight of land would be more beautiful.

COLUMBUS—Well said. And so you, too, are tired of sailing?

GUTIERREZ—Not every sort. This voyage, it seems, is lengthier than I had expected, and I do suffer a little weariness. You mustn't think, though, that I whimper against you as others do. Quite the opposite: guide this seafaring however you please, and, as in the past, I'll do all I can to aid you. But, merely for table-talk, say earnestly whether you still cling to your theory of finding land in this part of the world, or, after all this time, all this disappointment, whether even you begin to feel some doubt.

COLUMBUS—To be perfectly frank—and I speak confidentially—I confess that I am a little dazed, especially since many portents at sea, which gave form to my hopes, have proved meaningless,—as the sea-birds that flitted by overhead, blown in from the west, after we had passed Gomera; these I set great store by, as proof that land could not lie far beyond. Day after day, I have seen that the real corresponds no longer with the theoretical, nor with my anticipation of what would befall us in this dim sea-west. Therefore, I reason, since these prognostics have failed me, and all seemed so irrefutable, may I not err even in my principal assumption that land might be found yonder in the ocean?

It is too obviously true that, when such carefully-conceived theories prove false, one can put no faith at all in human judgment, except when it examines things immediately seen and touched. And to repeat, I think that reality and truth are often at variance, no, usually at variance, with expectation. Thus I ask myself: "What knowledge can you have that one part of the world is formed like the next? Since the Eastern hemisphere is covered with land and water, does it follow that the Western hemisphere is formed in the same way? Isn't it possible that it lies shrouded under one vast and lonely sea? Instead of land, or instead of land and water, could it not be formed of some other substance? Granted that, like the Eastern hemisphere, it is land and water, might it not, in some manner, be uninhabited, even uninhabitable? Let us say that the new world is peopled no less than our own; can you feel sure that, like our world, it has rational creatures? If it has, can you prove that they are men, and not some other race of intellective animals? If they be men, might they not be wholly different from those you know? Mightn't we fancy them larger in body, stronger, more skilful, born with greater talent and mentality, yes, strangely cultured, and richer in knowledge and artistry?" These conjectures often perplex me as I meditate.

To speak candidly, nature is so bewilderingly exuberant, and at once so various and manifold, that no one can guess what things she has wrought in countries remote and utterly unknown to our world. I am uncertain whether it isn't gross folly to argue from the known to the unknown. It would hardly dishonour truth to imagine that some, and perhaps all, traits of an untrodden world should seem strange and marvelous to us.

Lo, with our own eyes, we see how the compass-needle, in these seas, dips from the star no little space toward the west,—a singular phenomenon, and, until now, a thing undreamed-of to all mariners. Even after much reflection, I can think of no satisfactory reason for it. In saying this, I do not infer that one must lend ear to the tales of the classic authors who sing the marvels of an undiscovered world and of this same ocean, like the story of the countries Hanno told of,—where the nights were pierced with fire, and lit with rivers of flame that poured themselves into the sea. On the contrary, we see that the fears of strange and miraculous things, whereof our

sailors trembled, have proved, to the present time, daft and childish. When these men saw the great mass of sea-weed which changed the sea-scape to a meadow and retarded the movement of our ships, they fancied themselves on the ultimate confines of navigable water.

In answering your question, I mean only to acknowledge that, while my conjecture is based on most plausible arguments—and many distinguished geographers, astronomers, and navigators, with whom I had audience in Spain, Italy, and Portugal, agree with me—it could very probably be false. Many conclusions which are brilliantly drawn cannot withstand the burden of proof, especially when they touch matters on which we have but the faintest glimmer of knowledge.

GUTIERREZ—In short, you have risked your own life and the welfare of your companions in a mere philosophic bauble.

COLUMBUS—Such it be. I cannot deny it. But forget, for the time being, that men are daily exposed to danger for reasons that weaken as time passes, for ideas that hold little meaning, even without any thought at all. Reflect for a moment.

Suppose you and I and all our companions were not aboard these decks, in the middle of this sea, in this unfathomable wasteland of water; though our uncertainty is agonizing and danger abounds, would our life be happier somewhere else? What would be our toils? In what fashion would our days go by? More merrily, perhaps? Yet might we not, on the contrary, carry some weightier affliction, some heavier anxiety? Might we not suffer that terrible *tædium vitæ?* What should we find in a life free from danger and uncertainty? Contentment and joy? That would be preferable to all else. But if there were any tedium and wretchedness, nothing would be so intolerable.

I have no desire to brood upon the fame and riches we shall win, if our enterprise succeed, for there is much room for hope. If no other good come of this seafaring, I shall deem it precious for freeing us from tedium, and endearing life, and giving worth to much that would otherwise seem unprofitable. The ancient authors wrote, as you have read or heard, of unhappy lovers who cast themselves from the rock of Santa Maura, called Leucadia in that time, into the sea below. When such were delivered safe from the waves, they rested, by grace of Apollo, free from the lust of love. I don't know whether we are to believe that any gained this blessing, but I know well that escape from danger made the life that they hated dearer to them, and by no spell of Apollo,—indeed, more precious than ever before.

Every voyage, it seems to me, is like a leap from the crag of Leucadia, with the same design, but with results more lasting; and it is ethically superior. It is commonly believed that men of war and sea, living constantly under the shadow of death, have less regard for life than have others. And with the same consideration, I hold a contrary opinion: few persons, it seems to me, have so much love and appreciation for life as soldiers and mariners. Our desire for benefits vanishes when they are given us, and so sailors esteem and desire many things that do not even pass for being benefits, merely because they are deprived of them. No one save mariners, and us especially, since the success of our voyage seems so uncertain, could have great desire to see a wisp of coastline. With this thought we awaken, and it lingers last in our mind when we fall asleep. If we saw some distant forest or mountain-top, or any vestige of land, we should go mad with joy. At landing, the mere thought of being on solid earth and of walking back and forth at whim would seem, for a long time, supremest pleasure.

GUTIERREZ—It is all very true, and if your theory proves as true as your justification of it, we cannot fail to have that pleasure one day or another.

COLUMBUS—I dare not promise it too surely, yet I think that moment is not far off. For the past few days, the plummet has struck bottom, and the substance that comes up with it is encouraging. The clouds that circle the sun at evening are different in colour and form. The air, as you can feel, is warmer and softer. The wind does not blow so strongly and steadily, but is broken and wavering, as though it were beating against an obstacle. Add to all this the reed that floated in the water and seemed not long torn from its stem, and the twig of fresh, red berries. The throngs of birds, although they deceived me before, are now so large and frequent that I think no other reason could explain their appearance. And, what is more significant, we saw birds markedly different mingling with these sea-gulls. In brief, all indications taken together, even though I might feign doubt, seem full of hope and promise.

GUTIERREZ—God, this time make it true!

A New England Prophet

By MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

Mary E. Wilkins Freeman

AT HALF-PAST six o'clock a little company of people passed down the village street in the direction of the Lennox farmhouse.

They advanced in silence, stepping along the frozen ridges of the road. It was cold, but there was no snow. There was a young moon shining through thin white clouds like nebulæ.

Now and then, as the company went on, new recruits were gathered from the scattered houses. A man would emerge darkly from a creaking gate, with maybe a second and third dark figure following, with a flirt of feminine draperies. "There's Deacon Scranton," or "There's Thomas Jennings and his wife and Ellen," the people would murmur to one another.

Once a gleam of candle-light from an open door lay across the road in advance, and wavered into darkness with a slam of the door when the company drew near. Then a solitary woman came ponderously down the front walk, seeming to jar the frozen earth with the jolt of her great feminine bulk. "There's Abby Mosely," somebody muttered. Sometimes two young girls fluttered out of a door-yard, clinging together with nervous giggles and outcries, which were soon hushed. They moved along with the others, their little cold fingers clinging together with a rigid clutch. It was as if a strange, solemn atmosphere surrounded this group moving along the country road in the starlit night. Whoever came into their midst felt it, and his emotions changed involuntarily as respiration changes on a mountain-top.

When the party reached a windy hill-top in sight of the lighted windows of the Lennox house in the valley below, it numbered nearly twenty. Half-way down the hill somebody else joined them. He had been standing ahead of them, waiting in the long shadow of a poplar, and they had not discerned him until they were close to him. Then he stepped forward and the shadow of the tree was left motionless. The young girls half screamed, he appeared so suddenly, and their nerves were strained. The elders made a solemn hushed murmur of greeting. They knew as soon as he moved that he was Isaac Penfield. He had a martial carriage of his shoulders, he was a captain in the militia, and he wore an ash-coloured cloak, which distinguished him.

The young girls cast glances, bolder from the darkness, towards his stately ash-coloured shoulders and the pale gleam of his face. Not one of them who had not her own lover but had her innocent secret dreams about this Isaac Penfield. Now, had a light shone out suddenly in the darkness, their dreams would have shown in their faces.

One slender girl slunk softly around in the rear darkness and crept so close to Isaac Penfield that his ash-coloured cloak, swinging out in the wind, brushed her cheek. He did not notice her; indeed, after his first murmur of salutation, he did not speak to any one.

They all went in silence down the hill, and flocked into the yard of the Lennox house. There was a red flicker of light in the kitchen windows from the great hearth fire, but a circle of dark heads and shoulders hid the fire itself from the new-comers. There was evidently a number of people inside.

Deacon Scranton raised the knocker, and the door was opened immediately. Melissa Lennox stood there holding a candle in a brass candlestick, with the soft light streaming upon her fair face. She looked through it with innocent, anxious blue eyes at the company. "Won't you walk in?" she said, tremulously, and the people passed into the south entry, and through the door on the left into the great Lennox kitchen.

Some dozen persons who had come from the other end of the village were already there.

Isaac Penfield entered last. Melissa did not see him until he stepped suddenly within her radius of candle-light. Then she started, and bent her head before him, blushing. The candle shook in her outstretched hand.

Isaac Penfield took the candle without a word and set it on the stairs. Then he took Melissa's slim right hand in his, and stood a moment looking down at her bent head, with its parted gloss of hair. His forehead was frowning, and yet he half smiled with tender triumph.

"Come out in the front yard with me a moment," he whispered. He pulled her with gentle force towards the door, and the girl yielded, after a faint murmur of expostulation.

Out in the front yard Isaac Penfield folded a corner of his ash-coloured cloak around Melissa's slender shoulders.

"Now I want you to tell me, Melissa," he whispered. "You are not still carried away by all this?" He jerked his head towards the kitchen windows.

Melissa trembled against the young man's side under the folds of his cloak.

"You are not, after all I said to you, Melissa?"

She nodded against his breast, with a faint sob.

"I hoped you would do as I asked you, and cut loose from this folly," Isaac Penfield said, sternly.

"Father—says—it's true. Oh, I am afraid—I am afraid! My sins are so great, and I cannot hide from the eyes of the Lord. I am afraid!"

Isaac Penfield tightened his clasp of the girl's trembling figure, and bent his head low down over hers. "Melissa, dear, can't you listen to me?" he whispered.

Suddenly the kitchen door opened, and a new light streamed across the entry.

"Melissa, where be you?" called a woman's voice, high-pitched and melancholy.

"There's mother calling," Melissa said, in a frightened whisper, and she broke away and ran into the house.

Her mother stood in the kitchen door. "Where have you been?" she began. Then she stopped, and looked at Isaac Penfield with a half-shrinking, half-antagonistic air. This stalwart young man, radiant with the knowledge of his own strength, represented to this delicate woman, who was held to the earth more by the tension of nerves than the weight of matter, the very pride of life, the material power which she was to fear and fight for herself and for her daughter.

"I thought I would step into your meeting to-night, if I were permitted," Isaac Penfield said.

Mrs. Lennox looked at him with deep blue eyes under high, thin temples. "All are permitted who listen to the truth with the right spirit," said she, and turned shortly and glided into the kitchen. Melissa and Isaac followed.

The company sat in wide semicircles, three deep, before the fire. In the open space between the first semicircle and the fire, his wide armchair on the bricks of the broad hearth, half facing the company, sat Solomon Lennox. Near him sat his deaf-and-dumb son Alonzo. He held up a large slate so the firelight fell upon it, and marked upon it with a grating pencil. He screwed his face with every stroke, so it seemed that one watching attentively might discern the picture itself from his changing features.

Alonzo Lennox was fourteen years old, but he looked no more than ten, and he had been deaf and dumb from his birth. The firelight gave a reddish tinge to his silvery blond hair, spreading out stiffly from the top of his head over his ears like the thatch of a hut. His delicate irregular profile bent over the slate; now and then a spasm of silent merriment shook his narrow chest, and the surrounding people looked at him with awe. They regarded it as the mystic ecstasy of a seer.

Melissa and her mother had slid softly through the semicircles to the chairs they had left. Isaac Penfield stood on the outskirts, towering over all the people, refusing a seat which somebody offered him. He threw off his ash-coloured cloak and held it on his arm. His costume of fine broadcloth and flowered satin and glittering buttons surpassed any there, as did his face and his height and his carriage; and, more than all, he stood among the others raised upon a spiritual eminence, unseen, but none the less real, which his ancestors had reared for him before his birth. The Penfield name had been a great one in that vicinity for three generations. Once Penfields had owned the larger part of the township. Isaac's father, and his grandfather before him, had been esquires, and held as nearly the position of lords of this little village as was possible in New

England. Now this young man was the last of his race, living, with his housekeeper and an old servant, in the Penfield homestead; and the village adulation which had been accorded to his ancestors was his also in a large measure.

To-night, as he entered, people glanced at him, away from Alonzo and his slate, but only for a moment. The matter under discussion that night was too solemn and terrible to be lost sight of long.

In about ten minutes after Isaac Penfield entered, the boy gave a shout, grating and hideous, with a discord of human thoughts and senses in it. A shudder passed over the company like a wind.

Alonzo Lennox sprang up and waved the slate, and his father reached out for it. "Give it to me," he demanded, sternly, as if the boy could hear. But Alonzo gave another shout, and leaped aside, and waved the slate out of his father's reach. Then he danced lightly up and down on the tips of his toes, shaking his head and flinging out fantastic heels. His shock of hair flew out wildly, and looked like a luminous crown; the firelight struck his dilated eyes, and they gleamed red.

The people watched him with sobbing breaths and pale faces, all except Isaac Penfield and one other. Isaac stood looking at him, with his mouth curling in a scornful smile. Solomon Lennox stood aside with a startled air, then he caught the boy firmly by the arm and grasped the slate.

Alonzo grinned impishly in his father's face, then he let go the slate, and sank down on his stool in the chimney-corner. There he sat submissive and inactive, except for the cunning, sharp flash of his blue eyes under his thatch of hair.

Solomon Lennox held the slate to the light and looked at it, while the people waited breathless, their pale intent faces bent forward. Then he handed the slate, without a word, to the man at the end of the first semicircle, and it was circulated through the entire company. As one passed the slate to another a shuddering thrill like an electric shock seemed to be passed with it, and there was a faint murmur of horror.

Isaac Penfield held the slate longest, and examined it closely. Drawn with a free hand, which certainly gave evidence of some inborn artistic skill aside from aught else were great sweeping curves of wings upbearing an angel with a trumpet at his mouth. Under his feet were lashing tongues as of flames, with upturned faces of agony in the midst of them. And everywhere, between the wings and the angel and the flames and the faces, were, in groups of five, those grotesque little symbols of the sun, a disk with human features therein, which one sees in the almanacs.

After Isaac Penfield had finished looking at the mystic slate he passed it to Solomon Lennox's elder brother, Simeon, who sat at his right. The old man's hard shaven jaws widened in a sardonic grin; his small black eyes twinkled derisively over the drawings. "Pretty pictures," he said, half aloud. Then he passed the slate along with a contemptuous chuckle, which was heard in the solemn stillness all over the room.

Solomon Lennox gave a furious glance in his brother's direction. "This is no time nor season for scoffers!" cried he. And his voice seemed to shock the air like a musket-shot.

Simeon Lennox chuckled again. Solomon's right hand clinched. He arose; then sat down again, with his mouth compressed. He sat still until the slate had gone its rounds and returned to the boy, who sat contemplating it with uncouth delight; then he stood up, and the words flowed from his mouth in torrents. Never at a loss for subject-matter of speech was Solomon Lennox. By the fluency of his discourse he might well have been thought inspired. He spoke of visions of wings and holy candlesticks and beasts and cups of abomination as if he had with his own eyes seen them like the prophet of old. He expounded strange and subtle mathematical calculations and erratic interpretations of history as applied to revelation with a fervour which brought conviction to his audience. He caught the slate from his deaf-and-dumb son, and explained the weird characters thereon. The five suns were five days. Five times the sun should arise in the east, as it had done from the creation; then should the angel, upborne on those great white wings, sound his trumpet, and the flames burst forth from the lower pit, and those upturned faces in the midst of them gnash with despair.

"Repent, for the day of the Lord is at hand!" shouted Solomon Lennox at the close of his arguments, and his voice itself rang like a trumpet full of all intonations and reverberations, of awe and dread. "Repent, for the great and dreadful day of the Lord is at hand! Repent while there is yet time, while there is yet a foothold on the shore of the lake of fire! Repent,

repent! Prepare your ascension robes! Renounce the world, and all the lust and the vanity thereof! Repent, for the day of judgment is here! Soon shall ye choke with the smoke of the everlasting burning, soon shall your eyes be scorched with the fiery scroll of the heavens, your ears be deafened with the blast of the trumpet of wrath, and the cry against you of your own sins! Repent, repent, repent!"

Solomon Lennox's slight figure writhed with his own emotion as with internal fire; the veins swelled out on his high bald forehead; his eyes blazed with fanatical light. Aside from the startling nature of his discourse, he himself was a marvel, and a terror to his neighbours. His complete deviation from a former line of life produced among them the horror of the supernatural. He affected them like his own ghost. He had always been a man of few and quiet words, who had never expressed his own emotions in public beyond an inaudible, muttered prayer at a conference meeting, and now this flood of fiery eloquence from him seemed like a very convulsion of human nature.

When a great physical malady is epidemic there are often isolated cases in remote localities whose connection with the main disturbance cannot be established. So in this little New England village, far from a railroad, scarcely reached by the news of the day, Solomon Lennox had developed within himself, with seeming spontaneity, some of the startling tenets of Joseph Miller, and had established his own small circle of devoted disciples and followers. It was as if some germs of a great spiritual disturbance had sought, through some unknown medium, this man's mind as their best ripening place.

After Solomon has arisen one night in conference meeting and poured forth his soul to his startled neighbours in a strain of fiery prophecy, Millerite publications had been sent for, and he had strengthened his own theories with those of the original leader, although in many respects his maintained a distinct variance.

The effect of Solomon's prophecies had been greatly enhanced by the drawings of his deaf-and-dumb son. Alonzo Lennox's slate, covered with rude representations of beasts and trumpets and winged creatures—the weird symbolic figures of the prophet Daniel—had aroused a tumult of awe and terror in the village. And the more so because the boy had never learned the language of the deaf and dumb, and had no ordinary and comprehensible means of acquiring information upon such topics.

To-night, as his father spoke, he kept his blue eyes upon his face with such a keen look that it seemed almost impossible that he did not hear and comprehend every word. Unbelievers in this new movement were divided between the opinion that Lonny Lennox had heard more than folks had given him credit for right along, and the one that he understood by some strange power which the loss of other faculties had sharpened.

"The boy has developed the sixth sense," Isaac Penfield thought as he watched his intent face upturned towards his father's; and he also thought impatiently that he should be cuffed and sent to bed for his uncanny sharpness. He grew more and more indignant as the time went on and the excitement deepened. He watched Melissa grow paler and paler, and finally press her slender hands over her face, and shake with sobs, and made a sudden motion as if he would go to her. Then he restrained himself, and muttered something between his teeth.

Old Simeon Lennox watched him curiously, then he hit him in the side with a sharp elbow. "Made up your mind to go up in our family chariot on the last day?" he whispered, with a hoarse whistle of breath in Isaac's ear. Then he leaned back, with a long cackle of laughter in his throat, which was unheard in the din of his brother's raging voice and the responsive groans and sobs.

Isaac Penfield coloured, and kept his eyes straight forward and his head up with a haughty air. Presently the old man nudged him again, with the sharpness of malice protected by helplessness. "Guess," he whispered, craning up to the young man's handsome, impatient face—"guess you 'ain't much opinion of all this darned tomfoolery neither."

Isaac shook his head fiercely.

"Well," said the old man, "let 'em go it," and he cackled with laughter again.

After Solomon Lennox had finished his fervid appeal, two or three offered prayers, and many testified and confessed sins, and professed repentance, and terror of the wrath to come, in hoarse, strained voices, half drowned by sobs and cries.

It was nearly midnight before Solomon Lennox declared the meeting at a close, and recommended the brethren and sisters to repair to their homes, not to sleep, but to pray, and appointed another session for the

next forenoon, for these meetings of terror-stricken and contrite souls were held three times a day—morning, afternoon, and evening. In those days the housewives' kitchen tables were piled high with unwashed dishes, the hearths were unswept and the fires low, the pantry shelves were bare, and often the children went to bed with only the terrors of the judgment for sustenance.

In those days the cattle grew lean, and stood lowing piteously long after nightfall at the pasture bars. Even the horses turned in their stalls at every footfall and whinnied for food. Men lost all thought for their earthly goods in their fierce concern for their own souls.

The people flocked out of Solomon Lennox's kitchen, some with rapt eyes, some white-faced and trembling, huddling together as if with a forlorn hope that human companionship might avail somewhat even against divine judgment. The deaf-and-dumb boy went sleepily out of the room and up-stairs with his candle, leaving his slate on the hearthstone. Isaac Penfield stood a few minutes looking irresolutely at Melissa, who sat still with her hands pressed tightly over her face, as if she were weeping. Her mother stood near her, talking to Abby Mosely, who was Simeon Lennox's housekeeper. The woman was fairly gasping with emotion; her broad shawled bosom heaved.

"Repent!" cried Mrs. Lennox, loud, in her ears, like an echo of her husband. "Repent; there is yet time! There are five days before the heavens open! Repent!" Her nervous hands served to intensify her weak, straining voice. They pointed and threatened in the woman's piteous, scared face. Isaac started to approach Melissa; then her mother half turned and seemed to shriek out her warning cry towards him, and he tossed his gray cloak over his shoulders, strode out of the room, and out of the house.

Old Simeon Lennox lingered behind the others.

"I'm a-comin' right along, Abby," he called to his housekeeper when she started to leave the room. "If ye go to bed afore I come, mind ye put the cat out, so she won't get afoul of that pig meat in the pantry." Simeon spoke with cool disregard of the distressed sobs and moans with which the woman was making her exit.

"D'ye hear what I say, Abby?" he called, sharply, when she did not reply.

The housekeeper groaned a faint assent over her shoulder as she crossed the threshold.

"Well, mind ye don't forgit it," said Simeon, "for I tell ye what 'tis, if that cat does git afoul of that pig meat, there'll be a jedgment afore Thursday."

The old man clamped leisurely across the room, drew an arm-chair close to the fire, and settled into it with a grunting yawn.

"Fire feels good," he remarked. His voice was thick, for he had tobacco in his mouth.

"Woe be unto you, Simeon Lennox, if you can still think of the comfort of your poor body which will soon be ashes," cried his sister-in-law. She waved before him like a pale flame; her white face seemed fairly luminous.

Simeon shifted his tobacco into one cheek as he stared at her. "You'd better go to bed, Sophy Anne; you're gittin' high-stericky," said he, and chewed again.

"Woe be unto you, fer the bed you shall lie on, unless you repent, Simeon Lennox!"

"Look at here, Sophy Anne," said Simeon, "ain't you got no mince-pies in the house?"

Mrs. Lennox looked at him, speechless, for a moment.

"If you have," Simeon went on, "I wish you'd give me a piece. I 'ain't had no mince-pie fit to eat I dun'no' when. Abby Mosely wa'n't never much of a cook, and sence she's took to goin' to your meetin' here three times a day, it's much as ever's I get anything. It ain't no more'n fair, Sophy Anne, that you should give me a piece of mince-pie, if you've got any."

Mrs. Lennox broke in upon him with a cry which was almost a shriek. "I shall make no more pies in this world, Simeon Lennox. Woe be unto you! Woe be unto you if you think of such things in the face of death and eternal condemnation!"

Solomon Lennox had followed the departing people into the yard. His exhorting voice could still be heard out there, for the doors were open.

Simeon looked around and shivered. "If you 'ain't got no mince-pie, I wish you'd shet that door, Sophy Anne," he said.

Sophia Anne Lennox stood looking at him for a minute. He chuckled in her face. She snatched a candle from the shelf and went out of the room with an air of desperation.

Melissa rose up and crept after her, her face like a drooping white flower, gliding so closely in her mother's wake that she

seemed to have no individual motion of her own. Simeon looked hard at her as she went.

"Sophy Anne is wiry," he said, when his brother came in. "She'll go it all right if the wires don't snap, an' I reckon they won't; but you'd better look out for Melissy. She can't stan' such tearin' work as this very long. She'll have a fever or somethin'."

"What matters that?" cried Solomon. "What matters any tribulation of the flesh when the end of all flesh is at hand?" His voice was hoarse with his long clamour. He leaned over and shook a nervous fist impressively before his brother's face.

Simeon chewed on, and looked at the fist without winking. "You don't mean to say, Solomon Lennox," said he at length, "that you believe all this darned tomfoolery?"

His brother looked at him with solemn wrath. "Do I believe revelation and the prophets?" he cried. "Woe be unto all scoffers, even though they be my own flesh and blood!"

"Now, Solomon, I'll jest stump ye to point out any passage in the Scripturs that says, up an' down, square an' fair, that the world's comin' to an end next Thursday. I'll jest stump ye to do it."

"There are passages that point to the truth, and I have repeated them to-night," replied Solomon, hotly.

"Passages that ye've had to twist hindside foremost, an' bottom-side up, an' add, an' subtract, an' divide, an' multiply, an' hammer, an' saw, an' bile down, an' take to a grist mill, afore you got at the meanin' you wan ted," returned his brother, contemptuously. "That ain't the kind of passage I'm after. There's too much two-facedness an' double-dealin' about the Scripturs anyway, judgin' by some of you folks. What I want is a square up an' down passage that says, without no chance of its meanin' anything else, 'The world is comin' to an end next week Thursday.' I stump ye to show me sech a passage as that. *Ye can't do it!*"

The habits of a lifetime are strong even in strained and exalted states, acting like the lash of a familiar whip. Solomon Lennox was the younger brother; all his life he had borne a certain docility of attitude toward Simeon, which asserted itself now.

The fervid orator stood for a moment silent before this skeptical, sneering elder brother. "I'd like to know how you account for Lonny's drawin's," he said at length, in a tone which he might have used when bullied by Simeon in their boyhood.

"Drawin's," drawled Simeon, and sarcasm itself seemed to hiss in the final "s"—"dr-r-awin's! The little scamp is sharp as steel, an' he's watched an' he's eyed till he's put two an' two together. It's easy enough to account for the drawin's. The air here has been so thick lately with wings an' wheels an' horns an' trumpets an' everlastin' fire that anybody that wa'n't an idjit could breathe it in. An' I miss my guess if his mother 'ain't showed him the picturs in the big Bible mor'n once when you've been talkin', an' pointed out the hearth fire an' the candlesticks an' the powder-horn. Sophy Anne's sharp, an' she's done more to learn that boy than anybody knows of, though I've got my doubts now as to how straight he's really got it in his mind. Lord, them drawin's ain't nothin'. Solomon Lennox, you can't look me in the face an' say that you actilly believe all this darned tomfoolery!"

Solomon for these few minutes had been on the old level of a brotherly argument, but now he arose suddenly to his latter heights.

"I believe that the end of the world is near, that the great and dreadful day of the Lord is at hand, accordin' to prophecy and revelation," he proclaimed, and his eyes shone under his high forehead as under a majestic dome of thought and inspiration.

Simeon whistled. "Ye don't, though. Look at here, Solomon; tell ye what I'll do. I'll put ye to the test. Look at here, you say the world's comin' to an end next Thursday. Well, it stands to reason if it is, that you 'ain't got no more need of temporal goods. S'pose—you give me a deed of this 'ere farm?"

Solomon stared at his brother.

Simeon shook his fist at him slowly. "*Ye won't do it,*" he said, with a triumphant chuckle.

"I *will* do it."

"Git Lawyer Bascombe to draw up the papers to-morrow?"

"*I will.*"

"Me to take possession by daylight next Friday mornin', if the world don't come to an end Thursday night?"

"*Yes,*" replied Solomon, hurling the word at his brother like a stone.

Simeon got up and buttoned his coat over his lean chest. "Well," said he, "I've had pretty hard luck. I've lost three

wives, and I've been burnt out twice, an' the last house ain't none too tight. I'll move right in here next Friday mornin' at daylight. Mebbe I'll get married again."

"Much good will the heaping up of barns an' storehouses do when you hear the voice of the Lord saying, 'Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee,'" returned his brother; but he spoke the fervid words with a certain feebleness. All his life since he was a boy had Solomon Lennox toiled and saved to own this noble farm. The bare imagination of giving it up to another cost him much, although he firmly believed that in a week's space it would be only a modicum of the blackened ashes of a world. He stood the test of his faith, but he felt the scorch of sacrificial flame.

"It ain't me that's the fool," said Simeon, shrugging himself into his great-coat. "I ain't goin' to hang back with my soul when it's required of me, but I ain't goin' to keep chuckin' of it in the face of the Lord afore He's ready for it, like some folks I know. Them's the fools. When 'll you be down to Lawyer Bascombe's to-morrow, Solomon, to deed away these barns an' storehouses that you 'ain't no more use for?"

"I'll be down there at nine o'clock to-morrow mornin'."

"All right; you can count on me," said Simeon. He went out, and Solomon bolted the door after him promptly. But he had no sooner returned to the kitchen than there came a sharp tap on the window, and there was Simeon's hard leering old face pressed against the pane. "You'll—have—to—fetch Sophy Anne down there to-morrow," he called. "She'll—have to sign that deed too, or it won't stan'."

"All right," shouted Solomon, and the face at the window, with a parting nod, disappeared.

Lawyer Bascombe's office was in the center of the village, over the store. A steep flight of stairs at the right of the store led to it. Up these stairs, at nine o'clock the next morning, climbed Solomon Lennox and his wife Sophia Anne, with pale devoted faces, and signed away all their earthly goods as an evidence of their faith.

In some way the matter had become known in the village. When Solomon and Sophia Anne came down the stairs there was quite a crowd before the door, standing back with awed curiosity to let them pass. Simeon Lennox did not leave at once after the signing of the deed. When he appeared in the doorway with a roll of paper in his hand the crowd had dispersed.

Without any doubt this act of Solomon Lennox and his wife materially strengthened their cause. When it became known that they had actually signed away their property in their confidence that days of property-holding were over, even scoffers began to look serious. That evening the meeting at Solomon Lennox's house numbered a third more than usual. The next evening it was doubled, and the best room as well as the kitchen was filled. Solomon stood at the foot of the stairs in the entry between the rooms and exhorted, while the deaf-and-dumb boy's slate circulated among the awe-stricken people.

Isaac Penfield came to no more meetings, and he did not see Melissa again until Tuesday. Late Tuesday afternoon she went up to the village store with a basket of eggs. The days of barter were nearly over, as she had been taught to believe, but there was no molasses in the house, and the poor deaf-and-dumb boy was weeping for it with uncouth grief, and could not be comforted by the prospect of eternal joys. When Melissa came out of the store with the bottle of molasses in her basket, Isaac Penfield's bay mare and chaise were drawn up before the platform, and Isaac stood waiting. Melissa started and coloured when she saw him.

"Get in, please," he said, motioning her toward the chaise.

She looked at him falteringly.

"Get in, please, Melissa; I want to speak to you."

The bay mare was restive, tossing her head and pawing with one delicate forefoot. Isaac could scarcely keep her quiet until Melissa got in. When he took the reins she gave a leap forward, and the chaise swung about with a lurch. Isaac threw himself back and held the reins taut; the mare flew down the road, pulling hard on her bits; the chaise rocked high on the frozen road. Melissa sat still, her delicate face retired within the dark depths of her silk hood.

Isaac did not speak to her until they reached the foot of a long hill. "I want to ask you something," he said then, with a wary eye still on the straining shoulders of the mare. "I want to ask you again to give this up."

Melissa did not speak.

"Won't you promise me?"

"I can't," she said, faintly.

"You can if you will." Suddenly Isaac

leaned over her. "Won't you promise *me*, Melissa?"

She shrank away from him. "I—can't. I believe father."

"Melissa, you don't."

"I do," said she, with a despairing sob.

Isaac Penfield bent his face down close to hers. "Can't you believe me as well as your father? Melissa, look at me."

Melissa bent her head down over her hands.

"Look at me, Melissa."

She raised her head slowly as if there were a constraining hand under her chin, and her eyes met his.

"Can't you, Melissa?"

Fair locks of hair fell over the girl's gentle cheeks; her soft mouth quivered. It seemed as if her piteous blue eyes were upheld only by the look in the young man's, and as if all the individual thought and purpose in her face and her whole soul were being overcast by his imperious will, but she shook her head.

"Can't you, Melissa?"

She shook her head again.

Isaac Penfield's face turned white. He touched the whip to the mare, and she gave a sharp bound forward. They had not much farther to go. Neither of them spoke again until Isaac assisted Melissa out of the chaise at her own gate.

"Good-bye," he said then, shortly.

Melissa looked up at him and caught her breath. She could not speak. Isaac sprang into his chaise, and was out of the yard with a sharp grate of wheels, and she went into the house.

Her mother was setting chairs in order for the evening meeting. She looked up sharply as Melissa entered.

"Who was that brought you home?" said she.

"Isaac Penfield," replied Melissa, turning her face from her mother's eyes.

"I hope you ain't letting your thoughts dwell on anything of that kind now," said her mother.

"I met him as I was coming out of the store, and he asked me to ride. I sha'n't ever see him again," Melissa returned, faintly.

The deaf-and-dumb boy had been dozing with gaping mouth in his chimney-corner. Now he waked, and caught sight of his sister and the basket, and hastened to her with a cry of uncouth hunger and greediness.

"In a minute, sonny," Melissa said, in a sobbing voice; "wait a minute." She held the basket aloof while she removed her hood and shawl.

"You may see him on his way to the outer darkness," said her mother, with solemn vindictiveness.

"Mother, he has repented; he is a member of the church," Melissa cried out, with sudden sharpness.

"Repentance avails nothing without faith," returned her mother, setting down a chair so heavily that the deaf-and-dumb boy started at the concussion and looked about him wonderingly.

"He has repented; he is a member of the church; he is safe," Melissa cried again.

"I tell you he is not," said her mother.

Melissa went into the pantry with her brother at her elbow, and prepared for him a plate of bread and molasses. The tears fell over her cheeks, but Alonzo noticed nothing. His greedy eyes were fixed on the food. When it was ready for him he sat down on his stool in the chimney-corner and devoured it with loud smacks of his lips. That was all the evening meal prepared in the Lennox house that night. After the chairs were set in order for the meeting, Melissa and her mother sat down close to the fire and sewed on some white stuff which flowed in voluminous folds over their knees to the floor. Solomon came in presently, and seated himself with the great Bible on his knees. He read silently, but now and then gesticulated fiercely, as if he read aloud.

The meeting began at half-past six. About a quarter of an hour before, the outer door was heard opening, and there was a shuffling step and a clearing cough in the entry.

"It's your uncle Simeon," whispered Mrs. Lennox to Melissa, and her mouth took on a severer tension.

Solomon frowned over the Holy Writ on his knee.

Simeon advanced into the room, his heavy boots clapping the floor with a dull clatter as of wood, dispelling the solemn stillness. His grinning old face, blue with the cold, was sunk in the collar of his great-coat. He rubbed his hands together as he approached the fire.

"Well, how are ye all?" he remarked, with a chuckle, as if there were a joke in the speech.

Nobody replied. Simeon pulled a chair up close to the fire and sat down.

"It's tarnal cold," said he, leaning over and spreading out his old hands to the blaze.

"The brands are all ready for the burning," said his sister-in-law, in a hollow, trembling voice. She drew a long thread through the white stuff on her knee.

Simeon turned suddenly and looked at her with a flash of small bright eyes. Then he laughed. "Lord bless ye, Sophy Anne, I forgot how tarnal hot you folks are calculatin' to have it day after to-morrow," said he. "Well, if you fail in your calculations, an' the cold continues, I shall be mighty glad to come in here. My house is darned cold this weather, and Abby Mosely ain't particular 'bout the doors; seems to me sometimes as if I was settin' in a hurricane the heft of the time, and as if my idees were gettin' on a slant. Abby thinks she's goin' up Thursday, and I wish in thunder she would. I wouldn't have her another day, if she wa'n't a lone woman and nowheres to go. She ain't no kind of a cook. Look at here, Sophy Anne——"

Mrs. Lennox sewed on with compressed lips.

"Sophy Anne, look at here. You ain't got no mince-pies on hand now, have you?"

"No, I ain't."

"Well, I didn't s'pose you'd made any, you've been so busy gettin' ready to fly lately. Look at here, Sophy Anne, don't you feel as if you could roll me out a few mince-pies to-morrow, hey?"

Mrs. Lennox looked at him.

"I dun'no' when I've eat a decent mince-pie," pursued Simeon. "Abby Mosely keeps the commandments, but she can't make pies that's fit to eat. I ain't had a mince-pie I could eat since my last wife died. I wish you'd contrive an' roll me out a few, Sophy Anne. Your mince-pies used to go ahead of Maria's; she always said they did. If the world don't come to an end day after to-morrow, I'd take a sight of comfort with 'em, and I'll be darned, if it does come to an end, if I don't think I'd have a chance to eat one or two of 'em before the fire got round to me. Can't ye do it, Sophy Anne, nohow?"

"No, I can't."

"Can't ye roll me out just half a dozen mince-pies?"

"I will never roll out a mince-pie for you, Simeon Lennox," said Sophia Anne, with icy fervour.

"Ye never will?"

"No, I never will." Sophia Anne's stern eyes in their hollow blue orbits met his.

Simeon chuckled; then he turned to his brother. "Well, Sol'mon, s'pose you're flappin' all ready to fly?" he said.

Solomon made no reply. He frowned over the great volume on his knees. The deaf-and-dumb boy had set his empty plate on the hearth and fallen asleep again, with his head tilted against the jamb. Melissa sewed, her pale face bent closely over her work.

"Hear ye are goin' to fly from Penfield's hill?" said Simeon.

Still Solomon said nothing.

"Well, I s'pose that's as good a place as any," said Simeon, "though 'tain't a very high hill. I should 'most think you'd want a higher hill than Penfield's. I s'pose you'll be kind of unhandy with your wings at first, an' start off something like hens. But then I s'pose a few feet more or less won't make no odds when they get fairly to workin'. I heard the women was makin' flyin'-petticoats. Them what you're to work on, Sophy Anne, you and Melissy?"

Sophia Anne gave one look at him, then she took a stitch.

"Abby Mosely's to work on one, I guess," said Simeon. "She's ben a-settin' in a heap of white cloth a-sewin' for three days. I came in once, an' she was tryin' of it on, an' she slipped out of it mighty sudden. All I've got to say is she'll cut a queer figure flyin'. She's pretty hefty. I miss my guess if she don't find it a job to strike out at first. Now I should think you might take to flyin' pretty natural, Sophy Anne."

Mrs. Lennox's pale face was flushed with anger, but she sewed on steadily.

"As for Melissy," said Simeon, in his chuckling drawl, "I ruther guess she could fly without much practice too. She's built light; but it strikes me she'd better have a weddin'-gown than a flyin'-petticoat. Young Penfield goin' to fly with you, Melissy?"

Solomon Lennox closed the Bible with a great clap. "I'll have no more of this!" he said, with a shout of long-repressed fury.

"Now, Solomon, don't ye get riled so near the end of the world," drawled his brother, getting up slowly. "I'm a-goin'. I ain't goin' to be the means of makin' you backslide when ye're so nigh the top of Zion's Hill. I'm a-goin' home. I don't s'pose I shall get no supper on account of Abby's hurryin' up on her flyin'-petticoat. Sure you ain't goin' to make them mince-pies for me, Sophy Anne?"

"Yes, I be sure."

The brother-in-law thrust his sharp old face down close to Sophia Anne's. "Sure?" he repeated.

Sophia Anne started back and stared at him. There was something strange in his manner.

The old man laughed, and straightened himself. "Well, I'm a-goin'," said he. "Good-bye. Mebbe I sha'n't see ye again before ye fly. Hope ye'll light easy. Good-bye."

After Simeon had closed the door, he opened it again, and thrust his sharp features through a narrow aperture. "Look at here, Solomon," said he. "Mind ye leave the key in the door when ye go out to fly Thursday night. I want to come right in." Then Simeon shut the door again, but his malicious laugh could be plainly heard in the entry.

He did not go straight home as he had said, but up the road to Lawyer Bascombe's office. When he returned, the meeting in his brother's house was in session, and the windows were dark with heads against the red firelight. Old Simeon stared up at them, and laughed aloud to himself as he went by. "Sophy Anne won't make me no mince-pies. She's sure on't," he said, and laughed again.

The next day all the ordinary routine of life seemed at a standstill in the village. The storekeeper had become a convert, the store was closed, and the green inside shutters were fastened. Now and then a village loafer lounged disconsolately up, shook the door on its rattling lock, stared at the shuttered windows, then lounged away, muttering. The summer resting-place of his kind, the long, bewhittled wooden bench on the store platform, could not be occupied that wintry day. The air was clear, and the dry pastures were white and stiff with the hoar-frost; the slants of the roofs glistened with it in the sun. The breaths of the people going to and from Solomon Lennox's house were like white smoke. The meeting began at dawn. Children were dragged hither at their parents' heels, cold and breakfastless. Not a meal was cooked that day in the houses of Solomon Lennox's followers. All the precious hours were spent in fasting and prayer. Toward night the excitement deepened. There was present within the village a spiritual convulsion as real as any other convulsion of nature, and as truly although more subtly felt. Even they who had scoffed and laughed at this new movement from the first, and were now practically untouched by it, grew nervous and ill at ease toward night as from the gathering of a storm. The air seemed charged with electricity, generated by the touch of human thoughts and faith with the Unknown. The unbelievers pressed their faces against the window-panes, shading their eyes from the light within as the dusk deepened, or stood out in their yards watching the sky, half fearful they should indeed see some sign or marvel therein.

But the night came on, and the stars shone out in their order as they had done from the first, and there was no sign but the old one of eternal love and beauty in the sky. The moon arose at nine o'clock, nearly at her full. That, from some interpretation of symbolical characters on the deaf-and-dumb boy's slate, had been fixed upon as the hour of meeting upon Penfield's hill. The solemn and dreadful moment which was to mark the climax of all creation was expected between that hour and dawn.

At half-past eight white-robed figures began to move along the road. People peeped around their curtains to see them pass; now and then belated children ran shrieking with terror into the houses at sight of them.

Beside the road, close to the gate which led to the wide field at the foot of Penfield's hill, under the shadow of a clump of hemlocks, Isaac Penfield had been waiting since quarter past eight o'clock. When the white company came in sight he drew farther back within the shadow, scanning the people eagerly as they passed.

Solomon Lennox and Deacon Scranton let down the bars, and the people passed through silently, crowding each other whitely like a flock of sheep. Sophia Anne, the deaf-and-dumb boy holding fast to her hand, was among the first.

Isaac had expected to see Melissa close to her mother; but she had become separated from her and came among the last.

Her slender figure was hidden in her flowing white robes, but there was no mistaking her gentle faltering gait, and the delicate bend of her fair uncovered head.

Isaac stepped forward suddenly, threw his arm around Melissa, and drew her back with him within the shadow of the hemlocks. Nobody saw it but Abby Mosely, Simeon Lennox's housekeeper, and she was too panic-stricken to heed it intelligently; she went panting on after the others in her voluminous white robe, and left Melissa alone with Isaac Penfield.

Isaac pressed Melissa's head close to his breast, leaned his face down to hers, and whispered long in her ear. She listened trembling and unresisting; then she broke

away from him weakly. "I can't, I can't," she moaned. But he caught her again, and whispered again with his lips close to her soft pale cheek, and frequent kisses between the words.

"Come, now, sweetheart," he said at length, and attempted to draw her with him into the road; but she pulled herself away from him again, and stood warding him off with her white-draped arms.

"I can't, I can't," she moaned again. "I must go with father and mother."

"I tell you they are wrong; can't you believe me?"

"I—must—go with them."

"No; come with me, Melissa."

Melissa, still with her arms raised against him, looked away over the meadow, full of moving white figures. The moon shone out over it, and it gleamed like a field of Paradise peopled with angels. Then she looked up in her lover's face, and suddenly it was to her as if she saw therein the new earth of all her dreams.

Solomon Lennox and his followers kept on to Penfield's hill, which arose before them crowned with silver, and Isaac Penfield hastened down the road to the village, half carrying Melissa's little white-clad figure, wrapped against the cold in his own gray cloak.

Early the next morning a small company of pallid shivering people crept through the village to their homes. Many had weakened and deserted long before dawn, chilled to their very thoughts and fancies by their long vigil on the hill-top. Young girls ran home, crying aloud like children, and men half dragged hysterical wives rigid with chills. Solomon Lennox and his wife remained until the dawn light shone; then he beckoned to her and the whimpering deaf-and-dumb boy, and led the way down the hill without a word. He never looked at the rest of the company, but they followed silently.

The Penfield house was about a quarter of a mile from the pasture bars. When they reached it, Isaac stood waiting at the gate. He went up to Solomon, who was passing without a look, and touched his arm with an impatient yet respectful gesture. "You and Mrs. Lennox and Lonny had better come in here, I think," he said.

Solomon was moving on with dull obstinacy, but Isaac laid his hand on his arm. "I—think you have—forgotten," he said. "I am sorry, but—your brother Simeon has—taken possession of your house."

Solomon stared at him dully. He did not seem to comprehend. Sophia Anne looked as blue and bloodless in her white robe as if she were dead. She had scarce more control of her trembling tongue than if it were paralyzed, but her highly strung feminine nerves gave out vibrations still.

"Has Simeon took possession?" she demanded, fiercely.

Isaac Penfield nodded. "I think it would be pleasanter for you to come in here now," he said. Then he hesitated, and coloured suddenly. "Your daughter is in here," he added.

Sophia Anne gave a keen glance at him. Then she turned in at the gate with a sharp twitch at the arm of the deaf-and-dumb boy, who was making strange cries and moans, like a distressed animal. "Come, father," she called, impatiently; and Solomon also entered the Penfield gate with a piteous, dazed air.

In the great south room of the Penfield house were Melissa and Mrs. Martha Joyce, the housekeeper. Mrs. Joyce was mixing something in a steaming bowl; Melissa sat still, gazing at the fire. She was dressed in a blue satin gown and fine lace tucker, which had belonged to Isaac Penfield's mother. Madam Penfield had been nearly Melissa's size, and the gown fitted her slender figure daintily. She sat with her fair head bent, the colour coming and going in her soft cheeks, as if from her own thoughts. Her little hands were folded in her blue satin lap, and on one finger gleamed a great pearl, which Madam Penfield had used to wear.

When the door opened and her parents entered, she half started up, with a great blush; then she sank back, trembling and pale.

Isaac Penfield crossed over to her, and laid his hand on her shoulder. "She is my wife," he said. "We were married last night."

Sophia Anne made a faint gesture, which might have expressed anything. Solomon staggered to a chair without a look. In truth, when they entered the warm room, and the long strain of resistance against cold and fatigue ceased, exhaustion overcame them. Mrs. Joyce administered hot porridge and cordials, and Melissa knelt down in her blue satin and rubbed her mother's benumbed hands.

Solomon took whatever was offered him, meekly, like a child. His face was changed; the look which it had worn during the greater part of his life, the expression of

himself within his old worn channel, had returned.

He was sitting by the fire, sipping cordial, when his brother Simeon came in; he had not even noticed the brazen clang of the knocker.

Simeon came tiptoeing around in front of his brother, thrust down his face on a level with his, and peered at him with a sharp twinkle of black eyes. Then he looked at Sophia Anne, and chuckled. "'Pears to me wings didn't work very well," said he.

Simeon had a roll of paper in his hand. He went to the desk, and spread it out ostentatiously. Then he began to read in a high, solemn voice, with an undertone of merriment in it. "Know all men by these presents," began Simeon Lennox, and read straight through the deed, with all its strange legal formalities, by which his brother Solomon had conveyed his worldly goods to him.

Sophia Anne writhed in her chair as Simeon read. She was on a rack of torture, and every new word was a turn of the screw. Solomon set his tumbler of cordial on the hearth, and rested his head on his hands.

After Simeon had finished reading the deed, he paused for a moment. Sophia Anne gave a dry sob.

Then Simeon cleared his throat, and continued: "The foregoing I do hereby declare null and void, and I do hereby remise, release, sell, and forever quitclaim, for myself and my heirs, by these presents, the aforementioned premises, with all the privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging, to the said Solomon Lennox, his heirs and assigns forever, in consideration that Sophia Anne, the wife of said Solomon Lennox, shall, during the term of her natural life, unless she be prevented by sickness from so doing, make, mix, season, and bake for me with her own hands, with her best skill, according to her own conscience, seven mince-pies during every week of the year, with one extra for every Independence and Thanksgiving day, and that the said Sophia Anne, the wife of the said Solomon Lennox, shall hereunto set her hand and seal."

Simeon looked at Sophia Anne. She stared back at him, speechless.

"Well, what ye goin' to do about it, Sophy Anne?" said Simeon.

Sophia Anne still looked at him as if he were a blank wall against which her very spirit had been brought to a standstill.

"Goin' to sign it, Sophy Anne?"

Sophia Anne got up. Her knees trembled, but she motioned back Isaac Penfield's proffered arm. She went to the desk, sat down, took the quill, dipped it carefully in the inkstand, and shook it lest it blot. Her lean arm crooked as stiffly as a stick, her lips were a blue line, but she wrote her name with sharply rippling strokes, and laid the pen down.

"Sure ye won't make them mince-pies, Sophy Anne?" said Simeon.

Sophia Anne made no reply. She put her elbow on the desk, and leaned her head on her hand. Simeon looked at her a moment, then he gave her a rough pat on her shoulder and turned and went to the window, and stood there, staring out.

Melissa was weeping softly; Isaac stood beside her, smoothing her hair tenderly. The deaf-and-dumb boy's fair head hung helplessly over his shoulder. He had fallen asleep with the tears on his cheeks.

The morning sunlight shone broadly into the room over them all, but Solomon Lennox did not seem to heed that or anything that was around him, sitting sadly within himself: a prophet brooding over the ashes of his own prophetic fire.

To the Fringed Gentian—By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

THOU blossom, bright with autumn dew,
And coloured with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night;

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged Year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if the sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

Portrait of an Advertising Man

From "The World of William Clissold"

By H. G. WELLS

WATCHING Dickon and watching the world through Dickon's eyes has been at times almost more instructive than watching it through my own. He embarked upon advertising at first, as I suppose most of the early advertisers did, in a cheerfully piratical spirit. It was to be his way of "getting it"—and that was all that mattered.

But as time went on and his interests spread and his wealth and power increased, he was obliged almost in spite of himself to recognize the part that he and his like were playing in the rephrasing of human life. They were assisting at a synthesis that was replacing the scattered autonomous various individualism of the past by a more and more intricate inter-dependent life. He began to think of advertising less and less as an adventure, and more and more as an integral social function, with obligations and standards of its own.

Temperamentally he had never liked falsehood; he had disliked even reserve if it misled; he always kept as clear as he could from the pill and patent medicine field, in which lying and bluff figure so largely, but he had never felt quite happy in his assertion that in the long run it was better to understate than overstate in an advertisement. It is largely true, but it has never been wholly true, that for the individual in business honesty is the best policy. For a trade as a whole it is certainly true, but not for the incidental adventurer. He can achieve his "get-away," as the American criminals phrase it, leaving his trade discredited.

Dickon has been a prime mover in the organization of advertisers into a professional organization since the war. He has helped to found lectureships and establish examinations in advertisement. I believe he would like to see a special university degree, Bachelors and Doctors of Advertisement. Some day we may come to that. Even before the war he was thinking of schemes for making deliberate falsehood, either in an advertisement or in the news columns of a newspaper, a felony. "If it was a felony for our father to issue a false balance-sheet which only caused people monetary loss, it is far more felony to tell some poor old woman in a cottage that the filth you want to sell cures the pain in her back, and so waste her last chance of proper treatment for kidney or cancer."

"Proper treatment!" said I. "Where?"

Dickon stuck to his own line of thought. "Here we have people making fortunes by keeping people ill, misinforming them about their symptoms, inducing them to trust in misdescribed goods. Billy, it's a crime against the Empire. It fills the street with uncomfortable people. Poor mothers, induced to give the children they care for innutritious muck, so that they grow up disappointing weeds. All these weedy people in the streets, in the buses, everywhere—just because you let advertisers say their muck is flesh-forming and frame-building and bone-making when every competent authority knows that it isn't. The poor mother isn't a competent authority. How can she be? She finds it out too late. Can't help herself. And in the long run it's bad for advertising. *It's bad for advertising.* The advertising world has to sacrifice its black sheep. *Has* to! Advertisement, Billy, is too big a thing for lying—too big a thing. Much too big a thing. It's the web of modern life; it's the call of the flock. For most people, flat statement in advertisement is warranty, absolute warranty. And it ought to be. They

take it as they take the news in the adjacent columns. The voice of print, Billy, is the voice of God. To them it is. And it's up to us to see that they get it divine and true."

I raised my eyebrows.

"Divine and true," said Dickon, raising his voice above me massively.

I said I supposed our legal theory was that if there was misdescription there could be an action for damages.

"But how can the poor mutts bring actions against a firm with scores of thousands to play with? How can they do it? No, I want the fellows handled by the Public Prosecutor at the instance of a properly constituted Advertisement Society, and sent to jail."

I was amused. It was down at Dorking, and in 1912 or 1913, that he discoursed in this fashion. We had been playing tennis and we were on the terrace above the court. Dickon was sitting in a deck-chair looking flushed and freckled and over-healthy and very, very earnest, drinking an inadvisable whisky and soda.

I raised the old issue between his individualism and my Socialism. What was all this talk about? Where were his lifelong principles? He was preaching rank Socialism. Wasn't *caveat emptor* the sound principle for an individualist world?

"Individualist be blowed!" said Dickon. "*Caveat emptor* was all very well between two Latin peasants at a bargain in that little old parochial Roman world—as it *was*, Billy, as it was—but the odds have altered now. I'm thinking of those weedy children and the old woman with a pain in her side."

The Great War did much to develop Dickon's conception of his rôle in the world. He expanded mightily upon a diet of propaganda. There was a phase in the Reconstruction Period when it seemed to him that only an adequate advertisement campaign was needed to achieve the Millennium. I have given these vignettes of him in the eighties, in the later nineties, and in the prewar days as he grew in strength and confidence. Let me anticipate for a section and complete his apotheosis of advertisement. I must recall what I can of a discourse of his towards the end of 1918. Then you will see how the imagination of Dickon the advertiser grew from that of the watch peddler he was forty years ago to its present dimensions.

If the Great War made nothing, it did at least appear for a time to have disorganized everything. The idea that society had been shattered and would need rebuilding was very prevalent in 1915. Everything was going to be rebuilt, fairer, sounder, juster, happier; that went without saying. That was the justification for a war that was otherwise inexplicable; it was a Phœnix flare. By 1916 this had become a standard promise for all the optimists who were engaged in whipping up the flagging enthusiasm of the nation. It crystallized into the word Reconstruction. All our English world talked Reconstruction, from the prowar intellectuals, who dropped off from the war propaganda into silence or opposition after the collapse of the Stockholm Conference, to the deep *John Bull* bellowings of Horatio Bottomley, most popular of patriots and stimulators. "A world fit for heroes," said Lloyd George—phrase unforgettable. How tremendously that word Reconstruction was bandied about! It waved as gallantly, it vanished at last as abruptly, as a contested banner in a riot. Many of us can still feel uncomfortable if some thoughtless person chances to revive it.

There was much pitiful moral tragedy in that fiasco, but to begin with Reconstruction embodied some bold and righteous hopes. And it completed the evolution of Dickon. Under its spell he became temporarily a Utopian, more Utopian even than I in my Brompton days, and planned a world which never had been, but which, it seemed to him then, mighty very easily be. He had realized the tremendous possibilities of handling people in great masses revealed by this war advertising, in which he had played a conspicuous part; possibilities of teaching hygienic practices for example, suggesting new habits or routines, re-stating and changing general ideas, altering outlooks altogether. For a time these realizations possessed him completely.

His Utopianism was amateurish; he had all the crudity of a sudden convert. He wanted to see the energy that had been gathered into the great Ministry of Munitions turned directly to the material rearrangement of the country, the railways re-made, the countryside re-planned, slums swept away, old beauties restored, and much of our present towns and cities rebuilt. Then manifestly the war would not have been in vain. He saw himself directing the demobilizing millions back to abundant work, and homes renewed and happy, through a vast advertisement organization. "A land fit for heroes," he quoted continually—

in his profession they call that sort of thing a "slogan"—and it seemed plain to him after the vision of large-scale human coöperation the war had given him, that the whole food supply of the world was capable of control, that population could be poured from district to district like water, instructed in the requirements of its new surroundings and held to its effort. He had some magnificent moments in that Utopian phase of his.

"The war's been a bloody mess, Billy, but at least it's taught us to handle things in the big way," he said, "the advertising way. We learnt it by selling mustard and motor-cars, but these were only the things we learnt upon."

And again: "Advertising; what is it? Education. Modern education, nothing more or less. The airs schoolmasters and college dons give themselves are extraordinary. They think they're the only people who teach. *We* teach ten times as much. Why! even the little chaps who write the attractions in the big weeklies and monthlies, Kipling, Jack London, Bennett, Galsworthy, Wodehouse, all that lot—teach more than the schoolmasters do.

"Schoolmasters! What do you mean by education? When you get down to hard tacks. *Just old-fashioned, primitive advertisement done by word of mouth in a room!* Why! a class-room schoolmaster teaching by shouts ought to be as out-of-date as a town-crier!

"The only use I've got for schools now is to fit people to read advertisements. After that, *we* take on. Yes, we—the advertisers. You may laugh, Billy; it's true. All new ideas come as a shock at first. Don't just laugh at it like that. Don't sit like an oaf and grin. Tell me what's wrong with it.

"And even *in* the schools we could put ten times better lessons over the heads of the masters now—with a properly organized cinema. Ten times better. But we leave the cinema to a lot of music-hall muckers and close-up chorus girls, as though it wasn't worth using."

He laid great stress upon the cinema, but I do not recall him saying anything about broadcasting in those Reconstruction days. But, of course! One forgets how fast the world moves. In 1919 there was no broadcasting. With broadcasting I can see Dickon reducing his poor schoolmasters to the last extremity of usherdom—mere conductors on his omnibus to knowledge. Before broadcasting he had at least to leave them an occasional use of their voices. Now they would just hum on the loud-speaker and stand about and mark registers. Gagged, perhaps, to prevent any personal intervention.

His denunciation of schoolmasters increased and intensified, of schoolmasters and the clergy, as his imagination of what might be done with the crowd developed. He would talk to me in his hectoring, elder-brother way, but always with a twinkle in his eye and a touch of burlesque in his tone and an evident readiness to jump overboard from his argument at any time with a sudden splash of laughter if it became too difficult to maintain; and his argument was always exaltation of the modern advertising method and always contempt for the refinements of the intellectual world.

"These fellows in caps and gowns think you can make things decent by being genteel in a corner and shuddering and sneering whenever you hear a noise. I ask you! You've got to *explain* your Millennium to people, Billy; you've got to make 'em want it, and you've got to tell 'em how to get it. Then they'll get it. Just as they get Lucas lamps and safety-razor blades or any other old thing. The advertisand is different, but the method is the same. Why, Billy! Look at things plainly. With all reverence——"

He adapted his ruddy face roughly and quickly to express all reverence. It was just an habitual concession unnecessary in my case.

"What were the twelve Apostles? Drummers, just drummers. Travelling in salvation. Introducing a new line. Why did Paul raise his voice at Athens? Because he hadn't a megaphone. And the miracles they did? Sample bottles. To this day it's advertisement. What is a wayside crucifix?—an advertisement of the faith. What is Christianity?—an advertisement campaign. Tell 'em. Tell 'em. Tell 'em all you can. It's the method of social existence."

He turned to biology, to the poetry of life.

"The very flowers by the wayside, Billy, are advertisements for bees!"

My grin armed the fighting spirit in him.

"Vulgar, you think it is?"

"Frightfully."

"If there's anything vulgar about modern advertisement, Billy, it's because it's been so concerned about pills and soap and pickles. Just a passing phase. A man or a class or a religion or—anything that will not advertise isn't fit to exist in the world.

It means it doesn't really believe in itself. To want to exist and not to dare to exist is something beneath vulgarity. . . . That's why I have such a contempt for your rotten, shy, sit-in-the-corner-and-ask-the-dear-Prince-of-Wales-to-dinner-once-a-year Royal Society.

"If the soap-boilers did no more for soap than your old Royal Society does for science," said Dickon, "nobody would wash. . . ."

One other aspect I want to give of Dickon before his picture is completed, a glimpse of something very deep in him. What I have to tell may seem extraordinarily nothing to the reader, but to me it is the very heart of Dickon. It was one day, at most two years ago, after my very first discovery of Provence and before he went off to Brussels, that this incident occurred. I was sleeping that night at Bordon Street, and when he came in I was reading by the fire.

It was late. He was a little flushed and crumpled, in dinner dress and with his decorations. I did not know at the time where he had been; I learned that afterwards.

There had been a great dinner of Advertisers—I rather think it was one of the organizations he had created—and he had spoken and let himself go. A little warmed by champagne and professional fraternity, he had spread out his dream of the Advertiser as prophet and teacher to a pleased but incredulous gathering. Some one had laughed, and he had sounded a prophetic note in reply. "We are the masters of the newspapers and they know it," he had said. "We and we alone have the ear of the world. We can dictate what shall be known and what shall not be known, what shall exist and what shall not. We can educate the people or degrade the people, exalt right things and humble base things. We can be the guide, philosopher, and friend of the common man—working together (renewed laughter). Why should we not rise to the full height of our possibilities?"

Then he had paused and come to something like an anti-climax.

"Are we never to reach beyond motor-cars and medicines, cigarettes and pickles?"

He lowered impressively for a second or so and then sat down.

The Organized Advertisers cheered and hammered the tables, but also they looked curiously at one another and glanced at Dickon, flushed and already doubtful of the wisdom of what he had said. They had heard some of this before from him, but not so much nor so plainly.

"There was moderation in all things," commented a subsequent speaker. "Our energetic and masterful friend to whose organizing fervour our profession owed so much," was, he thought, a little prone to exaggerate. It was not perhaps altogether a fault in an advertiser (laughter) within limits (renewed laughter). But though it might be good business to exaggerate, it was not wise to threaten (hear, hear). We had our share, a great share, he would indeed go so far as to say a vital share, in stimulating and in sustaining the currents of trade, the prosperity of our mighty empire, but it was a share—in subordination. It had its place and its limits. There was such a thing as taking one's bit too seriously. . . .

Possibly through sheer clumsiness he had circled about and repeated this thought three or four times. But he was encouraged by "Hear and hear" and some gentle rapping on the table. What had been intended as a friendly reproof became an attack upon Dickon, and at the end what they call a trouncing.

Dickon was a respected and popular figure in the advertisement world, but his was the reluctant popularity accorded to success. His associates liked him, but they felt at times, I think, that he did little to compel them to like him. This talk of their high responsibilities after dinner had not so much flattered them as made them feel uncomfortable, and the gathering fell back very readily into a sympathetic deprecation of "exaggeration" and "lack of humour." They applauded warmly; they nodded their approval. Later speakers showed an increasing disposition to echo and even exceed the trouncer, and a funny man saw his opportunity. and the applause and laughter grew.

The arrow still chafed in Dickon's hide. He stood before the fire and brooded immensely before his explosion.

"This damned sense of humour!" he cried suddenly and violently.

"Eh?" said I, looking up from my book.

"You might do a decent thing that would make you look a bit high-falutin'. And so you do a shabby, lazy, second-rate thing instead, and grin and say, 'Thank God, I've got a sense of humour.' That's what it amounts to."

"Is this me, Dickon, you're talking to?"

"Oh no, Billy! I never talk to you. I was thinking. Man I heard speak to-night. Took me up—for blowing a bit too strongly about advertisement . . .

"Perhaps I said too much. . . . Perhaps

I did." He went on as if he addressed some third person.

"But *Modesty!* Knowing your place in the world! Rot it all is! Rot, I tell you. Cringing, shamming, shirking muck they bully into boys in public schools. And from an Advertising Man, of all people! An Advertiser! Think of it! Modesty! Not going all out for the things that have to be done! Let a child drown under your eyes! Thank God *you* don't profess to be a swimmer. *You* don't take upon yourself to rescue all the drowning kids in Christendom. If some presumptuous silly ass who can hardly swim at all chooses to go into the water and gets himself into a mess, *you* aren't going to do anything but smile. Flick a pebble at his head as he comes up for the third time. You're a quiet smiler, you are!"

I leant back in my chair to appreciate my brother better. There was nothing else to do. I was still at a loss to know what it was all about. He was just the slightest bit drunk, but mostly this was, I perceived, a rational passion.

"Sense of humour!" said Dickon. "There isn't much of that poison in Advertisement, anyhow. . . ."

He seemed to recall my presence.

"You may laugh, Billy! But that blamby-pamby idiot to-night has got my goat. I've been a hot man to-night in a world of quiet smiles. Fuming. He let me up to seeing what all this gentlemanly grinning and smirking and enjoying the fun of it quietly and unassumingly really means. Why should a man be guyed for taking himself seriously? What else *is* there to take seriously? Those chaps who won't take themselves seriously ought to have been headed off by birth control and never begun. All this half-doing things! All this living with the guts out! . . . A joke's a joke in its place, but most of this not taking yourself too seriously is a dirty sin against heaven."

And suddenly Dickon soared above me. He became a pulpit and my admirable armchair a pew. His voice mingled expostulation and passionate assertion in the most extraordinary way.

"Because one sets out to do big things, Billy, because there are big things to be done, because one works until one gets ragged and sore, it doesn't follow one is presumptuous. We two are successes, Billy; life has pampered us, petted us, put its best carpets under our feet. Have we a right to be anything but serious men? *Damned* serious men! It's no want of modesty to attempt everything one can; to play as big a game as one can; it's a sense of obligation. What we *are*. . . . That's another question.

"Don't we know each other through and through, Billy? Do we pretend? Do we put on airs? Don't I know what asses we are, I who can't leave a scrap on my plate and you who brighten at the swish of a girl's skirt? But you *do*, Billy! Everyone sees it. Don't we know how we blunder, how we lose our little tempers, the endless *silly* things we do? Yes, and all the same, with all our weaknesses upon us, we've got to be in deadly earnest and do our biggest job.

"If we don't, who will? Look here, Billy. . . . Is there a race of Gods among mankind, that you and I can slack? Who will do things if we don't? If we stand aside, smirking in our elegant modesty, who is there to take hold of things? A sense of humour, I tell you, Billy, is no fit possession for a decent man. Let the failures have their damned sense of humour! Cuddle it and nurse it. They need it. Let them snigger and sneak and steal, and make funny faces behind the backs of the men in earnest. That's *their* road, the low road. But for us—things have been put before us, Billy, and we have to take hold of them. We may not be aristocrats; our luck may be all chance; but for good or evil, God has put us among the masters in the affairs of men. And a master I mean to be. Oh, I'd rather——"

He paused to assemble it.

"I'd rather be a skunk and set myself to outstink this drain into which I have fallen, stink and stink hard, instead of making for fresh air, than be one of these damned sense-of-humour business men."

Queer how Dickon could be stung at times! He was quiet for a moment. "I know I'm a fat ass," he said in an altered voice. "Oh, I know I'm a fat ass and deserve to be grinned at. Don't I *know* it!"

He went on talking to himself in broken sentences. "Take the second plateful. . . . Go to the club. How can one help eating too much at the Ermine? Sleepy afternoon. . . . Half one's efficiency gone. . . . Things like that. Temper over a tight collar. . . . The times I've shocked Minnie! Such a poor *comic* thing! . . ."

The muttering died away into an incoherent rumbling that was presently ended in a nod and a "Yes."

Then he stood quite still. And suddenly whispered something that gripped me strangely. He whispered it quite forgetful

of me, as one whispers a phrase that one has thought out and chosen long ago and repeated many times. I perceived at once that it had been his ultimate consideration on many such occasions of trouble.

"*Weak as we are,*" said Dickon, "*those others are weaker.*"

I stared at him. I had known Dickon all my life, and suddenly it dawned upon me that in some things I hardly knew him at all.

He woke up again.

"Pity I got in a temper!" he said. "Oh! —a damned pity!

"I could have murdered that fool. . . .

"I showed it, and they grinned at me. . . . I'm glad I had you to blow off to, old man. . . .

"I shouldn't have slept all night. Sometimes cursing him and sometimes cursing myself. No one knows the nights we spend, some of us, Billy. . . .

"You see, Billy, what I said wasn't exactly what I meant to say. I overdid it. What I said was right, but somehow I overdid it. I gave him a loophole. I don't say things exactly. It's too beastly hard to say things exactly.

"But they got what I was after, all right. . . . Damned sight too much for them. . . .

"They like being funny little nibbling beasts. They *like* it. . . ."

I forget what else he said. I was not listening any longer. I was turning over his astonishing aphorism in my mind. "*Weak as we are, those others are weaker.*"

That, I think, is the quintessence of Dickon.

The Lonely Wife

By LI PO

Translated by Florence Ayscough and Amy Lowell

THE mist is thick. On the wide river, the water-plants float smoothly.
No letters come; none go.
There is only the moon, shining through the clouds of a hard, jade-green sky.
Looking down at us so far divided, so anxiously apart.
All day, going about my affairs, I suffer and grieve, and press the thought of you closely to my heart.
My eyebrows are locked in sorrow, I cannot separate them.
Nightly, nightly, I keep ready half the quilt,
And wait for the return of that divine dream which is my Lord.

Beneath the quilt of the Fire-Bird, on the bed of the Silver-Crested Love-Pheasant,
Nightly, nightly, I drowse alone.
The red candles in the silver candlesticks melt, and the wax runs from them,
As the tears of your so Unworthy One escape and continue constantly to flow.
A flower face endures but a short season,
Yet still he drifts along the river Hsiao and the river Hsiang.
As I toss on my pillow, I hear the cold, nostalgic sound of the water-clock:
Shêng! Shêng! it drips, cutting my heart in two.

I rise at dawn. In the Hall of Pictures
They come and tell me that the snow-flowers are falling.
The reed-blind is rolled high, and I gaze at the beautiful, glittering, primeval snow,
Whitening the distance, confusing the stone steps and the courtyard.
The air is filled with its shining, it blows far out like the smoke of a furnace.
The grass-blades are cold and white, like jade girdle pendants.
Surely the Immortals in Heaven must be crazy with wine to cause such disorder,
Seizing the white clouds, crumpling them up, destroying them.

So They Say

J. KENNEDY:
of Toronto, delegate to the convention of the Photographers' Association of America

"Half the human beings in the world have faces which are lopsided, and they don't know it."

W. L. BARNHART:
of a surety company which bonds many bank employees, says much crime is due to the fear of men that their women friends will call them "cheap"

"It was once possible to have a good time during an evening for $5. Now it costs considerably more, and the average youth, in a position of trust but with a moderate income, is subjected to strong temptation."

D. W. CAMPBELL:
of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce, on a visit to the Buffalo airport

"More persons were kicked to death by mules last year than were killed in airplane accidents."

MIHAI:
five-year-old king of Roumania, makes his first speech after inheriting a crown and a fortune of nearly $70,000,000

"But won't I be allowed to play any more?"

DR. E. S. GRIFFITH:
social worker

"We can no longer rely on the girl as a good influence on the boy."

EMIL LUDWIG
German biographer

"The historical novel is destructive alike to history and the imagination."

J. M. KEYNES:
English economic objector

"The Dawes Plan will break down according to schedule. The question is—what will be the price of its modification?"

GOLF PROFESSIONAL:
when his pupil's elder brother asks why his sister's game does not improve

"Her golf is a disease!"

BENJAMIN DE CASSÈRES:
journalistic epigrammatist

"We are now in the Era of Tappers. Jazz taps all the great musical composers. Debussy died that Gershwin might live."

EMPLOYMENT AGENT:
finds "apartment-size people" are in demand

"Pantrymen now, and especially dish-pantrymen in a hotel —they mostly ask for them in medium sizes, like street-car conductors, 150 to 160 pounds. It's a matter of space, partly, but then, too, the small ones don't eat so much."

REV. ROY T. BRUMBAUGH:
pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Coatesville, Pa.

"When a person in my congregation is ill and I call a prayer-meeting for him, the person invariably gets worse. That worried me for a while, but I know the answer now. It is just a case of the devil breaking down the effects of prayer. After a while, the sick person gets better. That is the final victory of God over Satan."

MONTE MUNN:
ex-college athlete, when Grantland Rice asked him if football was rougher than boxing

"Physically and psychologically, professional boxing is the hardest and roughest game of them all."

WALTER P. CHRYSLER:
motor-car manufacturer

"American civilization is in the rapid-transit era, and those out of step become stragglers."

DR. P. R. KUEHRICH:
English maker of safety-razor blades, arriving in America to sell 124,000,000 blades—and wearing himself a patriarchal beard

"You ask too much of me. The disposal of used safety-razor blades is the unsolved puzzle of our age."

ROY HENRI FRICKEN:
discussing the Theater Padlock Bill which has just become a law in New York State

"If Lord Cromer, the present Lord Chamberlain of Great Britain, should decide to-morrow that the plays of William Shakespeare or any other dramatist were unsuited for public presentation, with one stroke of his pen he could instantly and completely bar them from the stage of England. There would be no appeal from his decision, and only an act of Parliament could undo his work and repeal his judgments."

REV. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK:
answers Bishop Manning's criticism of Judge Lindsey's "companionate marriage" suggestion

"There is plenty that is rotten in the old codes concerning love and the relationship of the sexes. . . . Whatever debases personality is wrong and ugly; whatever elevates personality is right and beautiful."

MRS. FLORENCE BROOKS ATEN:
when sued by George de Forest Brush for $7,000 extra for changes in his portrait of her, for which he already had received $10,000

"I said, 'Isn't it wonderful! The colouring is magnificent and the face so beautiful—but it doesn't look like me.'"

M. J. NUGENT:
in the "Irish Independent"

"It is quite clear that all the troubles of the world are really due to people being awake so much, and that sleep is society's only safeguard."

SIR A. MAURICE LOW:
author and journalist

"It is most unlikely that any form of dissipation, such as sex, dancing or drink, will predominate 2,000 years from now."

DR. AMOS O. SQUIRE:
consulting physician at Sing Sing Prison

"Most women who commit murder are acquitted, and the worst that can be done to them for committing murder is a fifty-two weeks' engagement in vaudeville."

AN AMERICAN ART CRITIC:
in "Liberty"

"Grand Rapids turns out more artistic and beautiful furniture every day than Duncan Phyfe, Sheraton or any of those pioneer designers ever dreamed of."

A BEAUTY SPECIALIST:
explains why brunettes are buying blonde transformations

"In the afternoon a man likes a good sport. That is why the short-haired girl, who can play tennis, swim and row with him, shines. But outside of athletics, he wants a dream girl, a fairy princess with long golden hair. That is why our transformations are so popular."

HANS KUGEL:
of Vienna, wins a beer-drinking duel for the hand of lovely Linde Weis, by drinking thirteen quarts—and revives to find she has married his defeated rival

"Three cheers for the bride and three sneers for Albert Hampel."
[*When he saw Albert next day, the latter's greeting was: "Meet the wife."*]

MISS WINNIE COMBER:
one of two seventeen-year-old English girls, tells of their escape from a proper Syrian sheik, Emir Fousas, while appearing as trick cyclists in Damascus

"The Emir expressed a desire to make us queens of the desert and heads of his harem of fifty-two wives. He showered on us gifts of perfume, champagne and sweets."

ROBERT WHITMAN:
self-styled "Lord Beaverbrook," charged with swindling many women, when brought to trial

"The plain fact is that the ladies can not keep away from me. I deserve no credit for this. It is simply that I am a romantic man—I typify romance. It has been my good fortune and my downfall."

ROSITA FORBES:
Explorer and writer

"Friendship is the best thing one gets out of life."

ANTONIO VANNA RAZLOG:
son of a Dalmatian Countess, working as a dock-hand, starved to train his voice, and got a contract to sing at $1,000 a performance

"You know I do not speak so good English but I can do any kind of work that requires no brains."

DON MARQUIS
lives in, as well as writes about, "The Almost Perfect State"

"Whenever I call up to say I'm not coming home till very late, my wife always says, 'All right, Don.' That's my idea of a perfect wife for a literary man."

COL. H. H. MAHARAJAH SIR SAJAH SINGH OF RATLAM:
polo expert, and prize-fight enthusiast

"In India the parents pick the husbands for the daughters, or the wives for their sons, and everyone is happy. Life is too serious for romance to be used as a guiding star."

JOHN B. WATSON:
psychologist and advertising man

"Marriage as such brings adjustment in only 20 per cent. of all cases, so poorly have men and women been taught about sex."

JUDGE WM. H. SMATHERS:
of Atlantic City, in a hearing for an application for alimony

"A childless woman who leaves her husband and shirks the duties, sacrifices and drudgery of married life, cannot expect the Court to pension her or pay her royalties for the rest of her life."

A YOUNG ITALIAN:
in the agitation over the feminine silhouette, which, like all else, is to be regulated by Mussolini

"A slender girl to go out with; but a plump one for home!"

LORD SYDENHAM:
English diplomatist, soldier, scientist and author

"Italy is the only country in Europe which is at present being governed in the interest of the people."

ANDREW KIRKALDY:
veteran "pro." of St. Andrews, Scotland, after watching Bobby Jones win the British open golf championship

"I hae just watched that little American, Maister Jones, and I wull say that in all ma saxty-seven years I hae never seen sic gowf. Had I no seen it wi' ma ain een—but I can hardly believe it yet."

HARRY T. HUFF:
vice-president of a great bonding company

"As to races, the Chinese seem to be the most honest on the whole. I never have known a Chinese to cause a loss to any bonding company."

DR. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER:
president of Columbia University

"For 2,000 years there has never been a period when somewhere in the world there was not a really great poet or a philosopher or a genius of some other sort who dwarfed his fellows. To-day there is no such great man in any country in the world—not one!"

PRESIDENT BORNO:
of Haiti, after imprisoning seven newspaper editors for asserting that he was merely a puppet of the U. S. Government

"Never in our national life was the press as free as it is to-day, but I will not stand for my country to be insulted in foreign lands. These men will remain in prison until I think of them again."

JUDGE JOHN F. O'BRIEN:
of the New York Court of Appeals, values twenty-seven barrels of whiskey unlawfully shipped by Leo J. Gonch

"As worthless to plaintiff as a gem in the sea."

ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON:
geographer and a member of the faculty of Yale University

"The women of the most active types are the ones that have the fewest children."

AN EX-DETECTIVE:
sums up his professional observations

"Crime is one of the worst-paying professions on earth."

A MARSEILLES LAWYER:
bequeathed $7,500 to a lunatic asylum. In a codicil he explained

"I earned this money from madmen who pass their lives quibbling and fighting lawsuits. I consider, therefore, this legacy is a restitution."

HORACE THOROGOOD:
In the "London Star"

"I don't demand of a novel that it should make me a better man, but I do object to it making me a worse man."

IRENE RICH:
movie star

"Don't tell the wife if you don't like the way she dresses. Take her to a modiste's and buy her the things you'd like her to wear, or keep your peace."

EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS:
professor at the University of Wisconsin

"To the Orientals the natural inferiority of females is self-evident."

DR. JOHN B. MCEWEN:
of the Royal Academy of Music, London

"A great deal of the misunderstanding in life is due to the fact that we have to communicate by words. If we could communicate through great art there could be no misunderstanding."

E. V. LUCAS:
English essayist

"The more plays I see, the more I am perplexed by public taste and the happy uncritical acceptivity of audiences."

SIR WILLIAM ARBUTHNOT LANE:
London surgeon, editor and author, revises "Mother Goose"

"Four-and-twenty Yankees,
Feeling very dry,
Went into Canada
For a little rye.
When the rye was opened
They began to sing,
'Who the hell is Coolidge?
God save the King!'"

GENERAL UMBERTO NOBILE:
who flew across the North Pole

"Unquestionably it is from the air that we shall hereafter explore the unknown regions of the earth."

JOBYNA RALSTON:
movie actress

"There are a few things that never go out of style, and a feminine woman is one of them."

ROMAIN ROLLAND:
French author

"The great nations of the West are on the verge of ruin."

WALTER B. PITKIN:
professor of journalism

"We are making life too easy for those who do not deserve to live it. . . . The Fall of Man began with the club breakfast."

COL. JOSIAH C. WEDGWOOD:
Labour M. P., naval architect, archæologist, author, Chancellor of Duchy of Lancaster

"No he-man should ever be content."

BISHOP OF DURHAM:
Rt. Rev. Herbert Hensley Henson, professor of history, author

"Drunkenness is the habit of the vacant mind and the desperate remedy of the chronically bored."

MUTAMENUL-MULIK:
president of the Persian parliament

"Religion holds a very small place in the thoughts and life of the young men."

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW:
English dramatist, and most continuously interesting of living humans

"My secret as a dramatic author, the secret of that extraordinary knowledge of women which enchants the whole world, is that I have always assumed that woman is not a special creation, but that she is a human being, very much like myself."

LORD DEWAR:
bachelor, distiller and wit

"It is very simple to learn how to live beyond your means—you mortgage your house to buy a motor, and you mortgage your motor to buy petrol. It is not petrol that makes the motor go, it is the mortgage."

DR. WILLIAM J. MAYO:
elder of the celebrated surgeons and brothers of Rochester, Minn., in an address in England

"A specialist is a man who knows more and more about less and less."

FAY MARBLE:
young English actress, insuring her smile for £50,000 with a British company

"I regard my smile as one of my chief assets. It is the keynote of my personality, and if I lost it I should be finished."

MRS. MARY GANGGEL:
16-year-old bride of a week, whose husband shot her after she bantered him

"August, it is a tremendous salary you're earning at the Union Gas and Electric Company. Think of it! A labourer! $55 a month! August, if I had to live on that all my life, I'd as soon shoot myself."
(*So he did it for her!*)

MICHAEL BORODIN:
Soviet Adviser to the Chinese Radical Nationalist Government

"The race-horse is the one thing which the China foreign business man really knows thoroughly."

MRS. CARL LEYEL:
manager of a new shop in London whose slogan is "English herbs for English complaints"

"We are reviving the lost art of herb doctoring."

LORD BALFOUR:
First Earl and Viscount Traprain of Whittingehame; a figure in the British Government for nearly half a century

"The English, without really knowing what they were doing, invented Parliament."

A JAPANESE WAITRESS:
of "Safety Restaurant" in Tokyo, which makes a specialty of roast snake (sign written on wall reads: "striped snake cures gland diseases, nervous breakdowns and improves your health"), fried toad, rice curry mixed with minced snail, etc.

"There is no danger in eating such food. Instead, the food we prepare here is very nourishing. Take, for instance, roast viper. It is the essence of energy. If you take a little too much of this stuff, it will, like too much strong coffee, keep you sleepless tonight."

ROBERT H. GODDARD:
physicist, conducting experiments with a great rocket to cross the Atlantic at a speed many times that of an airplane

"My experiments prove that a space-rocket propelled by successive explosions is capable of travelling an infinite distance beyond the earth's gravity. The flight across the ocean would be a comparatively short hop."

YOUNG WOMEN SCHOOLTEACHERS:
are required by certain district schoolboards in North Carolina to sign this pledge

"I promise not to fall in love or to become engaged or to secretly marry. I promise not to go with any young man except insofar as it is to stimulate Sunday School work."

BRUCE BLIVEN:
predicts, in "New Republic," a real civilisation for Los Angeles

"It would be ironical, would it not, if this city, Los Angeles, in which to-day not many civilized persons choose to live, were to become in thirty years the one place in the world which they most prefer?"

GRETCHEN MOUNT:
Detroit newspaper woman

"Sales resistance has become a matter of principle with me. It is my boast that if St. Peter should come to my front door and offer me the keys of Heaven for fifteen cents, I wouldn't buy them."

GEORGES CLÉMENCEAU:
former Premier of France, does not trouble to refute stories about his being ill, dying or dead

"I've got to learn a few new steps so that I can dance at the wedding of my grandson, and get ready enough work to keep me out of mischief during my annual sojourn at Vendée. So I can't deny much nonsense."

WILLIAM MCFEE:
in a letter to the Editor of the "Nation"

"Literature is becoming emasculated by being written mainly for women and largely by women. The majority of men in this country, having been co-educated by women-teachers, are unaware of this directly, but become vaguely impressed that something is the matter later in life. I call it the sissification of literature and life."

DR. GEO. B. LAKE:
in a lecture before the Medical Round Table of Chicago, declares that the curtain of the unseen is steadily receding

"When most of us first studied chemistry the atom was a hard, solid, round little object, something like a minute buckshot, whose possible division was unthinkable. We laughed at the alchemists. Now that same compact atom is recognized as a miniature solar system; and the transmutation of the baser metals into gold has actually been accomplished."

There is a Tavern in the Town

By JAMES STEPHENS

HE WIPED his face with a large, red pocket handkerchief, pursed his lips, shut one eye, and with the other, he critically observed the remnant of his liquor. After a moment of deep consideration he smiled delightfully and said he thought it was all right. The apothecary behind the counter smiled also as one gratified, and suggested that there was not much of that at the North Pole, and, after a little discussion on this point, the old gentleman addressed me in the following words:—

"I do not understand what necessity impels people to the discovery of something, which, if it has any existence at all, has only an idealistic existence, and which, when it is discovered, cannot be utilized in any possible direction. Utility is the first tribute of all terrestrial bodies. A stone, for instance, is a useful inorganic substance —it can be built into a house, or thrown at a duck, or, when ground into sand, it can be, and is, sold as sugar by a grocer. It is constantly being utilized in one or other of these directions; and so with all other objects. But the necessity for a North or a South Pole has yet to be demonstrated.

"The statement that the North Pole was put there by the Castle authorities is one which I do not believe, for I am assured that at every period of the world's history there has been a North and a South Pole, which, surrounded as they were by snow-clad countries, icebergs, cold water and whales, were too remote and inhospitable to tempt the average civilian to journey there.

"The only thing which grows in the Polar regions is ice, and this is generally found in almost tropical profusion and rankness, growing sometimes to the height of several hundred feet, none of which wear boots. Polar bears and Esquimos are also found there, but in scattered and inconsiderable quantities. These two races spend most of their time chasing each other in order to keep themselves warm, which they do by degrees which are often registered on a barometer. They also eat each other and get scurvy. Outside of these relaxations their existence is stagnant and unexciting. I sometimes fancy that if I had the misfortune to be born a polar bear or an Esquimo I would not have been a patriot.

"I have no esteem for ice in other than easily portable quantities. Some small pieces to pack around fish, a particle to drop into a glass of lager beer—that is all the ice which I can regard patiently or leniently; but a continent composed entirely of ice and polar bears tempts me to believe that Providence is subject to aberrations.

"It is supposed to redound to the credit of a nation when one of its citizens resolves to discover some inaccessible and futile place, and proceeds to do so in the most fantastic manner. The inhabitants of that country who remain at their work and continue to pay their rates are expected to be in a condition of wild enthusiasm and delight at the adventure.—My own im-

pression is, that the majority of people take no more than a tepid interest in these forlorn adventures, and are but imperfectly convinced of the sanity of the adventurers; and this is the more particularly noticeable when the quest is for something so intangible and unmarketable as a North Pole. Why need they go so far afield for their excitement? Every discoverer is a detective. He traces missing places, and there are cartloads of Poles in their own countries waiting for explorers.

"The habit of seeking for a North Pole is one of only comparative antiquity. Its conception is well within the historic era, and must, therefore, be classed as an acquired habit and one not inherent in man. I have not observed that any other animals are addicted to this peculiar expeditionary craze. It is true that many species of birds migrate annually from these shores, and, although their departures are usually chronicled in the newspapers, it must not without further evidence be inferred that these birds have gone to look for the North Pole. They may, as a matter of fact, have left this country to avoid being arrested, for here one is continually being arrested. The evidence in favour of the North Pole theory as regards birds is, that nobody knows where they have gone to, and that as the rest of the earth is round and densely populated their arrival would be noted somewhere as their departure was, but their arrival not being so noted, and as they must be somewhere, the process of eliminating all possible places leaves nowhere but the North Pole as their objective. Now, birds are a very intelligent and strenuous race of people who build nests in trees and have often five eggs at a time, and I believe that they leave these countries because their nests are full of broken egg-shells, and because the winter is setting in, and because they dislike cold weather; and, thus disliking cold weather, it is unlikely that they would fly to the North Pole where the cold is very intense, and where, moreover, there is little food to be found, saving polar bears and Esquimos, a form of victual for which birds have only the scantiest relish. My own impression is, that these birds when out of sight of land are enabled by a mechanism with which we are not yet familiar, to convert themselves into fishes, or, alternatively, that they know the whereabouts of Tir na n-Og and go there, or else that they do not go anywhere at all, but are simply translated into the Fourth Dimension of Space, and are, thus, flying, nesting and mating all around us in a medium which our eyes are too gross to penetrate.

"From a perusal of the evening papers I observe that the discoverer of the North Pole is an American citizen with a complicated pedigree, a long beard and a red shirt, all of which he hoisted to the top of the Pole and left there for subsequent identification. I fear this was a thoughtless action on his part, because the Esquimos who live habitually at the North Pole, but have not discovered it, will, while his back is turned, take to wearing his shirt in turn. They are a communistic people, I fancy, and no shirt will survive communism. Also, seeing the fuss which is being made of their Pole, they may either hide it or sell pieces of it to tourists as remembrancers.

"The explorer should have cached his shirt and other memorials at the foot of the Pole, built a cairn upon it, and shaken cayenne pepper on top of all to keep bears away—but it is useless to advise explorers."

The ancient hereupon made a significant gesture to the curate, who misinterpreted it, and brought more than he had required. He was very much perturbed, for, as he explained, he had forgotten to bring his purse with him. He consented, however, to use my purse for his needs, and, after paying his shot, he, in an abstracted and melancholy manner, put the change in his trousers pocket. There was only one shilling in the purse, so I did not like to draw his attention to the mistake. He very genially returned my purse, and said he had conceived a great liking for me.

Just as really good singers don't sing in church, really good kissers don't kiss under the mistletoe.
THE "TATLER."

There is nothing in kissing once; it's the second time that counts.
MAURICE HEWLETT.

One can always command one's eyes, but one's lips sometimes get out of control.
W. J. LOCKE.

No system of physical exercises yet invented can compare with silk stockings for giving an erect carriage to the female head.
OLIVER ONIONS.

The Tenth Muse: *Advertisa*

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED, BUT—

CHOICE dumb FISH, to be sold at *Wheelwright* and *Barnard's* Cooperage, at Oliver's Dock.—ALSO, *Jamaica* and Merchantable Fish.
Boston Gazette, 1765.

[*"When I was a boy, here in New Bedford," the New Englander resumed, "I remember the deaf mutes coming in with shipments of salt codfish. No better cured cod was ever put on the market. They also brought in 'dun' fish; otherwise a cod that had been just a wee bit too long exposed to the sun; long enough, I might say, to be on the brink of—well, decay. When it attained that characteristic the salting process was begun and the result was a delicacy that ran neck and neck with a partridge or duck that had been hung until it was somewhat 'high' and was intended only for epicures. It was sad food to me, but the fact remains that our most discriminating gourmets faced the dun fish with light hearts and good appetites."*
Robert H. ("Bob") Davis (1927).]

Are you wearing just a Coat and Vest in the Summertime, or is your warm weather wardrobe built about 3-piece Suits? And, whichever one you are wearing, is it the right one?
Such are the perplexing problems which one might find in the clothing stocks of the Woodward & Lothrop Men's Store. *Washington (D. C.) Post.*

CARD OF THANKS

We take this means of expressing our heartfelt sympathy to the many kind friends and neighbors who lent aid and assistance during the sickness and death of our beloved wife and mother. Also for the beautiful floral offerings. Henry Visscher and children.
Platte (S. Dak.) Enterprise.

LARGE Type Poland China girl, immuned, with 7 pigs, week old. John L. Swihart, Arcadia Mutual phone. *Findlay (Ohio) Morning Republican.*

SKATER FRACTURES SKULL IN FALL

Frank Fair, 21, was taken to the Sellwood hospital last night, suffering a skull fracture as the result of a fall at the Oaks' skating rink last night. His condition was said to be serious.

Let's All Go to The Oaks!—Adv.
Portland Oregonian.

FOR SALE—U. S. baby slicing machine, $100. Thrift Furniture Co., 360 5th Ave. 28-2.
Brooklyn Eagle.

BUSINESS couple to occupy bedroom with private family. Tel. Bensonhurst—.
New York World.

A CIRCULAR LETTER

OUR GUARANTEE:—If you do not find these candies the best you have ever eaten you may return them at our expense and your money will be cheerfully refunded. BENEDETTO ALLEGRETTI CO.

Business Card

Beauchamp Club, No. 56 Beauchamp Place S. W. 3. Mrs. Hands has regular games of Poker daily at 3 and 9 P. M. *London paper.*

PIGS, come at noon or evening. Charles Witt, Foster, Ohio. 6-23. *Ohio paper.*

WAR horse eggs, $2.50 per setting. 743 E. Henshaw Road. *Phoenix (Ariz.) Republican.*

WANTED—Meek Middle-aged Man for apartment-house office. State previous employment. Wages $20 week. Apply Box Y92788 care Bee.
Sacramento Bee.

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALE

JAPANESE Boy Wants Position as School boy in small family; wages no objection. Main 2685.
Sacramento paper.

OLD HOMESTEAD—for sale, with one acre of land good for hen yard or Summer boarding house. Good hunting and fishing. Also ten acres of land, with good spring water. No better climate in New York State. Price $5,000. Stock on hand of last winter will sell wholesale. Silk hose 3 pr. $1.00. Buy your potatoes now you will pay more later. 6 bars of candy 25c best in market. The more you trade with me the better you will like it.
JACOB METZ, Rockwood, N. Y.
Gloversville (N. Y.) paper.

MAN—Wishes cleaning yards, floor waxing, widow washing. etc. Call mornings or evenings 4263.
Ithaca (N. Y.) Evening Journal-News.

EASY MONEY SELLING COLORED PEOPLE

Write for free sample and attractive proposition. Marcellene Chemical Co., 1333 E. Franklin St., Richmond, Va. *Chicago (Ill.) Blade and Ledger.*

BUY your cows from the man who has had 200 years of experience.
Somerset (N. J.) Messenger.

FOUND DEAD IN BOYLES BROS. STORE

Upon entering the store this morning where final preparations were being made for a great First Anniversary Sale Mr. Glenn Boyles discovered that some time during the night the store had been entered. In checking over the stock nothing was missed, but the special sale tickets in many instances were torn and badly crimpled and the stock showed that a large portion had been handled.

Mr. Boyles stepped to the rear of the store to investigate further and there lying on his back, feet outstretched, a sale bill tightly clinched in his hands and showing signs of a tragic death, was Mr. Hy Price. It is the general opinion that curiosity attracted him to the store and the extremely low prices found on the entire stock "knocked him cold." Proof of the death of Mr. Hy Price is shown in Boyles Bros. advertisement on the back page of this paper. *Mt. Airy (N. C.) News.*

PIG LIVER 5c. Tender, Boneless Liver.
Buehler Bros. Inc.
Richmond (Va.) Palladium.

FREE DIET any one in Asheville can have it for moving it. Its dug up loose. Phone 3625-W.
Asheville (N. C.) Sunday Citizen.

MAID—For generous house work. Call 3454.
Appleton (Wis.) Post-Crescent.

BOYS Black Stockings, Special.....25c yard.
Auburn (N. Y.) Advertiser-Journal.

WANTED—Nut, also sweet entertainer for night work. St. Aubin and Mack Garage, 3611 St. Aubin. *Detroit News.*

If you are looking for real "tire buys" that will stand the gruelling trip of a hot 4th of July—Tires that won't "blow off" with the firecrackers—save time and temper by coming right straight to Jerry's.
Plenty of space to park—drive up.
4TH OF JULY SPECIALS THAT TAKE A LOAD OFF YOUR MIND AND POCKETBOOK
—LOOK 'EM OVER
JERRY'S TIRE CO.
Detroit News.

SORE FEET MADE WELL—ASEPTIC
25 Cents Per Corn
Limp in Sick Walk Out Well

The object of National Cancer Week was to prevent and cure Cancer, Have Warts, Sprains, Bruises and Tantalizing Worry Corrected and Avoid Cancer.

I have successfully treated a large number of enterprising people just and devout citizens of President Nicholas Murray Butler's conception of the service of Scholarship. Among those I can name Marshall Field, Dr. J. T. Metcalf, Dr. Noah K. Davis, Dr. Edward Eggleston, Ex-Governor of Florida, Wm. D. Bloxham, her most polite and ingenius Statesman, two leading members of the House of Physicians and Surgeons, Toronto, Canada, and Mr. Fred Dobbell, of London, England.
Dr. Robert E. Williams,
329 W. Depot Street, Knoxville, Tenn.
Russellville (Tenn.) paper.

THE FIRST ADVERTISEMENT?

"A Commander of a very good merchant ship wants an apprentice that hath his Pen well, and understands Arithmetick to assist him in the keeping of Books and doing of Business, and hath Friends who will be bound for his true and faithful Service during his Apprenticeship." *A Collection for Improvement of Husbandry and Trade,* London, December 13, 1695.

WHY EDITORS LEAVE HOME

Every birth, engagement, marriage, divorce, death, or any other event of importance to any resident of San Bruno is considered good news. Send the facts to the editor.
San Bruno (Cal.) Herald.

The many friends of Mrs. Joe Noonan will be glad to hear she is getting along fine after having infection in her gums by having some guests at the Robert Strohn home.
Madelia (Minn.) Times-Messenger.

Many advocates of the bill, who are opposed to gambling, assert the state anti-ambling law is fragrantly violated in Reno and other towns, with state, county, and city officials conniving at such violation, and that wide-open games are preferable to present conditions.
Sacramento (Cal.) Bee.

Four novels that we recommend for summer reading, all by women, and each in a different way stimulating and provocative of discussion: *Twilight Slip*—Edith Wharton—Appleton and Co., $2.50; *From Man to Man*—Olive Schreiner—Harper and Brothers, $2.50; *To the Lighthouse*—Virginia Woolf—Harcourt, Brace and Co., $2.50; *The Immortal Marriage*—Gertrude Atherton—Boni and Liveright, $2.50.
The Guidon (Nat. Women's Republican Club).

PENN YAN MAN HAS TWIN CALVES

L. Gerome Ogden is the proud possessor of twins, born at Lormont in Penn Yan on June 16, 1927. Mother and calves are doing well.
Penn Yan (N. Y.) Chronicle-Express.

Commander Byrd, first man that ever flew over the North Pole, plans to start a round-trip flight to Europe, with a short stop in Paris. He will take with him friend chicken for himself and his companions, and $200,000 life insurance in Lloyd's.
Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer.

The Service Garage reports the sales of a Standard Sick Buick sedan to Harry Lincoln of Metaline Falls. *Newport (Wash.) Miner.*

Cultivation and praying said Dean Goodling, are the two last things in the growing of potatoes.
Doylestown (Pa.) Daily Intelligencer.

The ladies of the M. E. Church will have a picnic in Walton Willard's grave Sat., July 2nd, all day. There will be games. Dinner will be served at noon. Everybody invited.
Essex County Republican (Keeseville, N. Y.)

La Grande Bretêche

By HONORÉ DE BALZAC

"AH! MADAME," replied the doctor, "I have some appalling stories in my collection. But each one has its proper hour in a conversation—you know the pretty jest recorded by Chamfort, and said to the Duke de Fronsac: 'Between your sally and the present moment lie ten bottles of champagne.'"

"But it is two in the morning, and the story of Rosina has prepared us," said the mistress of the house.

"Tell us, M. Bianchon!" was the cry on every side.

The obliging doctor bowed, and silence reigned.

"At about a hundred paces from Vendôme, on the banks of the Loire," said he, "stands an old brown house, crowned with very high roofs, and so completely isolated that there is nothing near it, not even a fetid tannery or a squalid tavern, such as are commonly seen outside small towns. In front of this house is a garden down to the river, where the box-shrubs, formerly clipped close to edge the walks, now straggle at their own will. A few willows, rooted in the stream, have grown up quickly like an inclosing fence, and half hide the house. The wild plants we call weeds have clothed the bank with their beautiful luxuriance. The fruit trees, neglected for these ten years past, no longer bear a crop, and their suckers have formed a thicket. The espaliers are like a copse. The paths, once graveled, are overgrown with purslane; but, to be accurate, there is no trace of a path.

"Looking down from the hill-top, to which cling the ruins of the old castle of the Dukes of Vendôme, the only spot whence the eye can see into this inclosure, we think that at a time, difficult now to determine, this spot of earth must have been the joy of some country gentleman devoted to roses and tulips, in a word, to horticulture, but above all a lover of choice fruit. An arbour is visible, or rather the wreck of an arbour, and under it a table still stands not entirely destroyed by time. At the aspect of this garden that is no more, the negative joys of the peaceful life of the provinces may be divined as we divine the history of a worthy tradesman when we read the epitaph on his tomb. To complete the mournful and tender impressions which seize the soul, on one of the walls there is a sundial graced with this homely Christian motto, '*Ultimam cogita.*'

"The roof of this house is dreadfully dilapidated; the outside shutters are always closed; the balconies are hung with swallows' nests; the doors are forever shut. Straggling grasses have outlined the flagstones of the steps with green; the ironwork is rusty. Moon and sun, winter, summer, and snow have eaten into the wood, warped the boards, peeled off the paint. The dreary silence is broken only by birds and cats, pole-cats, rats, and mice, free to scamper around, and fight, and eat each other. An invisible hand has written over it all: 'Mystery.'

"If, prompted by curiosity, you go to look at this house from the street, you will see a large gate, with a round-arched top; the children have made many holes in it. I learned later that this door had been blocked for ten years. Through these irregular breaches you will see that the side toward the courtyard is in perfect harmony with the side toward the garden. The same ruin prevails. Tufts of weeds outline the paving stones; the walls are scored by enormous cracks, and the blackened coping is laced with a thousand festoons of pellitory. The stone steps are disjointed; the bell-cord is rotten; the gutter-spouts broken. What fire from heaven can have fallen there? By what decree has salt been sown on this

dwelling? Has God been mocked here? Or was France betrayed? These are the questions we ask ourselves. Reptiles crawl over it, but give no reply. This empty and deserted house is a vast enigma of which the answer is known to none.

"It was formerly a little domain, held in fief, and is known as La Grande Bretêche. During my stay at Vendôme, where Despleins had left me in charge of a rich patient, the sight of this strange dwelling became one of my keenest pleasures. Was it not far better than a ruin? Certain memories of indisputable authenticity attach themselves to a ruin; but this house, still standing, though being slowly destroyed by an avenging hand, contained a secret, an unrevealed thought. At the very least it testified to a caprice. More than once in the evening I boarded the hedge, run wild, which surrounded the inclosure. I braved scratches, I got into this ownerless garden, this plot which was no longer public or private; I lingered there for hours gazing at the disorder. I would not, as the price of the story to which this strange scene no doubt was due, have asked a single question of any gossiping native. On that spot I wove delightful romances, and abandoned myself to little debauches of melancholy which enchanted me. If I had known the reason—perhaps quite commonplace—of this neglect, I should have lost the unwritten poetry which intoxicated me. To me this refuge represented the most various phases of human life, shadowed by misfortune; sometimes the calm of a cloister without the monks; sometimes the peace of the graveyard without the dead, who speak in the language of epitaphs; one day I saw in it the home of lepers; another, the house of the Atridæ; but, above all, I found there provincial life, with its contemplative ideas, its hour-glass existence. I often wept there, I never laughed.

"More than once I felt involuntary terrors as I heard overhead the dull hum of the wings of some hurrying wood-pigeon. The earth is dank; you must be on the watch for lizards, vipers, and frogs, wandering about with the wild freedom of nature; above all, you must have no fear of cold, for in a few minutes you feel an icy cloak settle on your shoulders, like the Commendatore's hand on Don Giovanni's neck.

"One evening I felt a shudder; the wind had turned an old rusty weathercock, and the creaking sounded like a cry from the house, at the very moment when I was finishing a gloomy drama to account for this monumental embodiment of woe. I returned to my inn, lost in gloomy thoughts. When I had supped, the hostess came into my room with an air of mystery, and said, 'Monsieur, here is M. Regnault.'

"'Who is M. Regnault?'

"'What, sir, do not you know M. Regnault?—Well, that's odd,' said she, leaving the room.

"On a sudden I saw a man appear, tall, slim, dressed in black, hat in hand, who came in like a ram ready to butt his opponent, showing a receding forehead, a small pointed head, and a colourless face of the hue of a glass of dirty water. You would have taken him for an usher. The stranger wore an old coat, much worn at the seams; but he had a diamond in his shirt frill, and gold rings in his ears.

"'Monsieur,' said I, 'whom have I the honour of addressing?'—He took a chair, placed himself in front of my fire, put his hat on my table, and answered, while he rubbed his hands: 'Dear me, it is very cold. —Monsieur, I am M. Regnault.'

"I was encouraging myself by saying to myself, '*Il bondo canil* Seek!'

"'I am,' he went on, 'notary at Vendôme.'

"'I am delighted to hear it, monsieur!' I exclaimed. 'But I am not in a position to make a will for reasons best known to myself.'

"'One moment!' said he, holding up his hand as though to gain silence. 'Allow me, monsieur, allow me! I am informed that you sometimes go to walk in the garden of La Grande Bretêche.'

"'Yes, monsieur.'

"'One moment!' said he, repeating his gesture. 'That constitutes a misdemeanour. Monsieur, as executor under the will of the late Comtesse de Merret, I come in her name to beg you to discontinue the practice. One moment! I am not a Turk, and do not wish to make a crime of it. And besides, you are free to be ignorant of the circumstances which compel me to leave the finest mansion in Vendôme to fall into ruin. Nevertheless, monsieur, you must be a man of education, and you should know that the laws forbid, under heavy penalties, any trespass on inclosed property. A hedge is the same as a wall. But, the state in which the place is left may be an excuse for your curiosity. For my part, I should be quite content to make you free to come and go in the house; but being bound to respect the will of the testatrix, I have the honour, monsieur, to beg you will go into

the garden no more. I myself, monsieur, since the will was read, have never set foot in the house, which, as I had the honour of informing you, is part of the estate of the late Mme. de Merret. We have done nothing there but verify the number of doors and windows to assess the taxes I have to pay annually out of the funds left for that purpose by the late Mme. de Merret. Ah! my dear sir, her will made a great commotion in the town.'

"The good man paused to blow his nose. I respected his volubility, perfectly understanding that the administration of Mme. de Merret's estate had been the most important event of his life, his reputation, his glory, his Restoration. Though I was forced to bid farewell to my beautiful reveries and romances, I might at least try to learn the truth on official authority.

"'Monsieur,' said I, 'would it be indiscreet if I were to ask the reasons for such eccentricity?'

"At these words an expression, which revealed all the pleasure which men feel who are accustomed to ride a hobby, overspread the lawyer's countenance. He pulled up the collar of his shirt with an air, took out his snuff-box, opened it, and offered me a pinch; on my refusing, he took a large one. He was happy! A man who has no hobby does not know all the good to be got out of life. A hobby is the happy medium between a passion and a monomania. At this moment I understood the whole bearing of Sterne's charming passion, and had a perfect idea of the delight with which my Uncle Toby, encouraged by Trim, bestrode his hobby-horse.

"'Monsieur,' said M. Regnault, 'I was head clerk in M. Roguin's office, in Paris. A first-rate house, which you may have heard mentioned? No! An unfortunate bankruptcy made it famous.—Not having money enough to purchase a practice in Paris at the price to which they were run up in 1816, I came here and bought my predecessor's business. I had relations in Vendôme; among others, a wealthy aunt, who allowed me to marry her daughter.—Monsieur,' he went on after a little pause, 'three months after being licensed by the Keeper of the Seals, one evening, as I was going to bed,—it was before my marriage,—I was sent for by Mme. la Comtesse de Merret, to her Château of Merret. Her maid, a good girl, who is now a servant in this inn, was waiting at my door with the Countess's own carriage. Ah! one moment! I ought to tell you that M. de Comte de Merret had gone to Paris to die, two months before I came here. He came to a miserable end, flinging himself into every kind of dissipation. You understand?

"'On the day when he left, Mme. la Comtesse had quitted La Grande Bretêche, having dismantled it. Some people even say that she had burnt all the furniture, the hangings—in short, all the chattels and furniture whatever used in furnishing the premises now let by the said M.—(Dear! What am I saying? I beg your pardon, I thought I was dictating a lease!)—In short, that she burnt everything in the meadow at Merret. Have you been to Merret, monsieur?—No,' said he, answering himself. 'Ah, it is a very fine place.'

"'For about three months previously,' he went on, with a jerk of his head, 'the Count and Countess had lived in a very eccentric way; they admitted no visitors; madame lived on the ground floor, and monsieur on the first floor. When the Countess was left alone, she was never seen excepting at church. Subsequently, at home, at the château, she refused to see the friends, whether gentlemen or ladies, who went to call on her. She was already very much altered when she left La Grande Bretêche to go to Merret. That dear lady—I say dear lady, for it was she who gave me this diamond, but indeed I saw her but once—that kind lady was very ill; she had, no doubt, given up all hope, for she died without choosing to send for a doctor; indeed, many of our ladies fancied she was not quite right in her head. Well, sir, my curiosity was strangely excited by hearing that Mme. de Merret had need of my services. Nor was I the only person who took an interest in the affair. That very night, though it was already late, all the town knew that I was going to Merret.

"'The waiting-woman replied but vaguely to the questions I asked her on the way; nevertheless, she told me that her mistress had received the sacrament in the course of the day at the hands of the Curé of Merret, and seemed unlikely to live through the night. It was about eleven when I reached the château. I went up the great staircase. After crossing some large, lofty, dark rooms, diabolically cold and damp, I reached the state bedroom where the Countess lay. From the rumours that were current concerning this lady (monsieur, I should never end if I were to repeat all the tales that were told about her), I had imagined her a coquette. Imagine, then, that I had great difficulty in seeing her in the great bed where

she was lying. To be sure, to light this enormous room, with old-fashioned heavy cornices, and so thick with dust that merely to see it was enough to make you sneeze, she had only an old Argand lamp. Ah! but you have not been to Merret. Well, the bed is one of those old-world beds, with a high tester hung with flowered chintz. A small table stood by the bed, on which I saw an *Imitation of Christ*, which, by the way, I bought for my wife, as well as the lamp. There were also a deep armchair for her confidential maid, and two small chairs. There was no fire. That was all the furniture; not enough to fill ten lines in an inventory.

"'My dear sir, if you had seen, as I then saw, that vast room, papered and hung with brown, you would have felt yourself transported into a scene of a romance. It was icy, nay more, funereal,' and he lifted his hand with a theatrical gesture and paused.

"'By dint of seeking, as I approached the bed, at last I saw Mme. de Merret, under the glimmer of the lamp, which fell on the pillows. Her face was as yellow as wax, and as narrow as two folded hands. The Countess had a lace cap showing abundant hair, but as white as linen thread. She was sitting up in bed, and seemed to keep upright with great difficulty. Her large black eyes, dimmed by fever, no doubt, and half-dead already, hardly moved under the bony arch of her eyebrows.—There,' he added, pointing to his own brow. 'Her forehead was clammy; her fleshless hands were like bones covered with soft skin; the veins and muscles were perfectly visible. She must have been very handsome, but at this moment I was startled into an indescribable emotion at the sight. Never, said those who wrapped her in her shroud, had any living creature been so emaciated and lived. In short, it was awful to behold! Sickness had so consumed that woman that she was no more than a phantom. Her lips, which were pale violet, seemed to me not to move when she spoke to me.

"'Though my profession has familiarized me with such spectacles, by calling me not unfrequently to the bedside of the dying to record their last wishes, I confess that families in tears and the agonies I have seen were as nothing in comparison with this lonely and silent woman in her vast château. I heard not the least sound, I did not perceive the movement which the sufferer's breathing ought to have given to the sheets that covered her, and I stood motionless, absorbed in looking at her in a sort of stupour. In fancy I am there still.—At last her large eyes moved; she tried to raise her right hand, but it fell back on the bed, and she uttered these words, which came like a breath, for her voice was no longer a voice: "I have waited for you with the greatest impatience." A bright flush rose to her cheeks. It was a great effort to her to speak.

"'"Madame," I began. She signed to me to be silent. At that moment the old housekeeper rose and said in my ear, "Do not speak; Mme. la Comtesse is not in a state to bear the slightest noise, and what you would say might agitate her."

"'I sat down. A few moments after, Mme. de Merret collected all her remaining strength to move her right hand, and slipped it, not without infinite difficulty, under the bolster; she then paused a moment. With a last effort she withdrew her hand; and when she brought out a sealed paper, drops of perspiration rolled from her brow. "I place my will in your hands—Oh! God! Oh!" and that was all. She clutched a crucifix that lay on the bed, lifted it hastily to her lips, and died.

"'The expression of her eyes still makes me shudder as I think of it. She must have suffered much! There was joy in her last glance, and it remained stamped on her dead eyes.

"'I brought away the will, and when it was opened I found that Mme. de Merret had appointed me her executor. She left the whole of her property to the hospital at Vendôme, expecting a few legacies. But these were her instructions as relating to La Grande Bretêche: She ordered me to leave the place, for fifty years counting from the day of her death, in the state in which it might be at the time of her decease, forbidding anyone, whoever he might be, to enter the apartments, prohibiting any repairs whatever, and even settling a salary to pay watchmen if it were needful to secure the absolute fulfillment of her intentions. At the expiration of that term, if the will of the testatrix has been fully carried out, the house is to become the property of my heirs, for, as you know, a notary cannot take a bequest. Otherwise La Grande Bretêche reverts to the heirs-at-law, but on condition of fulfilling certain conditions set forth in a codicil to the will, which is not to be opened till the expiration of the said term of fifty years. The will has not been disputed, so——' And without finishing his sentence, the lanky notary looked at me with an air of triumph; I made him quite happy by offering him my congratulations.

"'Monsieur,' I said in conclusion, 'you have so vividly impressed me that I fancy I see the dying woman whiter than her sheets; her glittering eyes frighten me; I shall dream of her to-night.—But you must have formed some idea as to the instructions contained in that extraordinary will.'

"'Monsieur', said he, with comical reticence, 'I never allow myself to criticize the conduct of a person who honours me with the gift of a diamond.'

"However, I soon loosened the tongue of the discreet notary of Vendôme, who communicated to me, not without long digressions, the opinions of the deep politicians of both sexes whose judgments are law in Vendôme. But these opinions were so contradictory, so diffuse, that I was near falling asleep in spite of the interest I felt in this authentic history. The notary's ponderous voice and monotonous accent, accustomed no doubt to listen to himself and to make himself listened to by his clients or fellow-townsmen, were too much for my curiosity. Happily, he soon went away.

"'Ah, ha, monsieur,' said he on the stairs, 'a good many persons would be glad to live five and forty years longer; but—one moment!' and he laid the first finger of his right hand to his nostril with a cunning look, as much as to say, 'Mark my words!—To last as long as that—as long as that,' said he, 'you must not be past sixty now.'

"I closed my door, having been roused from my apathy by this last speech, which the notary thought very funny; then I sat down in my armchair, with my feet on the firedogs. I had lost myself in a romance *à la* Radcliff, constructed on the juridical base given me by M. Regnault, when the door, opened by a woman's cautious hand, turned on the hinges. I saw my landlady come in, a buxom, florid dame, always good-humoured, who had missed her calling in life. She was a Fleming, who ought to have seen the light in a picture by Teniers.

"'Well, monsieur,' said she, 'M. Regnault has no doubt been giving you his history of La Grande Bretêche?'

"'Yes, Mme. Lepas.'

"'And what did he tell you?'

"I repeated in a few words the creepy and sinister story of Mme. de Merret. At each sentence my hostess put her head forward, looking at me with an innkeeper's keen scrutiny, a happy compromise between the instinct of a police constable, the astuteness of a spy, and the cunning of a dealer.

"'My good Mme. Lepas,' said I as I ended, 'you seem to know more about it. Heh? If not, why have you come to me?'

"'On my word, as an honest woman——'

"'Do not swear; your eyes are big with a secret. You knew M. de Merret; what sort of man was he?'

"'M. de Merret—well, you see, he was a man you never could see the top of, he was so tall! A very good gentleman, from Picardy, and who had, as we say, his head close to his cap. He paid for everything down so as never to have difficulties with anyone. He was hot-tempered, you see. All our ladies liked him very much.'

"'Because he was hot-tempered?' I asked her.

"'Well, maybe,' said she; 'and you may suppose, sir, that a man had to have something to show for a figure-head before he could marry Mme. de Merret, who, without any reflection on others, was the handsomest and richest heiress in our parts. She had about twenty thousand francs a year. All the town was at the wedding; the bride was pretty and sweet-looking, quite a gem of a woman. Oh, they were a handsome couple in their day!'

"'And were they happy together?'

"'Hm, hm! so-so—so far as can be guessed, for, as you may suppose, we of the common sort were not hail-fellow-well-met with them.—Mme. de Merret was a kind woman and very pleasant, who no doubt sometimes had to put up with her husband's tantrums. But though he was rather haughty, we were fond of him. After all, it was his place to behave so. When a man is a born nobleman, you see——'

"'Still, there must have been some catastrophe for M. and Mme. de Merret to part so violently?'

"'I did not say there was any catastrophe, sir. I know nothing about it.'

"'Indeed. Well, now, I am sure you know everything.'

"'Well, sir, I will tell you the whole story.—When I saw M. Regnault go up to see you, it struck me that he would speak to you about Mme. de Merret as having to do with La Grande Bretêche. That put it into my head to ask your advice, sir, seeming to me that you are a man of good judgment and incapable of playing a poor woman like me false—for I never did any one a wrong, and yet I am tormented by my conscience. Up to now I have never dared to say a word to the people of these parts; they are all chatter-mags, with tongues like knives. And never till now, sir, have I had

any traveler here who stayed so long in the inn as you have, and to whom I could tell the history of the fifteen thousand francs——'

"'My dear Mme. Lepas, if there is anything in your story of a nature to compromise me,' I said, interrupting the flow of her words, 'I would not hear it for all the world.'

"'You need have no fears,' said she, 'you will see.'

"Her eagerness made me suspect that I was not the only person to whom my worthy landlady had communicated the secret of which I was to be sole possessor, but I listened.

"'Monsieur,' said she, 'when the Emperor sent the Spaniards here, prisoners of war and others, I was required to lodge at the charge of the Government a young Spaniard sent to Vendôme on parole. Notwithstanding his parole, he had to show himself every day to the sub-prefect. He was a Spanish grandee—neither more nor less. He had a name in *os* and *dia*, something like Bagos de Férédia. I wrote his name down in my books, and you may see it if you like. Ah! he was a handsome young fellow for a Spaniard, who are all ugly, they say. He was not more than five feet two or three in height, but so well made; and he had little hands that he kept so beautifully! Ah! you should have seen them. He had as many brushes for his hands as a woman has for her toilet. He had thick, black hair, a flame in his eye, a somewhat coppery complexion, but which I admired all the same. He wore the finest linen I have ever seen, though I have had princesses to lodge here, and, among others, General Bertrand, the Duc and Duchesse d'Abrantés, M. Descazes, and the King of Spain. He did not eat much, but he had such polite and amiable ways that it was impossible to owe him a grudge for that. Oh! I was very fond of him, though he did not say four words to me in a day, and it was impossible to have the least bit of talk with him; if he was spoken to, he did not answer; it is a way, a mania they all have, it would seem.

"'He read his breviary like a priest, and went to mass and all the services quite regularly. And where did he post himself? —we found this out later.—Within two yards of Mme. de Merret's chapel. As he took that place the very first time he entered the church, no one imagined that there was any purpose in it. Besides, he never raised his nose above his book, poor young man! And then, monsieur, of an evening he went for a walk on the hill among the ruins of the old castle. It was his only amusement, poor man; it reminded him of his native land. They say that Spain is all hills!

"'One evening, a few days after he was sent here, he was out very late. I was rather uneasy when he did not come in till just on the stroke of midnight; but we all got used to his whims; he took the key of the door, and we never sat up for him. He lived in a house belonging to us in the Rue des Casernes. Well, then, one of our stable-boys told us one evening that, going down to wash the horses in the river, he fancied he had seen the Spanish grandee swimming some little way off, just like a fish. When he came in, I told him to be careful of the weeds, and he seemed put out at having been seen in the water.

"'At last, monsieur, one day, or rather one morning, we did not find him in his room; he had not come back. By hunting through his things, I found a written paper in the drawer of his table, with fifty pieces of Spanish gold of the kind they call doubloons, worth about five thousand francs; and in a little sealed box ten thousand francs' worth of diamonds. The paper said that in case he should not return, he left us this money and these diamonds in trust to found masses to thank God for his escape and for his salvation.

"'At that time I still had my husband, who ran off in search of him. And this is the queer part of the story: he brought back the Spaniard's clothes, which he had found under a big stone on a sort of breakwater along the river bank, nearly opposite La Grande Bretêche. My husband went so early that no one saw him. After reading the letter, he burnt the clothes, and, in obedience to Count Férédia's wish, we announced that he had escaped.

"'The sub-prefect set all the constabulary at his heels; but, pshaw! he was never caught. Lepas believed that the Spaniard had drowned himself. I, sir, have never thought so; I believe, on the contrary, that he had something to do with the business about Mme. de Merret, seeing that Rosalie told me that the crucifix her mistress was so fond of that she had it buried with her, was made of ebony and silver; now, in the early days of his stay here, M. Férédia had one of ebony and silver which I never saw later. —And now, monsieur, do not you say that I need have no remorse about the Spaniard's fifteen thousand francs? Are they not really and truly mine?'

"'Certainly.—But have you never tried to question Rosalie?' said I.

"'Oh, to be sure I have, sir. But what is to be done? That girl is like a wall. She knows something, but it is impossible to make her talk.'

"After chatting with me for a few minutes, my hostess left me a prey to vague and sinister thoughts, to romantic curiosity, and a religious dread, not unlike the deep emotion which comes upon us when we go into a dark church at night and discern a feeble light glimmering under a lofty vault—a dim figure glides across—the sweep of a gown or of a priest's cassock is audible—and we shiver! La Grande Bretêche, with its rank grasses, its shuttered windows, its rusty iron-work, its locked doors, its deserted rooms, suddenly rose before me in fantastic vividness. I tried to get into the mysterious dwelling to search out the heart of this solemn story, this drama which had killed three persons.

"Rosalie became in my eyes the most interesting being in Vendôme. As I studied her, I detected signs of an inmost thought, in spite of the blooming health that glowed in her dimpled face. There was in her soul some element of truth or of hope; her manner suggested a secret, like the expression of devout souls who pray in excess, or of a girl who has killed her child and forever hears its last cry. Nevertheless, she was simple and clumsy in her ways; her vacant smile had nothing criminal in it, and you would have pronounced her innocent only from seeing the large red and blue checked kerchief that covered her stalwart bust, tucked into the tight-laced square bodice of a lilac- and white-striped gown. 'No,' said I to myself, 'I will not quit Vendôme without knowing the whole history of La Grande Bretêche. To achieve this end, I will make love to Rosalie if it proves necessary.'

"'Rosalie!' said I one evening.

"'Your servant, sir.'

"'You are not married?' She started a little.

"'Oh! there is no lack of men if ever I take a fancy to be miserable!' she replied, laughing. She got over her agitation at once; for every woman, from the highest lady to the inn-servant inclusive, has a native presence of mind.

"'You; you are fresh and good-looking enough never to lack lovers! But tell me, Rosalie, why did you become an inn-servant on leaving Mme. de Merret? Did she not leave you some little annuity?'

"'Oh yes, sir. But my place here is the best in all the town of Vendôme.'

"This reply was such an one as judges and attorneys call evasive. Rosalie, as it seemed to me, held in this romantic affair the place of the middle square of the chess-board; she was at the very center of the interest and of the truth; she appeared to me to be tied into the knot of it. It was not a case for ordinary love-making; this girl contained the last chapter of a romance, and from that moment all my attentions were devoted to Rosalie. By dint of studying the girl I observed in her, as in every woman whom we make our ruling thought, a variety of good qualities; she was clean and neat; she was handsome, I need not say; she soon was possessed of every charm that desire can lend to a woman in whatever rank of life. A fortnight after the notary's visit, one evening, or rather one morning, in the small hours, I said to Rosalie:

"'Come, tell me all you know about Mme. de Merret.'

"'Oh!' she cried in terror. 'Do not ask me that, M. Horace!'

"Her handsome features clouded over, her bright colouring grew pale, and her eyes lost their artless, liquid brightness.

"'Well,' she said, 'I will tell you; but keep the secret carefully.'

"'All right, my child; I will keep all your secrets with a thief's honour, which is the most loyal known.'

"'If it is all the same to you,' said she, 'I would rather it should be with your own.'

"Thereupon she set her head-kerchief straight, and settled herself to tell the tale; for there is no doubt a particular attitude of confidence and security is necessary to the telling of a narrative. The best tales are told at a certain hour—just as we are all here at table. No one ever told a story well standing up, or fasting.

"If I were to reproduce exactly Rosalie's diffuse eloquence, a whole volume would scarcely contain it. Now, as the event of which she gave me a confused account stands exactly midway between the notary's gossip and that of Mme. Lepas, as precisely as the middle term of a rule-of-three sum stands between the first and third, I have only to relate it in as few words as may be. I shall therefore be brief.

"The room at La Grande Bretêche in which Mme. de Merret slept was on the ground floor; a little cupboard in the wall, about four feet deep, served her to hang her dresses in. Three months before the eve-

ning of which I have to relate the events, Mme. de Merret had been seriously ailing, so much so that her husband had left her to herself, and had his own bedroom on the first floor. By one of those accidents which it is impossible to foresee, he came in that evening two hours later than usual from the club, where he went to read the papers and talk politics with the residents in the neighbourhood. His wife supposed him to have come in, to be in bed and asleep. But the invasion of France had been the subject of a very animated discussion; the game of billiards had waxed vehement; he had lost forty francs, an enormous sum at Vendôme, where everybody is thrifty, and where social habits are restrained within the bounds of a simplicity worthy of all praise, and the foundation perhaps of a form of true happiness which no Parisian would care for.

"For some time past M. de Merret had been satisfied to ask Rosalie whether his wife was in bed; on the girl's replying always in the affirmative, he at once went to his own room, with the good faith that comes of habit and confidence. But this evening, on coming in, he took it into his head to go to see Mme. de Merret, to tell her of his ill-luck, and perhaps to find consolation. During dinner he had observed that his wife was very becomingly dressed; he reflected as he came home from the club that his wife was certainly much better, that convalescence had improved her beauty, discovering it, as husbands discover everything, a little too late. Instead of calling Rosalie, who was in the kitchen at the moment watching the cook and the coachman playing a puzzling hand at cards, M. de Merret made his way to his wife's room by the light of his lantern, which he set down on the lowest step of the stairs. His step, easy to recognize, rang under the vaulted passage.

"At the instant when the gentleman turned the key to enter his wife's room, he fancied he heard the door shut of the closet of which I have spoken; but when he went in, Mme. de Merret was alone, standing in front of the fireplace. The unsuspecting husband fancied that Rosalie was in the cupboard; nevertheless, a doubt, ringing in his ears like a peal of bells, put him on his guard; he looked at his wife, and read in her eyes an indescribably anxious and haunted expression.

"'You are very late,' said she.—Her voice, usually so clear and sweet, struck him as being slightly husky.

"M. de Merret made no reply, for at this moment Rosalie came in. This was like a thunderclap. He walked up and down the room, going from one window to another at a regular pace, his arms folded.

"'Have you had bad news, or are you ill?' his wife asked him timidly, while Rosalie helped her to undress. He made no reply.

"'You can go, Rosalie,' said Mme. de Merret to her maid; 'I can put in my curl-papers myself.'—She scented disaster at the mere aspect of her husband's face, and wished to be alone with him. As soon as Rosalie was gone, or supposed to be gone, for she lingered a few minutes in the passage, M. de Merret came and stood facing his wife, and said coldly, 'Madame, there is some one in your cupboard!' She looked at her husband calmly, and replied quite simply, 'No, monsieur.'

"This 'No' wrung M. de Merret's heart; he did not believe it; and yet his wife had never appeared purer or more saintly than she seemed to be at this moment. He rose to go and open the closet door. Mme. de Merret took his hand, stopped him, looked at him sadly, and said in a voice of strange emotion, 'Remember, if you should find no one there, everything must be at an end between you and me.'

"The extraordinary dignity of his wife's attitude filled him with deep esteem for her, and inspired him with one of those resolves which need only a grander stage to become immortal.

"'No, Josephine,' he said, 'I will not open it. In either event we should be parted forever. Listen; I know all the purity of your soul, I know you lead a saintly life, and would not commit a deadly sin to save your life.'—At these words Mme. de Merret looked at her husband with a haggard stare. —'See, here is your crucifix,' he went on. 'Swear to me before God that there is no one in there; I will believe you—I will never open that door.'

"Mme. de Merret took up the crucifix and said, 'I swear it.'

"'Louder,' said her husband; 'and repeat, "I swear before God that there is nobody in that closet."' She repeated the words without flinching.

"'That will do,' said M. de Merret coldly. After a moment's silence: 'You have there a fine piece of work which I never saw before,' said he, examining the crucifix of ebony and silver, very artistically wrought.

"'I found it at Duvivier's; last year when that troop of Spanish prisoners came through Vendôme, he bought it of a Spanish monk.'

"'Indeed,' said M. de Merret, hanging the crucifix on its nail; and he rang the bell.

"He had not to wait for Rosalie. M. de Merret went forward quickly to meet her, led her into the bay of the window that looked on to the garden, and said to her in an undertone:

"'I know that Gorenflot wants to marry you, that poverty alone prevents your setting up house, and that you told him you would not be his wife till he found means to become a master mason.—Well, go and fetch him; tell him to come here with his trowel and tools. Contrive to wake no one in his house but himself. His reward will be beyond your wishes. Above all, go out without saying a word—or else—!' and he frowned.

"Rosalie was going, and he called her back. 'Here, take my latch-key,' said he.

"'Jean!' M. de Merret called in a voice of thunder down the passage. Jean, who was both coachman and confidential servant, left his cards and came.

"'Go to bed, all of you,' said his master, beckoning him to come close; and the gentleman added in a whisper, 'When they are all asleep—mind, *asleep*—you understand?—come down and tell me.'

"M. de Merret, who had never lost sight of his wife while giving his orders, quietly came back to her at the fireside, and began to tell her the details of the game of billiards and the discussion at the club. When Rosalie returned she found M. and Mme. de Merret conversing amiably.

"Not long before this M. de Merret had had new ceilings made to all the reception-rooms on the ground floor. Plaster is very scarce at Vendôme; the price is enhanced by the cost of carriage; the gentleman had therefore had a considerable quantity delivered to him, knowing that he could always find purchasers for what might be left. It was this circumstance which suggested the plan he carried out.

"'Gorenflot is here, sir,' said Rosalie in a whisper.

"'Tell him to come in,' said her master aloud.

"Mme. de Merret turned paler when she saw the mason.

"'Gorenflot,' said her husband, 'go and fetch some bricks from the coach-house; bring enough to wall up the door of this cupboard; you can use the plaster that is left for cement.' Then, dragging Rosalie and the workman close to him—'Listen, Gorenflot,' said he, in a low voice, 'you are to sleep here to-night; but to-morrow morning you shall have a passport to take you abroad to a place I will tell you of. I will give you six thousand francs for your journey. You must live in that town for ten years; if you find you do not like it, you may settle in another, but it must be in the same country. Go through Paris and wait there till I join you. I will there give you an agreement for six thousand francs more, to be paid to you on your return, provided you have carried out the conditions of the bargain. For that price you are to keep perfect silence as to what you have to do this night. To you, Rosalie, I will secure ten thousand francs, which will not be paid to you till your wedding day, and on condition of your marrying Gorenflot; but, to get married, you must hold your tongue. If not, no wedding gift!'

"'Rosalie,' said Mme. de Merret, 'come and brush my hair.'

"Her husband quietly walked up and down the room, keeping an eye on the door, on the mason, and on his wife, but without any insulting display of suspicion. Gorenflot could not help making some noise. Mme. de Merret seized a moment when he was unloading some bricks, and when her husband was at the other end of the room, to say to Rosalie, 'My dear child, I will give you a thousand francs a year if only you will tell Gorenflot to leave a crack at the bottom.' Then she added aloud quite coolly, 'You had better help him.'

"M. and Mme. de Merret were silent all the time while Gorenflot was walling up the door. This silence was intentional on the husband's part; he did not wish to give his wife the opportunity of saying anything with a double meaning. On Mme. de Merret's side it was pride or prudence. When the wall was half built up the cunning mason took advantage of his master's back being turned to break one of the two panes in the top of the door with a blow of his pick. By this Mme. de Merret understood that Rosalie had spoken to Gorenflot. They all three then saw the face of a dark, gloomy-looking man, with black hair and flaming eyes.

"Before her husband turned round again the poor woman had nodded to the stranger, to whom the signal was meant to convey, 'Hope.'

"At four o'clock, as day was dawning, for it was the month of September, the work was done. The mason was placed in charge of Jean, and M. de Merret slept in his wife's room.

"Next morning when he got up he said with apparent carelessness, 'Oh, by the way, I must go to the mairie for the passport.' He put on his hat, took two or three steps toward the door, paused, and took the crucifix. His wife was trembling with joy.

"'He will go to Duvivier's,' thought she.

"As soon as he had left, Mme. de Merret rang for Rosalie, and then in a terrible voice she cried: 'The pick! Bring the pick! and set to work. I saw how Gorenflot did it yesterday; we shall have time to make a gap and build it up again.'

"In an instant Rosalie had brought her mistress a sort of cleaver; she, with a vehemence of which no words can give an idea, set to work to demolish the wall. She had already got out a few bricks, when, turning to deal a stronger blow than before, she saw behind her M. de Merret. She fainted away.

"'Lay madame on her bed,' said he, coldly.

"Foreseeing what would certainly happen in his absence, he had laid this trap for his wife; he had merely written to the maire and sent for Duvivier. The jeweler arrived just as the disorder in the room had been repaired.

"'Duvivier,' asked M. de Merret, 'did not you buy some crucifixes of the Spaniards who passed through the town?'

"'No, monsieur.'

"'Very good; thank you,' said he, flashing a tiger's glare at his wife. 'Jean,' he added, turning to his confidential valet, 'you can serve my meals here in Mme. de Merret's room. She is ill, and I shall not leave her till she recovers.'

"The cruel man remained in his wife's room for twenty days. During the earlier time, when there was some little noise in the closet, and Josephine wanted to intercede for the dying man, he said, without allowing her to utter a word, 'You swore on the Cross that there was no one there.'"

After this story all the ladies rose from table, and thus the spell under which Bianchon had held them was broken. But there were some among them who had almost shivered at the last words.

The Twa Corbies

Scotch Ballad

I—As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a mane:
The tane unto the tither did say,
"Whar sall we gang and dine the day?"

II—"—In behint yon auld fail dyke
I wot there lies a new-slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

III—"His hound is tc the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's ta'en anither mate,
So we may mak' our dinner sweet.

IV—"Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I'll pike out his bonny blue e'en:
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

V—"Mony a one for him maks mane,
But nane sall ken whar he is gane:
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair."

When the Sea Grows Angry

PART III

(*CONCLUSION*)

Remember to throw into the sea the oil which I give to you, when straightway the winds will abate, and a calm and smiling sea will accompany you throughout your voyage.
Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Anglorum. THE VENERABLE BEDE.

WATER MOUNTAINS

While summer was burning in the other hemisphere the terrible southern winter came to meet the navigators. The boat had to turn its course to the west, just as the winds were blowing from the west, barring its route.

Eight weeks passed and it was still contending with sea and tempest. The wind carried off a complete set of sails. The wooden ship, somewhat strained by this interminable struggle, commenced to leak, and the crew had to work the hand-pumps night and day. Nobody was able to sleep for many hours running. All were sick from exhaustion. The rough voice and the oaths of the captain could hardly maintain discipline. Some of the seamen lay down, wishing to die, and had to be roused by blows.

Ulysses knew for the first time what waves really were. He saw mountains of water, literally mountains, pouring over the hull of the boat, their very immensity making them form great slopes on both sides of it. When the crest of one broke upon the vessel Ferragut was able to realize the monstrous weight of salt water. Neither stone nor iron had the brutal blow of this liquid force that, upon breaking, fled in torrents or dashed up in spray. They had to make opening in the bulwarks in order to provide a vent for the crushing mass.
BLASCO IBAÑEZ.

The beating of her restless heart
Still sounding through the storm.
The Steamboat. O. W. HOLMES.

"ROUND THE HORN BEFORE THE MAST"

A good blow, and a big beam sea. We are logging 10 knots, and rolling both rails under; for the first time, we have been getting the water in the half-deck, which is truly in a miserable state, as about half a foot of water pours backwards and forwards across it as the ship rolls.

She is rolling so badly, that one has to brace oneself firmly against something fixed whilst eating, and anything that is not well jammed off or lashed, carries away, and either gets smashed up or forms one of the heap of sodden, wretched objects which wash ceaselessly across the floor.

We now live in oilskins and rubbers, and only take them off to get into our bunks. I had two big seas over me to-day, but I hung on and faced them, so that they failed to wash me away, and my oilskins and rubbers being well lashed, kept me pretty dry. One of the golden rules in bad weather is, never run away from a sea. Catch hold of whatever is nearest, and hang on for all you are worth; for if a sea catches you and you have not got firm hold of something, you stand a very good chance of being washed overboard. Even if this does not happen, you are washed into the lee scuppers and get badly bruised and cut about, besides being nearly drowned into the bargain. A real big sea of course you cannot hang on against, so great is the weight of water, and you have to go whither the sea wishes you to.

Whole watches have been washed overboard off the Horn, whilst trying to get a pull on the braces, which is a most dangerous business in real bad weather. . . .

Great Cape Horn greybeards, with crests a mile and a half long, roar up behind us, and at one moment you see a great green sea with a boiling whirlpool of foam on its top, which looks as if it must poop you, and wash you away from the helm, the next moment the gallant vessel has lifted to it, and it roars past on either hand, breaking onto the main-deck with a heavy crash and clanging of ports, then sweeping forward in a mighty flood of raging, hissing, seething, icy-cold water.

The old sailors manage to get about and dodge the water on the main-deck fairly well, though it is a queer sight to see an old shellback going his best pace at a sort of shambling run on the slippery, heavy deck. But poor old Higgins, Bower, and Jennings seem quite helpless, and instead of making tracks along the weather side of the deck, hesitate, and are lost; the sea catches them in the open, and away they go, and have to be rescued and picked out of the lee scuppers half-drowned. . . .

An immense sea broke aboard, feet above my head, and I found myself overboard; but, holding my breath, I hung onto the end of the main top-gallant clew-line like a leech, and as the water cleared off over the lee rail I was floated back into safety.

Meanwhile the sea had caught Mac and Bower and swept them from the main-hatch to right under the break of the poop, Bower bringing up with a bang on the head against the poop-ladder. The second mate, who was on the poop, ran down the ladder and hauled them out. They emerged half-drowned and bruised amidst loud laughter.

"Great snakes, here comes a sea!" cried Loring all of a sudden.

I gave one look astern, and there, towering high above us, was a huge monster, roaring and hissing as it curled its top; it looked as if it must break full on to the poop, and was a sight to strike terror into the stoutest heart.

Would she rise to it, or was this our last moment on earth?

"Hang on for your lives!" roared the second mate.

Up, up, up, went the *Royalshire*, good old ship, she was going to top it after all; but though she did her best, the heavy weight aft held her down, and she did not quite get there.

With a deafening thud, the top of the monster curled into boiling surf and fell upon us, overwhelming the helmsman, who clung desperately to the wheel, and dipping us to the waist as we hung in the weather jigger rigging.

In a roaring torrent it poured across the poop, and then, like an earthquake wave, fell aboard the whole length of the port-rail. Such a height was it, that it toppled over in a terrible breaker upon the top of the midshiphouse: the gig's side and bottom fell out, as if hit by a thunderbolt, the lamp-locker door was smashed down . . . and it filled the main-deck high above the hatches until the water was on a level with the poop.

The poor old ship gave a sickly roll under the terrible weight of water, and dipped Loring and myself up to our necks in the next sea as we clung on to the port jigger-back-stays.

All the life seemed struck out of her; she swung nearly five points off her course, and old Foghorn, Jennings, and the second mate were working like demons as they hove the wheel up.

"If she gets another on top of this, she'll go down like a stone!" yelled Mac in my ear. . . .

Over lay the *Royalshire* until the fair-leads disappeared from sight, and the leeward side of the poop was under water right up to the chart-house. The squall screamed and shrieked at us in fury, as if determined to break down the gallant ship's resistance. The hailstones cut our faces until the blood came, helped by the spindrift, which blew over us in sheets.

The deck was straight up and down, and still everything held aloft. The squall passed, but others kept coming up.

A. Basil Lubbock.

"Dauber"

". . . This isn't wind, man, this is only a whiff.
Hold on, all hands, hold on!" a sea, half seen,
Paused, mounted, burst, and filled the main-deck green.

The Dauber felt a mountain of water fall.
It covered him deep, deep, he felt it fill,
Over his head, the deck, the fife-rails, all,

Quieting the ship, she trembled and lay still.
Then with a rush and shatter and clanging shrill
Over she went; he saw the water cream
Over the bitts; he saw the half-deck stream.

Then in the rush he swirled, over she went;
Her lee-rail dipped, he struck, and something gave;
His legs went through a port as the roll spent;
She paused, then rolled, and back the water drave.
He drifted with it as a part of the wave,
Drowning, half-stunned, exhausted, partly frozen,
He struck the booby hatchway; then the Bosun

Leaped, seeing his chance, before the next sea burst,
And caught him as he drifted, seized him, held,
Up-ended him against the bitts, and cursed.
"This ain't the George's Swimming Baths," he yelled;
"Keep on your feet!" Another gray-back felled
The two together, and the Bose, half-blind,
Spat: "One's a joke," he cursed, "but two's unkind."

"Now, damn it, Dauber!" said the Mate. "Look out,
Or you'll be over the side!" The water freed;
Each clanging freeing-port became a spout.
The men cleared up the decks as there was need.
The Dauber's head was cut, he felt it bleed
Into his oilskins as he clutched and coiled.
Water and sky were devil's brews which boiled.

Boiled, shrieked, and glowered; but the ship was saved.
Snugged safely down, though fourteen sails were split.
Out of the dark a fiercer fury raved.
The gray-backs died and mounted, each crest lit
With a white toppling gleam that hissed from it
And slid, or leaped, or ran with whirls of cloud,
Mad with inhuman life that shrieked aloud. JOHN MASEFIELD.

ON THE VOYAGE TO AMERICA

Whither go the clouds and wind so eagerly? . . . Here! Free from that cramped prison called the earth, and out upon the waste of waters. Here, roaring, raging, shrieking, howling, all night long. . . . Here, in the fury of their unchecked liberty, they storm and buffet with each other, until the sea, lashed into passion like their own, leaps up, in ravings mightier than theirs, and the whole scene is madness.

On, on, on, over the countless miles of angry space roll the long heaving billows. Mountains and caves are here, and yet are not; for what is now the one, is now the other; then all is but a boiling heap of rushing water. Pursuit, and flight, and mad return of wave on wave, and savage struggle, ending in a spouting-up of foam, that whitens the black night; incessant change of place, and form, and hue; constancy in nothing, but eternal strife; on, on, on, they roll, and darker grows the night, and louder howls the wind, and more clamorous and fierce become the million voices in the sea, when the wild cry goes forth upon the storm: "A ship!"

Onward she comes, in gallant combat with the elements, her tall masts trembling, and her timbers starting on the strain; onward she comes, now high upon the curling billows, now low down in the hollows of the sea, as hiding for the moment from its fury; and every storm-voice in the air and water cries more loudly yet, "A ship!"

Still she comes striving on: and at her boldness and the spreading cry, the angry waves rise up above each other's hoary heads to look; and round about the vessel, far as the mariners on the decks can pierce into the gloom, they press upon her, forcing each other down, and starting up, and rushing forward from afar, in dreadful curiosity. High

over her they break; and round her surge and roar; and giving place to others, moaningly depart, and dash themselves to fragments in their baffled anger. Still she comes onward bravely. And though the eager multitude crowd thick and fast upon her all the night, and dawn of day discovers the untiring train yet bearing down upon the ship in an eternity of troubled water, onward she comes, with dim lights burning in her hull, and people there, asleep: as if no deadly element were peering in at every seam and chink, and no drowned seaman's grave, with but a plank to cover it, were yawning in the unfathomable depths below.

CHARLES DICKENS.

GONZALO—*Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.*

SHAKESPEARE.

"TYPHOON"

A faint burst of lightning quivered all round, as if flashed into a cavern—into a black and secret chamber of the sea, with a floor of foaming crests.

It unveiled for a sinister, fluttering moment a ragged mass of clouds hanging low, the lurch of the long outlines of the ship, the black figures of men caught on the bridge, heads forward, as if petrified in the act of butting. The darkness palpitated down upon all this, and then the real thing came at last.

It was something formidable and swift, like the sudden smashing of a vial of wrath. It seemed to explode all round the ship with an overpowering concussion and a rush of great waters, as if an immense dam had been blown up to windward. In an instant the men lost touch of each other. This is the disintegrating power of a great wind: it isolates one from one's kind. An earthquake, a landslip, an avalanche, overtake a man incidentally, as it were—without passion. A furious gale attacks him like a personal enemy, tries to grasp his limbs, fastens upon his mind, seeks to rout his very spirit out of him.

Jukes was driven away from his commander. He fancied himself whirled a great distance through the air. Everything disappeared—even, for a moment, his power of thinking; but his hand had found one of the rail-stanchions. His distress was by no means alleviated by an inclination to disbelieve the reality of this experience. Though young, he had seen some bad weather, and had never doubted his ability to imagine the worst; but this was so much beyond his powers of fancy that it appeared incompatible with the existence of any ship whatever. He would have been incredulous about himself in the same way, perhaps, had he not been so harassed by the necessity of exerting a wrestling effort against a force trying to tear him away from his hold. Moreover, the conviction of not being utterly destroyed returned to him through the sensations of being half-drowned, bestially shaken, and partly choked.

It seemed to him he remained there precariously alone with the stanchion for a long, long time. The rain poured on him, flowed, drove in sheets. He breathed in gasps; and sometimes the water he swallowed was fresh and sometimes it was salt. For the most part he kept his eyes shut tight, as if suspecting his sight might be destroyed in the immense flurry of the elements. When he ventured to blink hastily, he derived some moral support from the green gleam of the starboard light shining feebly upon the flight of rain and sprays. He was actually looking at it when its ray fell upon the uprearing sea which put it out. He saw the head of the wave topple over, adding the mite of its crash to the tremendous uproar raging around him, and almost at the same instant the stanchion was wrenched away from his embracing arms. After a crushing thump on his back he found himself suddenly afloat and borne upwards. His first irresistible notion was that the whole China Sea had climbed on the bridge. Then, more sanely, he concluded himself gone overboard. All the time he was being tossed, flung, and rolled in great volumes of water, he kept on repeating mentally, with the utmost precipitation, the words: "My God! My God! My God! My God!"

All at once, in a revolt of misery and despair, he formed the crazy resolution to get out of that. And he began to thresh about with his arms and legs. But as soon as he commenced his wretched struggles he discovered that he had become somehow mixed up with a face, an oilskin coat, somebody's boots. He clawed ferociously all these things in turn, lost them, found them again, lost them once more, and finally was himself caught in the firm clasp of a pair of stout arms. He returned the embrace closely round a thick solid body. He had found his captain.

They tumbled over and over, tightening their hug. Suddenly the water let them down with a brutal bang; and, stranded against the side of the wheelhouse, out of breath and bruised, they were left to stagger up in the wind and hold on where they could.

Jukes came out of it rather horrified, as though he had escaped some unparalleled outrage directed at his feelings. It weakened his faith in himself. He started shouting aimlessly to the man he could feel near him in that fiendish blackness, "Is it you, sir? Is it you, sir?" till his temples seemed ready to burst. And he heard in answer a voice, as if crying far away, as if screaming to him fretfully from a very great distance, the one word "Yes!" Other seas swept again over the bridge. He received them defencelessly right over his bare head, with both his hands engaged in holding.

The motion of the ship was extravagant. Her lurches had an appalling helplessness: she pitched as if taking a header into a void, and seemed to find a wall to hit every time. When she rolled she fell on her side headlong, and she would be righted back by such a demolishing blow that Jukes felt her reeling as a clubbed man reels before he collapses. The gale howled and scuffled about gigantically in the darkness, as though the entire world were one black gully. At certain moments the air streamed against the ship as if sucked through a tunnel with a concentrated solid force of impact that seemed to lift her clean out of the water and keep her up for an instant with only a quiver running through her from end to end. And then she would begin her tumbling again as if dropped back into a boiling cauldron. Jukes tried hard to compose his mind and judge things coolly.

The sea, flattened down in the heavier gusts, would uprise and overwhelm both ends of the *Nan-Shan* in snowy rushes of foam, expanding white, beyond both rails, into the night. And on this dazzling sheet, spread under the blackness of the clouds and emitting a bluish glow, Captain MacWhirr could catch a desolate glimpse of a few tiny specks black as ebony, the tops of the hatches, the battened companions, the heads of the covered winches, the foot of a mast. This was all he could see of his ship. . . .

The *Nan-Shan* was being looted by the storm with a senseless, destructive fury: trysails torn out of the extra gaskets, double-lashed awnings blown away, bridge swept clean, weather cloths burst, rails twisted, light-screens smashed—and two of the boats had gone already. They had gone unheard and unseen, melting, as it were, in the shock and smother of the wave. It was only later, when upon the white flash of another high sea hurling itself amidships, Jukes had the vision of two pairs of davits leaping black and empty out of the solid blackness, with one overhauled fall flying and an iron-bound block capering in the air, that he became aware of what had happened within about three yards of his back.

He poked his head forward, groping for the ear of his commander. His lips touched it—big, fleshy, very wet. He cried in an agitated tone, "Our boats are going now, sir."

And again he heard that voice, forced and ringing feebly, but with a penetrating effect of quietness in the enormous discord of noises, as if sent out from some remote spot of peace beyond the black wastes of the gale; again he heard a man's voice—the frail and indomitable sound that can be made to carry an infinity of thought, resolution and purpose, that shall be pronouncing confident words on the last day, when heavens fall, and justice is done—again he heard it, and it was crying to him, as if from very, very far—"All right."

He thought he had not managed to make himself understood. "Our boats—I say boats—the boats, sir! Two gone!"

The same voice, within a foot of him and yet so remote, yelled sensibly, "Can't be helped." . . .

Watchfully, Jukes listened for more. No more came. This was all Captain MacWhirr had to say; and Jukes could picture to himself rather than see the broad squat back before him. An impenetrable obscurity pressed down upon the ghostly glimmers of the sea. A dull conviction seized upon Jukes that there was nothing to be done. . . .

One of those wild and appalling shrieks that are heard at times passing mysteriously overhead in the steady roar of a hurricane, swooped, as if borne on wings, upon the ship, and Jukes tried to outscream it.

"Will she live through this?" . . .

He expected nothing from it. Nothing at all. For indeed what answer could be made? But after a while he heard with amazement the frail and resisting voice in his ear, the dwarf sound, unconquered in the giant tumult.

"She may!"

JOSEPH CONRAD.

The Ballet Girl

By A. E. COPPARD

Yours sincerely
A. E. Coppard

ON THE last night of Hilary term Simpkins left his father's shop a quarter before the closing hour in order to deliver personally a letter to John Evans-Antrobus, Esq., of St. Saviour's College. Simpkins was a clerk to his father, and the letter he carried was inscribed on its envelop as "Important," and a further direction, "Wait Answer," was doubly underlined. Acting as he was told to act by his father, than whom he was incapable of recognizing any bigger authority either in this world or, if such a slight, shrinking fellow could ever project his comprehension so far, in the next, he passed the porter's lodge under the archway of St. Saviour's, and crossing the first quadrangle, entered a small hall that bore the name J. Evans-Antrobus with half a dozen others neatly painted on the wall. He climbed two flights of wooden stairs, and, knocking over a door whose lintel was marked "5, Evans-Antrobus," was invited to "Come in." He entered a study, and confronted three hilarious young men, all clothed immaculately in evening dress, a costume he himself privily admired much as a derelict might envy the harp of an angel. The noisiest young gentleman, the tall one with a monocle, was his quarry; he handed the letter to him. Mr. Evans-Antrobus then read the letter, which invited him to pay instanter a four-year-old debt of some nine or ten pounds which he had inexplicably but consistently overlooked. And there was a half-hidden but unpleasant alternative suggested should Mr. Evans-Antrobus fail to comply with this not unreasonable request. Mr. Evans-Antrobus said "Damn!" In point of fact he enlarged the scope of his vocabulary far beyond the limits of that modest expletive, while his two friends, being invited to read the missive, also exclaimed in terms that were not at all subsidiary.

"My compliments to Messrs. Bagshot and Buffle!" exclaimed the tall young man with the monocle angrily; "I shall certainly call round and see them in the morning. Good evening!"

Little Simpkins explained that Bagshot and Buffle were not in need of compliments, their business being to sell boots and receive payment for them. Two of the jolly young gentlemen proposed to throw him down the stairs, and were only persuaded not to by the third jolly young gentleman, who much preferred to throw him out of the window. Whereupon Simpkins politely hinted that he would be compelled to interview the college dean and await developments in his chambers. Simpkins made it quite clear that, whatever happened, he was going to wait somewhere until he got the money. The three jolly young gentlemen then told little Simpkins exactly what they thought of him, exactly, omitting no shade of denunciation, finer or emphatic. They told him where he ought to be at the very moment, where he would quickly be unless he took himself off; in short, they told him a lot of prophetic things which, as is the way of prophecy, invited a climax of catastrophic horror.

"What is your name? Who the devil are you?"

"My name is Simpkins."

Then the three jolly young gentlemen took counsel together in whispers, and at last Mr. Evans-Antrobus said: "Well, if you insist upon waiting, Mr. Simpkins, I must get the money for you. I can borrow it, I suppose, boys, from Fazz, can't I?"

Again they consulted in whispers, after which two of the young gents said they ought to be going, and so they went.

"Wait here for me," said Mr. Evans-Antrobus, "I shall not be five minutes."

But Mr. Simpkins was so firmly opposed to this course that the other relented. "Damn you! come along with me, then; I must go and see Fazz." So off they went to some rooms higher up the same flight of stairs, beyond a door that was marked "F. A. Zealander." When they entered Fazz sat moping in front of the fire; he was wrapped as deeply as an Esquimau in some plaid traveling rugs girt with the pink rope of a dressing-gown that lay across his knees. The fire was good, but the hearth was full of ashes. The end of the fender was ornamented with the strange little iron face of a man whose eyes were shut but whose knobby cheeks fondly glowed. Fazz's eyes were not shut, they were covered by dim glasses, and his cheeks had no more glow than a sponge.

"Hullo, Fazz. You better to-day?"

"No, dearie, I am not conscious of any improvement. This influenza's a thug; I am being deprived of my vitality as completely as a fried rasher."

"Oh, by the by," said his friend, "you don't know each other: Mr. Simpkins—Mr. Zealander."

The former bowed awkwardly and unexpectedly shook Mr. Zealander's hot limp hand. At that moment a man hurried in, exclaiming: "Mr. Evans-Antrobus, sir, the Dean wants to see you in his rooms at once, sir!"

"That is deuced awkward," said the gentleman blandly. "Just excuse me for a moment or two, Fazz."

He hurried out, leaving Simpkins confronting Mr. Zealander in some confusion. Fazz poked his flaming coal. "This fire! Did you ever see such a morbid conflagration?"

"Rather nice, I thought," replied Simpkins affably; "quite cool to-night, outside, rather."

The host peered at him through those dim glasses. "There's a foggy humidity about everything, like the inside of a cream tart. But sit down," said Fazz, with the geniality of a man who was about to be hung and was rather glad that he was no longer to be exposed to the fraudulent excess of life, "and tell me a bawdy story."

Simpkins sank into an arm-chair and was silent.

"Perhaps you don't care for bawdy stories?" continued Fazz. "I do, I do. I love vulgarity; there is certainly a niche in life for vulgarity. If ever I possess a house of my own I will arrange—I will, upon my soul—one augustly vulgar room, divinely vulgar, upholstered in sallow pigskin. Do tell me something. You haven't got a spanner on you, I suppose? There is something the matter with my bed. Once it was full of goose feathers, but now I sleep, as it were, on the bulge of a barrel; I must do something to it with a spanner. I hate spanners—such dreadful democratic tools; they terrify me, they gape at you as if they wanted to bite you. Spanners are made of iron, and this is a funny world, for it is full of things like spanners."

Simpkins timidly rose up through the waves of this discourse and asked if he could "do" anything. He was mystified, amused, and impressed by this person; he didn't often meet people like that, he didn't often meet anybody; he rather liked him. On each side of the invalid there were tables and bottles of medicine.

"I am just going to take my temperature," said Fazz. "Do have a cigarette, dearie, or a cigar. Can you see the matches? Yes; now do you mind surrounding me with my medicines? They give such a hopeful air to the occasion. There's a phial of sodium salicylate tabloids, I must take six of them in a minute or two. Then there are the quinine capsules; the formalin, yes; those lozenges I suck—have one?—they are so comforting, and that depressing laxative; surround me with them. Oh, glorious, benignant, isn't it? Now I shall take my temperature; I shall be as stolid as the sphinx for three minutes, so do tell me that story. Where is my thermometer, oh!" He popped the thermometer into his mouth, but pulled it out again. "Do you know L. G.? He's a blithe little fellow, oh, very blithe. He was in Jacobsen's rooms the other day—Jacobsen's a bit of an art connoisseur, you know, and draws and paints, and Jacobsen drew attention to the portrait of a lady that was hanging on the wall. 'Oh, dear,' said L. G., 'what a hag! Where did you get that thing?' just like that. Such a perfect fool, L. G. 'It's my mother,' says Jacobsen. 'Oh, of course,' explained L. G., 'I didn't mean *that*, of course, my dear fellow; I referred to the horrible treatment, entirely to the horrible treatment; it is a wretched daub.' 'I did it myself!' said Jacobsen. You don't know L. G.? Oh, he is very blithe. What were you going to tell me? I am just going to take my temperature; yesterday it was ninety odd point something. I do hope it

is different now. I can't bear those points, they seem so equivocal."

Fazz sat with the tube of the thermometer projecting from his mouth. At the end of the test he regarded it very earnestly before returning it disconsolately to the table. Then he addressed his visitor with considerable gloom.

"Pardon me, I did not catch your name."

"Simpkins."

"Simpkins!" repeated Fazz, with a dubious drawl. "Oh, I'm sorry, I don't like Simpkins, it sounds so minuscular. What are you taking?"

"I won't take anything, sir, thank you," replied Simpkins.

"I mean, what schools are you taking?"

"Oh, no school at all."

Fazz was mystified: "What college are you?"

"I'm not at college," confessed the other. "I came to see Mr. Evans-Antrobus with a note. I'm waiting for an answer."

"Where do you come from?"

"From Bagshot and Buffle's." After a silence he added: "Bespoke boots."

"Humph, you are very young to make bespoke boots, aren't you, Simpkins, surely? Are you an Agnostic? Have a cigar? You must, you've been very good, and I am so interested in your career; but tell me now what it exactly is that you are sitting in my room for?"

Simpkins told him all he could.

"It's interesting, most fascinating," declared Fazz, "but it is a little beyond me all the same. I am afraid, Simpkins, that you have been deposited with me as if I were a bank and you were something not negotiable, as you really are, I fear. But you mustn't tell the Dean about Evans-Antrobus, no, you mustn't, it's never done. Tell me, why do you make bespoke boots? It's an unusual taste to display. Wouldn't you rather come to college, for instance, and study—er—anthropology?—nothing at all about boots in anthropology."

"No," said Simpkins. He shuffled in his chair and felt uneasy. "I'd be out of my depth." Fazz glared at him, and Simpkins repeated: "Out of my depth, that would be, sure."

"This is very shameful," commented the other, "but it's interesting, most fascinating. You brazenly maintain that you would rather study boots than—than books and brains!"

"A cobbler must stick to his last," replied Simpkins, recalling a phrase of his father's.

"Bravo!" cried Fazz, "but not to an everlasting last!"

"And I don't know anything about all this; there's nothing about it I'd want to know, it wouldn't be any good to me. It's no use mixing things, and there's a lot to be learnt about boots—you'd be surprised. You got to keep yourself to yourself and not get out of your depth—take a steady line and stick to it, and not get out of your depth."

"But, dearie, you don't sleep with a life-belt girt about your loins, do you now? I'm not out of my depth; I shouldn't be even if I started to make boots——"

"Oh, wouldn't you?" shouted Simpkins.

"I should find it rather a shallow occupation; mere business is the very devil of a a business; business would be a funny sort of life."

"Life's a funny business; you look after your business and that will look after you."

"But what in the world are we in the world at all for, Simpkins? Isn't it surely to do just the things we most intensely want to do? And you do boots and boots and boots. Don't you ever get out and about? —theaters—girls—sport—or do you insist on boot, the whole boot, and nothing but boot?"

"No, none of them," replied Simpkins. "Don't care for theaters, I've never been. Don't care for girls, I like a quiet life. I keep myself to myself—it's safer, don't get out of your depth then. I do go and have a look at the football match sometimes, but it's only because we make the boots for some of your crack players, and you want to know what you are making them for. Work doesn't trouble me, nothing troubles me, and I got money in the bank."

"Damme, Simpkins, you have a terrible conviction about you; if I listen to you much longer I shall bind myself apprentice to you. I feel sure that you make nice, soft, watertight, everlasting boots, and then we should rise in the profession together. Discourse, Simpkins; you enchant mine ears—both of them."

"What I say is," concluded Simpkins, "you can't understand everything. I shouldn't want to; I'm all right as it is."

"Of course you are, you're simply too true. This is a place flowing with afternoon tea, tutors, and clap-trap. It's a city in which everything is set upon a bill. You're simply too true; if we are not out of our depth we are in up to our ears—I am. It's most fascinating."

Soon afterwards Simpkins left him. De-

scending the stairs to the rooms of Evans-Antrobus he switched on the light. It was very quiet and snug in those rooms, with the soft elegant couch, the reading-lamp with the delicious violet shade, the decanter with whiskey, the box of chocolate biscuits, and the gramophone. He sat down by the fire, waiting and waiting. Simpkins waited so long that he got used to the room, he even stole a sip of whiskey and some of the chocolate biscuits. Then to show his independence, his contempt for Mr. Evans-Antrobus and his trickery, he took still more of the whiskey—a drink he had never tasted before—he really took quite a lot. He heaped coal upon the fire, and stalked about the room with his hands in his pockets or examined the books, most of which were about something called Jurisprudence, and suchlike. Simpkins liked books; he began reading:

That the Pleuronectidæ are admirably adapted by their flattened and asymmetrical structure for their habits of life, is manifest from several species, such as soles and flounders, etc., being extremely common.

He did not care much for science; he opened another:

It is difficult indeed to imagine that anything can oscillate so rapidly as to strike the retina of the eye 831,479,000,000,000 times in one second, as must be the case with violet light according to this hypothesis.

Simpkins looked at the light and blinked his eyes. That had a violet shade. He really did not care for science, and he had an inclination to put the book down, as his head seemed to be swaying, but he continued to turn the pages.

Snowdon is the highest mountain in England or Wales. Snowdon is not so high as Ben Nevis.
Therefore the highest mountain in England or Wales is not so high as Ben Nevis.

"Oh, my head!" mumbled Simpkins.

Water must be either warm or not warm, but it does not follow that it must be warm or cold.

Simpkins felt giddy. He dropped the book, and tottered to the couch. Immediately the room spun round and something in his head began to hum, to roar like an aeroplane a long way up in the sky. He felt that he ought to get out of the room, quickly, and get some water, either not or cold warm—he didn't mind which! He clapped on his hat, and, slipping into his overcoat, he reached a door. It opened into a bedroom, very bare indeed compared with this other room, but Simpkins rolled in; the door slammed behind him, and in the darkness he fell upon a bed, with queer sensations that seemed to be dividing and subtracting in him.

When he awoke later—oh, it seemed much later—he felt quite well again. He had forgotten where he was. It was a strange place he was in, utterly dark; but there was a great noise sounding quite close to him—a gramophone, people shouting choruses and dancing about in the adjoining room. He could hear a lady's voice too. Then he remembered that he ought not to be in that room at all; it was, why, yes, it was criminal; he might be taken for a burglar or something! He slid from the bed, groped in the darkness until he found his hat, unbuttoned his coat, for he was fearfully hot, and stood at the bedroom door trembling in the darkness, waiting and listening to that tremendous row. He *had* been a fool to come in there! How was he to get out—how the deuce was he to get out? The gramophone stopped. He could hear the voices more plainly. He grew silently panic-stricken; it was awful, they'd be coming in to him perhaps, and find him sneaking there like a thief—he must get out, he must, he must get out; yes, but how?

The singing began again. The men kept calling out "Lulu! Lulu!" and a lady's gay voice would reply to a Charley or a George, and so on, when all at once there came a peremptory knock at the outer door. The noise within stopped immediately. Deep silence. Simpkins could hear whispering. The people in there were startled; he could almost feel them staring at each other with uneasiness. The lady laughed out startlingly shrill. "Sh-s-s-sh!" the others cried. The loud knocking began again, emphatic, terrible. Simpkins' already quaking heart began to beat ecstatically. Why, oh why, didn't they open that door?—open it! open it! There was shuffling in the room, and when the knocking was repeated for the third time the outer door was apparently unlocked.

"Fazz! Oh, Fazz, you brute!" cried the relieved voices in the room. "You fool, Fazz! Come in, damn you, and shut the door."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the apparently deliberating Fazz, "what is that?"

"Hullo, Rob Roy!" cried the lady, "it's me."

"Charmed to meet you, madame. How interesting, most fascinating; yes, I am quite charmed, but I wish somebody would kindly give me the loose end of it all. I'm

suffering, as you see, dearies, and I don't understand all this, I'm quite out of my depth. The noise you've been making is just crushing me."

Several voices began to explain at once: "We captured her, Fazz, yes—Rape of the Sabines, what!—from the Vaudeville. Had a rag, glorious—corralled all the attendants and scene-shifters—rushed the stage—we did! we did!—everybody chased somebody, and we chased Lulu—we did! we did!"

"Oh, shut up, everybody!" cried out Fazz.

"Yes, listen," cried the voice of Evans-Antrobus. "This is how it happened: they chased the eight Sisters Victoria off the stage, and we spied dear little Lulu—she was one of those eight Victorias—bolting down a passage to the stage entrance. She fled into the street just as she was—isn't she a duck? There was a taxi standing there, and Lulu, wise woman, jumped in—and we jumped in too. (We did! We did!) 'Where for?' says taximan. 'Saviour's College,' say we, and here you are—Lulu—what do you think of her?"

"Charming, utterly charming," replied Fazz. "The details are most clarifying; but how did you manage to usher her into the college?"

"My overcoat on," explained one voice.

"And my hat," cried another.

"And we dazzled the porter," said a third. There were lots of other jolly things to explain: Lulu had not resisted at all, she had enjoyed it; it was a lark!

"Oh, beautiful! Most fascinating!" agreed Fazz. "But how you propose to get her out of the college I have no more notion than Satan has of sanctity—it's rather late, isn't it?"

Simpkins, in his dark room, could hear someone rushing up the stairs with flying leaps that ceased at the outer door. Then a breathless voice hissed out: "You fellows, scat, scat! Police are in the lodge with the proctors and that taximan!"

In a moment Evans-Antrobus began to groan. "Oh, my God, what can we do with her? We must get her out at once—over the wall, eh, at once, quick! Johnstone, quick, go and find a rope, quick, a rope."

And Fazz said: "It does begin to look a little foolish. Oh, I am feeling so damn bad—but you can't blame a fool for anything it does, can you? But I am bad; I am going to bed instantly, I feel quite out of my depth here. Oh, that young friend of yours, that Simpkins, charming young person! Very blithe he was, dear Evans-Antrobus!"

Everybody now seemed to rush away from the room except the girl Lulu and Evans-Antrobus. He was evidently very agitated and in a bad humour. He clumped about the room exclaiming, "Oh, damnation, do hurry up, somebody. What am I to do with her, boozy little pig! Do hurry up!"

"Who's a pig? I want to go out of here," shrilled Lulu, and apparently she made for the door.

"You can't go like that!" he cried; "you can't, you mustn't. Don't be a fool, Lulu! Lulu! Now, isn't this a fearful mess?"

"I'm not going to stop here with you, ugly thing! I don't like it; I'm going now; let go!"

"But you can't go, I tell you, in these things, not like that. Let me think, let me think, can't you! Why don't you let me think, you little fool! Put something on you, my overcoat; cover yourself up. I shall be ruined, damn you! Why the devil did you come here, you——!"

"And who brought me here, Mr. Antibus? Oh yes, I know you; I shall have something to say to the vicar, or whoever it is you're afraid of, babyface! Let me go; I don't want to be left here alone with you!" she yelled. Simpkins heard an awful scuffle. He could wait no longer; he flung open the door, rushed into the room, and caught up a syphon, the first handy weapon. They saw him at once, and stood apart amazed.

"Fine game!" said the trembling Simpkins to the man, with all the sternness at his command. As nobody spoke he repeated, quite contemptuously: "Fine game!"

Lulu was breathing hard, with her hands resting upon her bosom. Her appearance was so startling to the boy that he nearly dropped the syphon. He continued to face her, hugging it with both hands against his body. She was clad in pink tights—they were of silk, they glistened in the sharper light from under the violet shade—a soft white tarlatan skirt that spread around her like a carnation, and a rose-coloured bodice. She was dainty, with a little round head and a little round face like a briar rose; but he guessed she was strong, though her beauty had apparently all the fragility of a flower. Her hair, of dull dark gold, hung in loose tidiness without pin or braid, the locks cut short to her neck, where they curved in to brush the white skin; a deep straight fringe of it was

combed upon the childish brow. Gray were her surprised eyes, and wide the pouting lips. Her lovely naked arms—oh, he could scarcely bear to look at them. She stood now, with one hand upon her hip and the other lying against her cheek, staring at Simpkins. Then she danced delightfully up to him and took the syphon away.

"Look here," said Evans-Antrobus to Lulu—he had recovered his nerve, and did not express any astonishment at Simpkins' sudden appearance—"he is just your size, you dress up in his clothes, quick, then it's simple."

"No," said the girl.

"And 'no' for me," said Simpkins fiercely—almost.

Just then the door was thrust partly open and a rope was flung into the room. The bringer of it darted away downstairs again.

"Hi! here!" called Evans-Antrobus, rushing to the door; but nobody stayed for him, nobody answered him. He came back and picked up the rope.

"Put on that coat," he commanded Lulu, "and that hat. Now, look here, not a word, not a giggle even, or we are done, and I might just as well screw your blessed neck!"

"Would you?" snorted Simpkins, with not a little animosity.

"Yes, would you!" chimed Lulu, but nevertheless she obeyed and followed him down the stairs. When she turned and beckoned, Simpkins followed too. They crossed a dark quadrangle, passed down a passage that was utter darkness, through another quad, another passage, and halted in a gloomy yard behind the chapel, where Evans-Antrobus struck a match, and where empty boxes, bottles, and other rubbish had accumulated under a wall about ten feet high.

"You first, and quiet, quiet," growled Evans-Antrobus to Simpkins. No one spoke again. Night was thickly dark, the stars were dim, the air moist and chill. Simpkins, assisted by the other man, clambered over rickety boxes and straddled the high thick wall. The rope was hung over, too, and when the big man had jumped to earth again, dragging his weight against it, Simpkins slid down on the other side. He was now in a narrow street, with a dim lamp at one end that cast no gleam to the spot where he had descended. There were dark high-browed buildings looming high around him. He stood holding the end of the rope and looking up at the stars—very faint they were. The wall was much higher on this side, looked like a mountain, and he thought of Ben Nevis again. This was out of your depth, if you like, out of your depth entirely. It was all wrong somehow, or, at any rate, it was not all right; it couldn't be right. Never again would he mess about with a lot of lunatics. He hadn't done any good, he hadn't even got the money—he had forgotten it. He had not got anything at all except a headache.

The rope tightened. Lulu was astride the wall, quarreling with the man on the other side.

"Keep your rotten coat!" She slipped it off and flung it down from the wall. "And your rotten hat, too, spider-face!" She flung that down from the wall, and spat into the darkness. Turning to the other side, she whispered: "I'm coming," and scrambled down, sliding into Simpkins' arms. And somehow he stood holding her so, embracing her quite tightly. She was all softness and perfume, he could not let her go; she had scarcely anything on—he would not let her go. It was marvelous and beautiful to him; the glimmer of her white face was mysterious and tender in the darkness. She put her arms around his neck:

"Oh . . . I rather love you," she said.

Now It Can Be Told

CARL SCHROPP, former personal barber to the Kaiser, has revealed the secret of that mustache—which seems to have been a two-hour job: "First I would wet the mustache thoroughly. Then with my fingers I would push the hairs up at either end until they stood as you have seen them in pictures. Next I took a *Schnurbartbinde* (a mustache strap) made of fine silk, with hooks on the ends, and put it over the mustache and attached the hooks to the Kaiser's ears. I used my fingers and a fine comb to put the hairs just so; then with the mustache strap on it I would wait for it to dry. After that the Kaiser's mustache would stay the way he wanted it for twenty-four hours."

Sightseeing

By J. GUREVITCH

Translated by J. A. Bimstone

"WELL, Verochka, I put our guest in your charge. Please show him Petrograd. I shall give myself the pleasure of a visit to the arms of Morpheus," said Doctor Protassov, getting up from the table.

"With pleasure!" commented Vera Pavlovna.

Shimsky, the Protassovs' guest, bowed:

"I hope you won't mind showing a country bumpkin the sights!"

Hardly had they left the house when Vera Pavlovna drew M. Shimsky's attention to Fillipov's bakery shop.

"Here, Michael Petrovitch, there are hot pies. I like them with apricots . . . also with lemon-cheese, but not quite so much. And there, opposite, is Soumakov's milk shop. You see?"

"Why, yes, of course," answered Shimsky, a little mystified.

"Just think," continued Protassova, "a pound of butter is 60 kopecks! And if I don't go myself the maid always gets sour butter."

"M'm, ye-es," murmured Shimsky, dutifully.

"And there is the bootshop. . . . If you buy ready-mades they won't last a month, but if you get a pair made to order you'll never wear them out!"

"Aren't there any interesting monuments near by?" interpolated Shimsky.

"Oh, yes . . . there are. From that porter I always buy stamps when the post-office and shops are closed . . . that's my own discovery. . . . Number 3 tram-car, route New Village—Baltic Station. . . ."

"Really!" said Shimsky, with a twitch of the corner of his mouth.

"Here, or a little farther, against that church, I met last year Mr. Nikitin. He's the secretary of some great swell. . . . Ah, do you see the square behind the church? On that square my little Nadya fell and knocked her head against a curbstone."

Shimsky's feelings towards his companion and even toward little Nadya began to be anything but rose-coloured.

"They told me there were some interesting equestrian groups on one of the bridges. I should have liked—," he began.

"Yes, that's on the Anichkov Bridge. . . . Oh, here's a branch of the Lombard (pawnbrokers)," said Vera Pavlovna.

"I have no intention of pledging anything," remarked Shimsky, quite stiffly.

"Nor do I ask you to," replied Vera Pavlovna in a similar tone. "I only wished to draw your attention to—" she was going to say "to the high interest charged," but said instead "to the architecture of this building."

"The most barrack-like architecture!" Shimsky shrugged his shoulders.

Vera Pavlovna caught sight of this movement, and, reddening, suggested that they should go back home.

"Volodya expects us for tea."

. . . . . .

"Why, sir, such a gloomy face?" Protassov met Shimsky. "Or are you disenchanted in your ideas of the grandeur of the metropolis? How did you like the Neva? You haven't seen it? Well, Vera, I never!"

"Michael Petrovitch does not care for the architecture of the capital," said Vera Pavlovna.

Shimsky looked away hastily.

"Just wait, after tea I'll go with you myself and then I'll show the sights. Such buildings, ah!"

After this Shimsky began to hurry Protassov.

"Let's go, please . . . to-day I will spend on the examination of the external beauties of Petrograd, and to-morrow we'll go over the museums."

"Just here," pointed out Protassov when they found themselves in the street, "you can buy hot pies."

"Yes, I know," Shimsky interrupted nervously. "Vera Pavlovna likes them with apricots, and not quite so much with lemon-cheese."

"Oh, you know that already?" said

Protassov regretfully, and added in consolation: "I like them with mushrooms. . . . Who are you looking for?" he suddenly asked, seeing that Shimsky was looking round.

"I thought I saw someone I knew. . . ."

"Here I usually buy my cigarets, though sometimes I go over there instead." Protassov turned his back on Shimsky.

Shimsky took instant advantage of this to jump unnoticed onto a passing omnibus

. . . . . .

"These provincials are simply awful!" Protassov said to his wife. "They cannot move a step in the capital without getting lost."

"Where did you lose him?" asked Vera Pavlovna.

"Why, quite close to here! I was showing him the place where I usually buy cigarets, and that very instant he disappeared. Well, hang it all, I couldn't shout for him forever! So I came back home."

His wife sighed. "And what can the poor soul be doing now, by himself?"

Four Sonnets—By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

XVIII

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow st;
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

LVII

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think tne bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
Save, where you are how happy you make those.
So true a fool is love that in your will,
Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.

XXIX

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixéd mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

Remembered from the Play

"Elzevir"

KALMAN—Most men believe that "vamps," in everyday life, look like Carmens and Salomes, that they dye their hair, and that they carry the legend on their brows: "I am a vamp; take care!" The real vamp is different. She walks around in the world as if she were a gray, shabby sparrow—and she is transformed into a vulture only in the last, decisive moments. In other words: not she who smiles at a man is the real vamp, but she who smiles *back* at him—who returns his smile.

RICHARD—There are two kinds of men in the world. There are some who experience things, but do not write them—and there are some who write things without having experienced them. The first are called knights, they are the lovers of life—the second are the scholars, they are the lovers of books.

GINETTE—He who is in love feels it—but only those know and understand love who are not in it.

By Alexander Hevesi, Budapest, 1927.

"The Machine Wreckers"

BEGGAR—Sir, give me a halfpenny.

JIMMY—I am a man as poor as you. Out of work, a tramp, well-nigh starving.

BEGGAR—The man for my money, then. Do you think I would beg from a bladder of lard? If there were none but rich on this earth, all beggars would starve. The poor share and share alike. That's how they come to Heaven.

JIMMY—How so?

BEGGAR—Know you not the words of the Lord Jesus? It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom. The rich are close, and love not giving; that is why they grow pot-bellied. The gate of the Kingdom is narrow; just big enough for shrunken starvelings like our poor.

By Ernst Toller, Leipzig, 1926.

"The Fugitive"

MALISE—We English love liberty in those who don't belong to us.

By John Galsworthy, London, 1913; revived, London, 1927.

"MINICK"

MINICK—Why, LaSalle Street wasn't anything, time I was your age. Wooden sidewalks and mud up there. You could have bought that ground for a song.

FRED—I always say if anybody had been a good singer in 1875, he'd own Chicago now.

By Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman, New York, 1924.

"THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA"

SCHUTZMACHER—I must say, you Gentiles are very hard to please. You say we Jews are no gentlemen when we lend money; and when we refuse to lend it you say just the same.

LOUIS—It's always the way with the inartistic professions: when they're beaten in argument they fall back on intimidation. I never knew a lawyer who didn't threaten to put me in prison sooner or later. I never knew a parson who didn't threaten me with damnation. And now you, physicians, threaten me with death.

SIR RALPH—I shouldn't be at all surprised to learn that he's well connected. Whenever I meet dignity and self-possession without any discoverable basis, I diagnose good family. *By George Bernard Shaw, London, 1906; Berlin, 1927.*

"THE BONDS OF INTEREST"

CRISPIN—There are two cities in every city in the world: one for people who arrive with money, and the other for persons who arrive without money.

COLUMBINE—It is as foolish to trust a man while he lives as a woman while she loves.

CRISPIN—If insolence and effrontery are the only qualities which are of use elsewhere, in love a faint suggestion of timidity is of advantage to a man. Timidity in a man always makes the woman bolder. *By Jacinto Benavente, Madrid, 1907; New York, 1921.*

"CAPONSACCHI"

CAPONSACCHI—When knew you this?
POMPILIA—This very vivid morn.
Last night I whispered: "Done another day.
How good to sleep and so get nearer death."
When, what, first thing at daybreak pierced the sleep
With a summons to me? Up I sprang alive,
Light in me, light without me—everywhere
Change. A broad yellow sunbeam was let fall
From heaven to earth. A sudden drawbridge lay,
Along which marched a myriad merry motes
On the house-eaves a dripping shag of weed
Shook diamonds on each dull gray lattice-square,
As first one, then another bird swept by
And light was off, and lo, was back again,
Always with one glad voice. And I stepped forth,
Stood on the terrace. O'er the roofs such sky!
My heart sang: "I too am to go away!
I too have something I must care about!"
Last night I almost prayed for leave to die.
Had I been dead! How right to be alive!
CAPONSACCHI—Now I am yours as never was I yours,
And I was yours from that first hour, I know,
When I saw first your eyes, gazed in your soul.
But tell me what to do and it is done.

Arthur Goodrich and Rose A. Palmer, New York, 1926.

The Virginian

By OWEN WISTER

XXIII

VARIOUS POINTS

LOVE had been snowbound for many weeks. Before this imprisonment its course had run neither smooth nor rough, so far as eye could see; it had run either not at all or, as an undercurrent, deep out of sight. In their rides, in their talks, love had been dumb, as to spoken words at least; for the Virginian had set himself a heavy task of silence and of patience. Then, where winter barred his visits to Bear Creek, and there was for the while no ranch work or responsibility to fill his thoughts and blood with action, he set himself a task much lighter. Often, instead of Shakespeare and fiction, school books lay open on his cabin table; and penmanship and spelling helped the hours to pass. Many sheets of paper did he fill with various exercises, and Mrs. Henry gave him her assistance in advice and corrections.

"I shall presently be in love with him myself," she told the Judge. "And it's time for you to become anxious."

"I am perfectly safe," he retorted. "There's only one woman for him any more."

"She is not good enough for him," declared Mrs. Henry. "But he'll never see that."

So the snow fell, the world froze, and the spelling-books and exercises went on. But this was not the only case of education which was progressing at the Sunk Creek Ranch while love was snowbound.

One morning Scipio le Moyne entered the Virginian's sitting room—that apartment where Dr. MacBride had wrestled with sin so courageously all night.

The Virginian sat at his desk. Open books lay around him; a half-finished piece of writing was beneath his fist; his fingers were coated with ink. Education enveloped him, it may be said. But there was none in his eye. That was upon the window, looking far across the cold plain.

The foreman did not move when Scipio came in, and this humorous spirit smiled to himself. "It's Bear Creek he's havin' a vision of," he concluded. But he knew instantly that this was not so. The Virginian was looking at something real, and Scipio went to the window to see for himself.

"Well," he said, having seen, "when is he going to leave us?"

The foreman continued looking at two horsemen riding together. Their shapes, small in the distance, showed black against the universal whiteness.

"When d' yu' figure he'll leave us?" repeated Scipio.

"He," murmured the Virginian, always watching the distant horsemen; and again, "he."

Scipio sprawled down, familiarly, across a chair. He and the Virginian had come to know each other very well since that first meeting at Medora. They were birds many of whose feathers were the same, and the Virginian often talked to Scipio without reserve. Consequently, Scipio now understood those two syllables that the Virginian had pronounced precisely as though the sentences which lay between them had been fully expressed.

"Hm," he remarked. "Well, one will be gain, and the other won't be no loss."

"Poor Shorty!" said the Virginian. "Poor fool!"

Scipio was less compassionate. "No," he persisted, "I ain't sorry for him. Any man old enough to have hair on his face ought to see through Trampas."

The Virginian looked out of the window again, and watched Shorty and Trampas as they rode in the distance. "Shorty is

kind to animals," he said. "He has gentled that hawss Pedro he bought with his first money. Gentled him wonderful. When a man is kind to dumb animals, I always say he has got some good in him."

"Yes," Scipio reluctantly admitted. "Yes. But I always did hate a fool."

"This hyeh is a mighty cruel country," pursued the Virginian. "To animals, that is. Think of it! Think what we do to hundreds an' thousands of little calves! Throw 'em down, brand 'em, cut 'em, ear-mark 'em, turn 'em loose, and on to the next. It has got to be, of course. But I say this. If a man can go jammin' hot irons onto little calves and slicin' pieces off 'em with his knife, and live along, keepin' a kindness for animals in his heart, he has got some good in him. And that's what Shorty has got. But he is lettin' Trampas get a hold of him, and both of them will leave us." And the Virginian looked out across the huge winter whiteness again. But the riders had now vanished behind some foothills.

Scipio sat silent. He had never put these thoughts about men and animals to himself, and when they were put to him, he saw that they were true.

"Queer," he observed finally.

"What?"

"Everything."

"Nothing's queer," stated the Virginian, "except marriage and lightning. Them two occurrences can still give me a sensation of surprise."

"All the same it is queer," Scipio insisted.

"Well, let her go at me."

"Why, Trampas. He done you dirt. You pass that over. You could have fired him, but you let him stay and keep his job. That's goodness. And badness is resultin' from it, straight. Badness right from goodness."

"You're off the trail a whole lot," said the Virginian.

"Which side am I off, then?"

"North, south, east, and west. First point: I didn't expect to do Trampas any good by not killin' him, which I came pretty near doin' three times. Nor I didn't expect to do Trampas any good by lettin' him keep his job. But I am foreman of this ranch. And I can sit and tell all men to their face: 'I was above that meanness.' Point two: it ain't any *goodness*, it is *Trampas* that badness has resulted from. Put him anywhere and it will be the same. Put him under my eye, and I can follow his moves a little, anyway. You have noticed, maybe, that since you and I run on to that dead Polled Angus cow, that was still warm when we got to her, we have found no more cows dead of sudden death. We came mighty close to catchin' whoever it was that killed that cow and ran her calf off to his own bunch. He wasn't ten minutes ahead of us. We can prove nothin'; and he knows that just as well as we do. But our cows have all quit dyin' of sudden death. And Trampas he's gettin' ready for a change of residence. As soon as all the outfits begin hirin' new hands in the spring, Trampas will leave us and take a job with some of them. And maybe our cows'll commence gettin' killed again, and we'll have to take steps that will be more emphatic—maybe."

Scipio meditated. "I wonder what killin' a man feels like?" he said.

"Why, nothing to bother yu'—when he'd ought to have been killed. Next point: Trampas he'll take Shorty with him, which is certainly bad for Shorty. But it's me that has kept Shorty out of harm's way this long. If I had fired Trampas, he'd have worked Shorty into dissatisfaction that much sooner."

Scipio meditated again. "I knowed Trampas would pull his freight," he said. "But I didn't think of Shorty. What makes you think it?"

"He asked me for a raise."

"He ain't worth the pay he's getting now."

"Trampas has told him different."

"When a man ain't got no ideas of his own," said Scipio, "he'd ought to be kind o' careful who he borrows 'em from."

"That's mighty correct," said the Virginian. "Poor Shorty! He has told me about his life. It is sorrowful. And he will never get wise. It was too late for him to get wise when he was born. D' yu' know why he's after higher wages? He sends most all his money East."

"I don't see what Trampas wants him for," said Scipio.

"Oh, a handy tool some day."

"Not very handy," said Scipio.

"Well, Trampas is aimin' to train him. Yu' see, supposin' yu' were figuring to turn professional thief—yu'd be lookin' around for a nice young trustful accomplice to take all the punishment and let you take the rest."

"No such thing!" cried Scipio, angrily. "I'm no shirker." And then, perceiving the Virginian's expression, he broke out laughing. "Well," he exclaimed, "yu' fooled me that time."

"Looks that way. But I do mean it about Trampas."

Presently Scipio rose, and noticed the half-finished exercise upon the Virginian's desk. "Trampas is a rolling stone," he said.

"A rolling piece of mud," corrected the Virginian.

"Mud! That's right. I'm a rolling stone. Sometimes I'd most like to quit being."

"That's easy done," said the Virginian.

"No doubt, when yu've found the moss yu' want to gather." As Scipio glanced at the school books again, a sparkle lurked in his bleached blue eye. "I can cipher some," he said. "But I expect I've got my own notions about spelling."

"I retain a few private ideas that way myself," remarked the Virginian, innocently; and Scipio's sparkle gathered light.

"As to my geography," he pursued, "that's away out loose in the brush. Is Bennington the capital of Vermont? And how d' yu' spell bridegroom?"

"Last point!" shouted the Virginian, letting a book fly after him: "don't let badness and goodness worry yu', for yu'll never be a judge of them."

But Scipio had dodged the book, and was gone. As he went his way, he said to himself, "All the same, it must pay to fall regular in love." At the bunk house that afternoon it was observed that he was unusually silent.

His exit from the foreman's cabin had let in a breath of winter so chill that the Virginian went to see his thermometer, a Christmas present from Mrs. Henry. It registered twenty below zero. After reviving the fire to a white blaze, the foreman sat thinking over the story of Shorty: what its useless, feeble past had been; what would be its useless, feeble future. He shook his head over the somber question, Was there any way out for Shorty? "It may be," he reflected, "that them whose pleasure brings yu' into this world owes yu' a living. But that don't make the world responsible. The world did not beget you. I reckon man helps them that help themselves. As for the universe, it looks like it did too wholesale a business to turn out an article up to standard every clip. Yes, it is sorrowful. For Shorty is kind to his hawss."

In the evening the Virginian brought Shorty into his room. He usually knew what he had to say; usually found it easy to arrange his thoughts; and after such arranging the words came of themselves. But as he looked at Shorty, this did not happen to him. There was not a line of badness in the face; yet also there was not a line of strength; no promise in eye, or nose, or chin; the whole thing melted to a stubby, featureless mediocrity. It was a countenance like thousands; and hopelessness filled the Virginian as he looked at this lost dog, and his dull, wistful eyes.

But some beginning must be made.

"I wonder what the thermometer has got to be," he said. "Yu' can see it, if yu'll hold the lamp to that right side of the window."

Shorty held the lamp. "I never used any," he said, looking out at the instrument, nevertheless.

The Virginian had forgotten that Shorty could not read. So he looked out of the window himself, and found that it was twenty-two below zero. "This is pretty good tobacco," he remarked; and Shorty helped himself, and filled his pipe.

"I had to rub my left ear with snow today," said he. "I was just in time."

"I thought it looked pretty freezy out where yu' was riding," said the foreman.

The lost dog's eyes showed plain astonishment. "We didn't see you out there," said he.

"Well," said the foreman, "it'll soon not be freezing any more; and then we'll all be warm enough with work. Everybody will be working all over the range. And I wish I knew somebody that had a lot of stable work to be attended to. I cert'nly do for your sake."

"Why?" said Shorty.

"Because it's the right kind of a job for you."

"I can make more—" began Shorty, and stopped.

"There is a time coming," said the Virginian, "when I'll want somebody that knows how to get the friendship of hawsses. I'll want him to handle some special hawsses the Judge has plans about. Judge Henry would pay fifty a month for that."

"I can make more," said Shorty, this time with stubbornness.

"Well, yes. Sometimes a man can—when he's not worth it, I mean. But it don't generally last."

Shorty was silent.

"I used to make more myself," said the Virginian.

"You're making a lot more now," said Shorty.

"Oh, yes. But I mean when I was fooling around the earth, jumping from job to job, and helling all over town between whiles. I was not worth fifty a month then, nor

twenty-five. But there was nights I made a heap more at cyards."

Shorty's eyes grew large.

"And then, bang! it was gone with treatin' the men and the girls."

"I don't always—" said Shorty, and stopped again.

The Virginian knew that he was thinking about the money he sent East. "After a while," he continued, "I noticed a right strange fact. The money I made easy that I *wasn't* worth, it went like it came. I strained myself none gettin' or spendin' it. But the money I made hard that I. *was* worth, why I began to feel right careful about that. And now I have got savings stowed away. If once yu' could know how good that feels—"

"So I would know," said Shorty, "with your luck."

"What's my luck?" said the Virginian, sternly.

"Well, if I had took up land along a creek that never goes dry and proved upon it like you have, and if I had saw that land raise its value on me with me lifting no finger——"

"Why did you lift no finger?" cut in the Virginian. "Who stopped yu' taking up land? Did it not stretch in front of yu', behind yu', all around yu', the biggest, baldest opportunity in sight? That was the time I lifted my finger; but yu' didn't."

Shorty stood stubborn.

"But never mind that," said the Virginian. "Take my land away to-morrow, and I'd still have my savings in bank. Because, you see, I had to work right hard gathering them in. I found out what I could do, and I settled down and did it. Now you can do that too. The only tough part is the finding out what you're good for. And for you, that is found. If you'll just decide to work at this thing you can do, and gentle those hawsses for the Judge, you'll be having savings in a bank yourself."

"I can make more," said the lost dog.

The Virginian was on the point of saying, "Then get out!" But instead, he spoke kindness to the end. "The weather is freezing yet," he said, "and it will be for a good long while. Take your time, and tell me if yu' change your mind."

After that Shorty returned to the bunk house, and the Virginian knew that the boy had learned his lesson of discontent from Trampas with a thoroughness past all unteaching. This petty triumph of evil seemed scarce of the size to count as any victory over the Virginian. But all men grasp at straws. Since that first moment, when in the Medicine Bow saloon the Virginian had shut the mouth of Trampas by a word, the man had been trying to get even without risk; and at each successive clash of his weapon with the Virginian's, he had merely met another public humiliation. Therefore, now at the Sunk Creek Ranch in these cold white days, a certain lurking insolence in his gait showed plainly his opinion that by disaffecting Shorty he had made some sort of reprisal.

Yes, he had poisoned the lost dog. In the springtime, when the neighbouring ranches needed additional hands, it happened as the Virginian had foreseen,—Trampas departed to a "better job," as he took pains to say, and with him the docile Shorty rode away upon his horse Pedro.

Love now was not any longer snowbound. The mountain trails were open enough for the sure feet of love's steed—that horse called Monte. But duty blocked the path of love. Instead of turning his face to Bear Creek, the foreman had other journeys to make, full of heavy work, and watchfulness, and councils with the Judge. The cattle thieves were growing bold, and winter had scattered the cattle widely over the range. Therefore the Virginian, instead of going to see her, wrote a letter to his sweetheart. It was his first.

XXIV

A LETTER WITH A MORAL

THE letter which the Virginian wrote to Molly Wood was, as has been stated, the first that he had ever addressed to her. I think, perhaps, he may have been a little shy as to his skill in the epistolary art, a little anxious lest any sustained production from his pen might contain blunders that would too staringly remind her of his scant learning. He could turn off a business communication about steers or stock cars, or any other of the subjects involved in his profession, with a brevity and a clearness that led the Judge to confide three-quarters of such correspondence to his foreman. "Write to the 76 outfit," the Judge would say, "and tell them that my wagon cannot start for the round-up until," etc.; or "Write to Cheyenne and say that if they will hold a meeting next Monday week, I will," etc. And then the Virginian would write such communications with ease.

But his first message to his lady was scarcely written with ease. It must be

classed, I think, among those productions which are styled literary *efforts*. It was completed in pencil before it was copied in ink; and that first draft of it in pencil was well-nigh illegible with erasures and amendments. The state of mind of the writer during its composition may be gathered without further description on my part from a slight interruption which occurred in the middle.

The door opened, and Scipio put his head in. "You coming to dinner?" he inquired.

"You go to hell," replied the Virginian.

"My jinks!" said Scipio, quietly, and he shut the door without further observation.

To tell the truth, I doubt if this letter would ever have been undertaken, far less completed and despatched, had not the lover's heart been wrung with disappointment. All winter long he had looked to that day when he should knock at the girl's door, and hear her voice bid him come in. All winter long he had been choosing the ride he would take her. He had imagined a sunny afternoon, a hidden grove, a sheltering cleft of rock, a running spring, and some words of his that should conquer her at last and leave his lips upon hers. And with this controlled fire pent up within him, he had counted the days, scratching them off his calendar with a dig each night that once or twice snapped the pen. Then, when the trail stood open, this meeting was deferred, put off for indefinite days, or weeks; he could not tell how long. So, gripping his pencil and tracing heavy words, he gave himself what consolation he could by writing her.

The letter, duly stamped and addressed to Bear Creek, set forth upon its travels; and these were devious and long. When it reached its destination, it was some twenty days old. It had gone by private hand at the outset, taken the stage-coach at a way point, become late in that stage-coach, reached a point of transfer, and waited there for the postmaster to begin, continue, end, and recover from a game of poker, mingled with whiskey. Then it once more proceeded, was dropped at the right way point, and carried by private hand to Bear Creek. The experience of this letter however, was not at all a remarkable one at that time in Wyoming.

Molly Wood looked at the envelope. She had never before seen the Virginian's handwriting. She knew it instantly. She closed her door, and sat down to read it with a beating heart.

SUNK CREEK RANCH,
May 5, 188–

MY DEAR MISS WOOD: I am sorry about this. My plan was different. It was to get over for a ride with you about now or sooner. This year Spring is early. The snow is off the flats this side the range and where the sun gets a chance to hit the earth strong all day it is green and has flowers too, a good many. You can see them bob and mix together in the wind. The quaking asps down low on the South side are in small leaf and will soon be twinkling like the flowers do now. I had planned to take a look at this with you and that was a better plan than what I have got to do. The water is high but I could have got over and as for the snow on top of the mountain a man told me nobody could cross it for a week yet, because he had just done it himself. Was not he a funny man? You ought to see how the birds have streamed across the sky while Spring was coming. But you have seen them on your side of the mountain. But I can't come now Miss Wood. There is a lot for me to do that has to be done and Judge Henry needs more than two eyes just now. I could not think much of myself if I left him for my own wishes.

But the days will be warmer when I come. We will not have to quit by five, and we can get off and sit too. We could not sit now unless for a very short while. If I know when I can come I will try to let you know, but I think it will be this way. I think you will just see me coming for I have things to do of an unsure nature and a good number of such. Do not believe reports about Indians. They are started by editors to keep the soldiers in the country. The friends of the editors get the hay and beef contracts. Indians do not come to settled parts like Bear Creek is. It is all editors and politicianists.

Nothing has happened worth telling you. I have read that play Othello. No man should write down such a thing. Do you know if it is true? I have seen one worse affair down in Arizona. He killed his little child as well as his wife but such things should not be put down in fine language for the public. I have read Romeo and Juliet. That is beautiful language but Romeo is no man. I like his friend Mercutio that gets killed. He is a man. If he had got Juliet there would have been no foolishness and trouble.

Well Miss Wood I would like to see you to-day. Do you know what I think Monte would do if I rode him out and let the rein slack? He would come straight to your gate for he is a horse of great judgement. ("That's the first word he has misspelled," said Molly.) I suppose you are sitting with George Taylor and those children right now. Then George will get old enough to help his father but Uncle Hewie's twins will be ready for you about then and the supply will keep coming from all quarters all sizes for you to say big A little a to them. There is no news here. Only calves and cows and the hens are laying now which does always seem news to a hen every time she does it. Did I ever tell you about a hen Emily we had here? She was venturesome to an extent I have not seen in other hens only she had poor judgement and would make no family ties. She would keep trying to get interest in the ties of others taking charge of little chicks and bantams and turkeys and puppies one time, and she thought most anything was an egg. I will tell you about her sometime. She died without family ties one day while I was building a house for her to teach school in. ("The outrageous wretch!" cried Molly. And her cheeks

turned deep pink as she sat alone with her lover's letter.)

I am coming the first day I am free. I will be a hundred miles from you most of the time when I am not more but I will ride a hundred miles for one hour and Monte is up to that. After never seeing you for so long I will make one hour do if I have to. Here is a flower I have just been out and picked. I have kissed it now. That is the best I can do yet.

Molly laid the letter in her lap and looked at the flower. Then suddenly she jumped up and pressed it to her lips, and after a long moment held it away from her.

"No," she said. "No, no, no." She sat down.

It was some time before she finished the letter. Then once more she got up and put on her hat.

Mrs. Taylor wondered where the girl could be walking so fast. But she was not walking anywhere, and in half an hour she returned, rosy with her swift exercise, but with a spirit as perturbed as when she had set out.

Next morning at six, when she looked out of her window, there was Monte tied to the Taylor's gate. Ah, could he have come the day before, could she have found him when she returned from that swift walk of hers!

XXV

PROGRESS OF THE LOST DOG

It was not even an hour's visit that the Virginian was able to pay his lady love. But neither had he come a hundred miles to see her. The necessities of his wandering work had chanced to bring him close enough for a glimpse of her, and this glimpse he took, almost on the wing. For he had to rejoin a company of men at once.

"Yu' got my letter?" he said.

"Yesterday."

"Yesterday! I wrote it three weeks ago. Well, yu' got it. This cannot be the hour with you that I mentioned. That is coming, and maybe very soon."

She could say nothing. Relief she felt, and yet with it something like a pang.

"To-day does not count," he told her, "except that every time I see you counts with me. But this is not the hour that I mentioned."

What little else was said between them upon this early morning shall be told duly. For this visit in its own good time did count momentously, though both of them took it lightly while its fleeting minutes passed. He returned to her two volumes that she had lent him long ago, and with Taylor he left a horse which he had brought for her to ride. As a good-by, he put a bunch of flowers in her hand. Then he was gone, and she watched him going by the thick bushes along the stream. They were pink, with wild roses; and the meadow-larks, invisible in the grass, like hiding choristers, sent up across the empty miles of air their unexpected song. Earth and sky had been propitious, could he have stayed; and perhaps one portion of her heart had been propitious too. So, as he rode away on Monte, she watched him, half chilled by reason, half melted by passion, self-thwarted, self-accusing, unresolved. Therefore the days that came for her now were all of them unhappy ones, while for him they were filled with work well done and with changeless longing.

One day it seemed as if a lull was coming, a pause in which he could at last attain that hour with her. He left the camp and turned his face toward Bear Creek. The way led him along Butte Creek. Across the stream lay Balaam's large ranch; and presently on the other bank he saw Balaam himself, and reined in Monte for a moment to watch what Balaam was doing.

"That's what I've heard," he muttered to himself. For Balaam had led some horses to the water, and was lashing them heavily because they would not drink. He looked at this spectacle so intently that he did not see Shorty approaching along the trail.

"Morning," said Shorty to him, with some constraint.

But the Virginian gave him a pleasant greeting.

"I was afraid I'd not catch you so quick," said Shorty. "This is for you." He handed his recent foreman a letter of much battered appearance. It was from the Judge. It had not come straight, but very gradually, in the pockets of three successive cow-punchers. As the Virginian glanced over it and saw that the enclosure it contained was for Balaam, his heart fell. Here were new orders for him, and he could not go to see his sweetheart.

"Hello, Shorty!" said Balaam, from over the creek. To the Virginian he gave a slight nod. He did not know him, although he knew well enough who he was.

"Hyeh's a letter from Judge Henry for yu'," said the Virginian, and he crossed the creek.

Many weeks before, in the early spring,

Balaam had borrowed two horses from the Judge, promising to return them at once. But the Judge, of course, wrote very civilly. He hoped that "this dunning reminder" might be excused. As Balaam read the reminder, he wished that he had sent the horses before. The Judge was a greater man than he in the Territory. Balaam could not but excuse the "dunning reminder,"—but he was ready to be disagreeable to somebody at once.

"Well," he said, musing aloud in his annoyance, "Judge Henry wants them by the 30th. Well, this is the 24th, and time enough yet."

"This is the 27th," said the Virginian briefly.

That made a difference! Not so easy to reach Sunk Creek in good order by the 30th! Balaam had drifted three sunrises behind the progress of the month. Days look alike, and often lose their very names in the quiet depths of Cattle Land. The horses were not even here at the ranch. Balaam was ready to be very disagreeable now. Suddenly he perceived the date of the Judge's letter. He held it out to the Virginian, and struck the paper.

"What's your idea in bringing this here two weeks late?" he said.

Now, when he had struck that paper, Shorty looked at the Virginian. But nothing happened beyond a certain change of light in the Southerner's eyes. And when the Southerner spoke, it was with his usual gentleness and civility. He explained that the letter had been put in his hands just now by Shorty.

"Oh," said Balaam. He looked at Shorty. How had he come to be a messenger? "You working for the Sunk Creek outfit again?" said he.

"No," said Shorty.

Balaam turned to the Virginian again. "How do you expect me to get those horses to Sunk Creek by the 30th?"

The Virginian levelled a lazy eye on Balaam. "I ain' doin' any expecting," said he. His native dialect was on top to-day. "The Judge has friends goin' to arrive from New Yawk for a trip across the Basin," he added. "The hawsses are for them."

Balaam grunted with displeasure, and thought of the sixty or seventy days since he had told the Judge he would return the horses at once. He looked across at Shorty seated in the shade, and through his uneasy thoughts his instinct irrelevantly noted what a good pony the youth rode. It was the same animal he had seen once or twice before. But something must be done. The Judge's horses were far out on the big range, and must be found and driven in, which would take certainly the rest of this day, possibly part of the next.

Balaam called to one of his men and gave some sharp orders, emphasizing details, and enjoining haste, while the Virginian leaned slightly against his horse, with one arm over the saddle, hearing and understanding, but not smiling outwardly. The man departed to saddle up for his search on the big range, and Balaam resumed the unhitching of his team.

"So you're not working for the Sunk Creek outfit now?" he inquired of Shorty. He ignored the Virginian. "Working for the Goose Egg?"

"No," said Shorty.

"Sand Hill outfit, then?"

"No," said Shorty.

Balaam grinned. He noticed how Shorty's yellow hair stuck through a hole in his hat, and how old and battered were Shorty's overalls. Shorty had been glad to take a little accidental pay for becoming the bearer of the letter which he had delivered to the Virginian. But even that sum was no longer in his possession. He had passed through Drybone on his way, and at Drybone there had been a game of poker. Shorty's money was now in the pocket of Trampas. But he had one valuable possession in the world left to him, and that was his horse Pedro.

"Good pony of yours," said Balaam to him now, from across Butte Creek. Then he struck his own horse in the jaw because he held back from coming to the water as the other had done.

"Your trace ain't unhitched," commented the Virginian, pointing.

Balaam loosed the strap he had forgotten, and cut the horse again for consistency's sake. The animal, bewildered, now came down to the water, with its head in the air, and snuffing as it took short, nervous steps.

The Virginian looked on at this, silent and somber. He could scarcely interfere between another man and his own beast. Neither he nor Balaam was among those who say their prayers. Yet in this omission they were not equal. A half-great poet once had a wholly great day, and in that great day he was able to write a poem that has lived and become, with many, a household word. He called it *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. And it is rich with

many lines that possess the memory; but these are the golden ones:—

"He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

These lines are the pure gold. They are good to teach children; because after the children come to be men, they may believe at least some part of them still. The Virginian did not know them,—but his heart had taught him many things. I doubt if Balaam knew them either. But on him they would have been as pearls to swine.

"So you've quit the round-up?" he resumed to Shorty.

Shorty nodded and looked sidewise at the Virginian.

For the Virginian knew that he had been turned off for going to sleep while night-herding.

Then Balaam threw another glance on Pedro the horse.

"Hello, Shorty!" he called out, for the boy was departing. "Don't you like dinner any more? It's ready about now."

Shorty forded the creek and slung his saddle off, and on invitation turned Pedro, his buckskin pony, into Balaam's pasture. This was green, the rest of the wide world being yellow, except only where Butte Creek, with its bordering cottonwoods, coiled away into the desert distance like a green snake without end. The Virginian also turned his horse into the pasture. He must stay at the ranch till the Judge's horses should be found.

"Mrs. Balaam's East yet," said her lord, leading the way to his dining-room.

He wanted Shorty to dine with him, and could not exclude the Virginian, much as he should have enjoyed this.

"See any Indians?" he inquired.

"Na-a!" said Shorty, in disdain of recent rumours.

"They're headin' the other way," observed the Virginian. "Bow Laig Range is where they was repawted."

"What business have they got off the reservation, I'd like to know," said the ranchman—"Bow Leg, or anywhere?"

"Oh, it's just a hunt, and a kind of visitin' their friends on the South Reservation," Shorty explained. "Squaws along and all."

"Well, if the folks at Washington don't keep squaws and all where they belong," said Balaam, in a rage, "the folks in Wyoming Territory'll do a little job that way themselves."

"There's a petition out," said Shorty. "Paper's goin' East with a lot of names to it. But they ain't no harm, them Indians ain't."

"No harm?" rasped out Balaam. "Was it white men druv off the O. C. yearlings?"

Balaam's Eastern grammar was sometimes at the mercy of his Western feelings. The thought of the perennial stultification of Indian affairs at Washington, whether by politician or philanthropist, was always sure to arouse him. He walked impatiently about while he spoke, and halted impatiently at the window. Out in the world the unclouded day was shining, and Balaam's eye traveled across the plains to where a blue line, faint and pale, lay along the end of the vast yellow distance. That was the beginning of the Bow Leg Mountains. Somewhere over there were the red men, ranging in unfrequented depths of rock and pine—their forbidden ground.

Dinner was ready, and they sat down.

"And I suppose," Balaam continued, still hot on the subject, "you'd claim Indians object to killing a white man when they run on to him good and far from human help? These peaceable Indians are just the worst in the business."

"That's so," assented the easy-opinioned Shorty, exactly as if he had always maintained this view. "Chap started for Sunk Creek three weeks ago. Trapper he was; old-like, with a red shirt. One of his horses come into the round-up Toosday. Man ain't been heard from." He ate in silence for a while, evidently brooding in his childlike mind. Then he said querulously, "I'd sooner trust one of them Indians than I would Trampas."

Balaam slanted his fat bullet head far to one side, and laying his spoon down (he had opened some canned grapes) laughed steadily at his guest with a harsh relish of irony.

The guest ate a grape, and perceiving he was seen through, smiled back rather miserably.

"Say, Shorty," said Balaam, his head still slanted over, "what's the figures of your bank balance just now?"

"I ain't usin' banks," murmured the youth.

Balaam put some more grapes on Shorty's plate, and drawing a cigar from his waistcoat, sent it rolling to his guest.

"Matches are behind you," he added. He gave a cigar to the Virginian as an after-

thought, but to his disgust, the Southerner put it in his pocket and lighted a pipe.

Balaam accompanied his guest, Shorty, when he went to the pasture to saddle up and depart. "Got a rope?" he asked the guest, as they lifted down the bars.

"Don't need to rope him. I can walk right up to Pedro. You stay back."

Hiding his bridle behind him, Shorty walked to the river-bank, where the pony was switching his long tail in the shade; and speaking persuasively to him, he came nearer, till he laid his hand on Pedro's dusky mane, which was many shades darker than his hide. He turned expectantly, and his master came up to his expectations with a piece of bread.

"Eats that, does he?" said Balaam, over the bars.

"Likes the salt," said Shorty. "Now, n-n-ow, here! Yu' don't guess yu'll be bridled, don't you? Open your teeth! Yu'd like to play yu' was nobody's horse and live private? Or maybe yu'd prefer ownin' a saloon?"

Pedro evidently enjoyed this talk, and the dodging he made about the bit. Once fairly in his mouth, he accepted the inevitable, and followed Shorty to the bars. Then Shorty turned and extended his hand.

"Shake!" he said to his pony, who lifted his forefoot quietly and put it in his master's hand. Then the master tickled his nose, and he wrinkled it and flattened his ears, pretending to bite. His face wore an expression of knowing relish over this performance. "Now the other hoof," said Shorty; and the horse and master shook hands with their left. "I learned him that," said the cowboy, with pride and affection. "Say, Pede," he continued, in Pedro's ear, "ain't yu' the best little horse in the country? What? Here, now! Keep out of that, you dead-beat! There ain't no more bread." He pinched the pony's nose, one-quarter of which was wedged into his pocket.

"Quite a lady's little pet!" said Balaam, with the rasp in his voice. "Pity this isn't New York, now, where there's a big market for harmless horses. Gee-gees, the children call them."

"He ain't no gee-gee," said Shorty, offended. "He'll beat any cow-pony workin' you've got. Yu' can turn him on a half-dollar. Don't need to touch the reins. Hang 'em on one finger and swing your body, and he'll turn."

Balaam knew this, and he knew that the pony was only a four-year-old. "Well," he said, "Drybone's had no circus this season. Maybe they'd buy tickets to see Pedro. He's good for that, anyway."

Shorty became gloomy. The Virginian was grimly smoking. Here was something else going on not to his taste, but none of his business.

"Try a circus," persisted Balaam. "Alter your plans for spending cash in town, and make a little money instead."

Shorty having no plans to alter and no cash to spend, grew still more gloomy.

"What'll you take for that pony?" said Balaam.

Shorty spoke up instantly. "A hundred dollars couldn't buy that piece of stale mud off his back," he asserted, looking off into the sky grandiosely.

But Balaam looked at Shorty. "You keep the mud," he said, "and I'll give you thirty dollars for the horse."

Shorty did a little professional laughing, and began to walk toward his saddle.

"Give you thirty dollars," repeated Balaam, picking a stone up and slinging it into the river.

"How far do yu' call it to Drybone?" Shorty remarked, stooping to investigate the bucking-strap on his saddle—a superfluous performance, for Pedro never bucked.

"You won't have to walk," said Balaam. "Stay all night, and I'll send you over comfortably in the morning, when the wagon goes for the mail."

"Walk!" Shorty retorted. "Drybone's twenty-five miles. Pedro'll put me there in three hours and not know he done it." He lifted the saddle on the horse's back. "Come, Pedro," said he.

"Come, Pedro!" mocked Balaam.

There followed a little silence.

"No, sir," mumbled Shorty, with his head under Pedro's belly, busily cinching. "A hundred dollars is bottom figures."

Balaam, in his turn, now duly performed some professional laughing, which was noted by Shorty under the horse's belly. He stood up and squared round on Balaam. "Well, then," he said, "what'll yu' give for him?"

"Thirty dollars," said Balaam, looking far off into the sky, as Shorty had looked.

"Oh, come, now," expostulated Shorty.

It was he who now did the feeling for an offer, and this was what Balaam liked to see. "Why, yes," he said, "thirty," and looked surprised that he should have to mention the sum so often.

"I thought yu'd quit them first figures,"

said the cow-puncher, "for yu' can see I ain't goin' to look at 'em.

Balaam climbed on the fence and sat there. "I'm not crying for your Pedro," he observed dispassionately. "Only it struck me you were dead broke, and wanted to raise cash and keep yourself going till you hunted up a job and could buy him back." He hooked his right thumb inside his waistcoat pocket. "But I'm not cryin' for him," he repeated. "He'd stay right here, of course. I wouldn't part with him. Why does he stand that way? Hello!" Balaam suddenly straightened himself, like a man who has made a discovery.

"Hello, what?" said Shorty, on the defensive.

Balaam was staring at Pedro with a judicial frown. Then he stuck out a finger at the horse, keeping the thumb hooked in his pocket. So meagre a gesture was felt by the ruffled Shorty to be no just way to point at Pedro. "What's the matter with that foreleg there?" said Balaam.

"Which? Nothin's the matter with it!" snapped Shorty.

Balaam climbed down from his fence and came over with elaborate deliberation. He passed his hand up and down the off foreleg. Then he spit slenderly. "Mm!" he said thoughtfully; and added, with a shade of sadness, "that's always to be expected when they're worked too young."

Shorty slid his hand slowly over the disputed leg. "What's to be expected?" he inquired—"that they'll eat hearty? Well, he does."

At this retort the Virginian permitted himself to laugh in audible sympathy.

"Sprung," continued Balaam, with a sigh. "Whirling round short when his bones were soft did that. Yes."

"Sprung!" Shorty said, with a bark of indignation. "Come on, Pede; you and me'll spring for town."

He caught the horn of the saddle, and as he swung into place the horse rushed away with him. "O-ee! yoi-yup, yup, yup!" sang Shorty, in the shrill cow dialect. He made Pedro play an exhibition game of speed, bringing him round close to Balaam in a wide circle, and then he vanished in dust down the left-bank trail.

Balaam looked after him and laughed harshly. He had seen trout dash about like that when the hook in their jaw first surprised them. He knew Shorty would show the pony off, and he knew Shorty's love for Pedro was not equal to his need of money. He called to one of his men, asked something about the dam at the mouth of the cañon, where the main irrigation ditch began, made a remark about the prolonged drought, and then walked to his dining-room door, where, as he expected, Shorty met him.

"Say," said the youth, "do you consider that's any way to talk about a good horse?"

"Any dude could see the leg's sprung," said Balaam. But he looked at Pedro's shoulder, which was well laid back; and he admired his points, dark in contrast with the buckskin, and also the width between the eyes.

"Now you know," whined Shorty, "that it ain't sprung any more than your leg's cork. If you mean the right leg ain't plumb straight, I can tell you he was born so. That don't make no difference, for it ain't weak. Try him oncet. Just as sound and strong as iron. Never stumbles. And he don't never go to jumpin' with yu'. He's kind and he's smart." And the master petted his pony, who lifted a hoof for another handshake.

Of course Balaam had never thought the leg was sprung, and he now took on an unprejudiced air of wanting to believe Shorty's statements if only he could.

"Maybe there's two years' work left in that leg," he now observed.

"Better give your hawss away, Shorty," said the Virginian.

"Is this your deal, my friend?" inquired Balaam. And he slanted his bullet head at the Virginian.

"Give him away, Shorty," drawled the Southerner. "His laig is busted. Mr. Balaam says so."

Balaam's face grew evil with baffled fury. But the Virginian was gravely considering Pedro. He, too, was not pleased. But he could not interfere. Already he had overstepped the code in these matters. He would have dearly liked—for reasons good and bad, spite and mercy mingled—to have spoiled Balaam's market, to have offered a reasonable or even an unreasonable price for Pedro, and taken possession of the horse himself. But this might not be. In bets, in card games, in all horse transactions and other matters of similar business, a man must take care of himself, and wiser onlookers must suppress their wisdom and hold their peace.

That evening Shorty again had a cigar. He had parted with Pedro for forty dollars, a striped Mexican blanket, and a pair of spurs. Undressing over in the bunk house,

he said to the Virginian, "I'll sure buy Pedro back off him just as soon as ever I rustle some cash." The Virginian grunted. He was thinking he should have to travel hard to get the horses to the Judge by the 30th; and below that thought lay his aching disappointment and his longing for Bear Creek.

In the early dawn Shorty sat up among his blankets on the floor of the bunk house and saw the various sleepers coiled or sprawled in their beds; their breathing had not yet grown restless at the nearing of day. He stepped to the door carefully, and saw the crowding blackbirds begin their walk and chatter in the mud of the littered and trodden corrals. From beyond among the cottonwoods, came continually the smooth unemphatic sound of the doves answering each other invisibly; and against the empty ridge of the river-bluff lay the moon, no longer shining, for there was established a new light through the sky. Pedro stood in the pasture close to the bars. The cowboy slowly closed the door behind him, and sitting down on the step, drew his money out and idly handled it, taking no comfort just then from its possession. Then he put it back, and after dragging on his boots, crossed to the pasture, and held a last talk with his pony, brushing the cakes of mud from his hide where he had rolled, and passing a lingering hand over his mane. As the sounds of the morning came increasingly from tree and plain, Shorty glanced back to see that no one was yet out of the cabin, and then put his arms round the horse's neck, laying his head against him. For a moment the cowboy's insignificant face was exalted by the emotion he would never have let others see. He hugged tight this animal, who was dearer to his heart than anybody in the world.

"Good-by, Pedro," he said—"good-by." Pedro looked for bread.

"No," said his master, sorrowfully, "not any more. Yu' know well I'd give it yu' if I had it. You and me didn't figure on this, did we, Pedro? Good-by!"

He hugged his pony again, and got as far as the bars of the pasture, but returned once more. "Good-by, my little horse, my dear horse, my little, little Pedro," he said, as his tears wet the pony's neck. Then he wiped them with his hand, and got himself back to the bunk house. After breakfast he and his belongings departed to Drybone, and Pedro from his field calmly watched this departure; for horses must recognize even less than men the black corners that their destinies turn. The pony stopped feeding to look at the mail-wagon pass by; but the master sitting in the wagon forebore to turn his head.

XXVI

BALAAM AND PEDRO

RESIGNED to wait for the Judge's horses, Balaam went into his office this dry, bright morning and read nine accumulated newspapers; for he was behindhand. Then he rode out on the ditches, and met his man returning with the troublesome animals at last. He hastened home and sent for the Virginian. He had made a decision.

"See here," he said; "those horses are coming. What trail would you take over to the Judge's?"

"Shortest trail's right through the Bow Laig Mountains," said the foreman, in his gentle voice.

"Guess you're right. It's dinner-time. We'll start right afterward. We'll make Little Muddy Crossing by sundown, and Sunk Creek to-morrow, and the next day'll see us through. Can a wagon get through Sunk Creek Cañon?"

The Virginian smiled. "I reckon it can't, seh, and stay resembling a wagon."

Balaam told them to saddle Pedro and one packhorse, and drive the bunch of horses into a corral, roping the Judge's two, who proved extremely wild. He had decided to take this journey himself on remembering certain politics soon to be rife in Cheyenne. For Judge Henry was indeed a greater man than Balaam.

This personally conducted return of the horses would temper its tardiness, and, moreover, the sight of some New York visitors would be a good thing after seven months of no warmer touch with that metropolis than the Sunday *Herald*, always eight days old when it reached the Butte Creek Ranch.

They forded Butte Creek, and, crossing the well-travelled trail which follows down to Drybone, turned their faces toward the uninhabited country that began immediately, as the ocean begins off a sandy shore. And as a single mast on which no sail is shining stands at the horizon and seems to add a loneliness to the surrounding sea, so the long gray line of fence, almost a mile away, that ended Balaam's land on this side the creek, stretched along the waste ground and added desolation to the plain.

No solitary watercourse with margin of cottonwood or willow thickets flowed here to stripe the dingy, yellow world with interrupting green, nor were cattle to be seen dotting the distance, nor moving objects at all, nor any bird in the soundless air. The last gate was shut by the Virginian, who looked back at the pleasant trees of the ranch, and then followed on in single file across the alkali of No Man's Land.

No cloud was in the sky. The desert's grim noon shone somberly on flat and hill. The sagebrush was dull like zinc. Thick heat rose near at hand from the caked alkali, and pale heats shrouded the distant peaks.

There were five horses. Balaam led on Pedro, his squat figure stiff in the saddle, but solid as a rock, and tilted a little forward, as his habit was. One of the Judge's horses came next, a sorrel, dragging back continually on the rope by which he was led. After him ambled Balaam's wise pack-animal, carrying the light burden of two days' food and lodging. She was an old mare who could still go when she chose, but had been schooled by the years, and kept the trail, giving no trouble to the Virginian who came behind her. He also sat solid as a rock, yet subtly bending to the struggles of the wild horse he led, as a steel spring bends and balances and resumes its poise.

Thus they made but slow time, and when they topped the last dull rise of ground and looked down on the long slant of ragged, caked earth to the crossing of Little Muddy, with its single tree and few mean bushes, the final distance where eyesight ends had deepened to violet from the thin, steady blue they had stared at for so many hours, and all heat was gone from the universal dryness. The horses drank a long time from the sluggish yellow water, and its alkaline taste and warmth were equally welcome to the men. They built a little fire, and when supper was ended, smoked but a short while and in silence, before they got in the blankets that were spread in a smooth place beside the water.

They had picketed the two horses of the Judge in the best grass they could find, letting the rest go free to find pasture where they could. When the first light came, the Virginian attended to breakfast, while Balaam rode away on the sorrel to bring in the loose horses. They had gone far out of sight, and when he returned with them, after some two hours, he was on Pedro. Pedro was soaking with sweat, and red froth creamed from his mouth. The Virginian saw the horses must have been hard to drive in, especially after Balaam brought them the wild sorrel as a leader.

"If you'd kep' ridin' him, 'stead of changin' off on your hawss, they'd have behaved quieter," said the foreman.

"That's good seasonable advice," said Balaam, sarcastically. "I could have told you that now."

"I could have told you when you started," said the Virginian, heating the coffee for Balaam.

Balaam was eloquent on the outrageous conduct of the horses. He had come up with them evidently striking back for Butte Creek, with the old mare in the lead.

"But I soon showed her the road she was to go," he said, as he drove them now to the water.

The Virginian noticed the slight limp of the mare, and how her pastern was cut as if with a stone or the sharp heel of a boot.

"I guess she'll not be in a hurry to travel except when she's wanted to," continued Balaam. He sat down, and sullenly poured himself some coffee. "We'll be in luck if we make any Sunk Creek this night."

He went on with his breakfast, thinking aloud for the benefit of his companion, who made no comments, preferring silence to the discomfort of talking with a man whose vindictive humour was so thoroughly uppermost. He did not even listen very attentively, but continued his preparations for departure, washing the dishes, rolling the blankets, and moving about in his usual way of easy and visible good nature.

"Six o'clock, already," said Balaam, saddling the horses. "And we'll not get started for ten minutes more." Then he came to Pedro. "So you haven't quit fooling yet, haven't you?" he exclaimed, for the pony shrank as he lifted the bridle. "Take that for your sore mouth!" and he rammed the bit in, at which Pedro flung back and reared.

"Well, I never saw Pedro act that way yet," said the Virginian.

"Ah, rubbish!" said Balaam. "They're all the same. Not a bastard one but's laying for his chance to do for you. Some'll buck you off, and some'll roll with you, and some'll fight you with their forefeet. They may play good for a year, but the Western pony's man's enemy, and when he judges he's got his chance, he's going to do his best. And if you come out alive it won't be his fault." Balaam paused for a while, packing. "You've got to keep them

afraid of you," he said next; "that's what you've got to do if you don't want trouble. That Pedro horse there has been fed, hand-fed, and fooled with like a damn pet, and what's that policy done? Why, he goes ugly when he thinks it's time, and decides he'll not drive any horses into camp this morning. He knows better now."

"Mr. Balaam," said the Virginian, "I'll buy that hawss off yu' right now."

Balaam shook his head. "You'll not do that right now or any other time," said he. "I happen to want him."

The Virginian could do no more. He had heard cow-punchers say to refractory ponies, "You keep still, or I'll Balaam you!' and he now understood the aptness of the expression.

Meanwhile Balaam began to lead Pedro to the creek for a last drink before starting across the torrid drought. The horse held back on the rein a little, and Balaam turned and cut the whip across his forehead. A delay of forcing and backing followed, while the Virginian, already in the saddle, waited. The minutes passed, and no immediate prospect, apparently, of getting nearer Sunk Creek.

"He ain' goin' to follow you while you're beatin' his haid," the Southerner at length remarked.

"Do you think you can teach me anything about horses?" retorted Balaam.

"Well, it don't look like I could," said the Virginian, lazily.

"Then don't try it, so long as it's not your horse, my friend."

Again the Southerner levelled his eye on Balaam. "All right," he said, in the same gentle voice. "And don't you call me your friend. You've made that mistake twicet."

The road was shadeless, as it had been from the start, and they could not travel fast. During the first few hours all coolness was driven out of the glassy morning, and another day of illimitable sun invested the world with its blaze. The pale Bow Leg Range was coming nearer, but its hard hot slants and rifts suggested no sort of freshness, and even the pines that spread for wide miles along near the summit counted for nothing in the distance and the glare, but seemed mere patches of dull dry discolouration. No talk was exchanged between the two travellers, for the cow-puncher had nothing to say and Balaam was sulky, so they moved along in silent endurance of each other's company and the tedium of the journey.

But the slow succession of rise and fall in the plain changed and shortened. The earth's surface became lumpy, rising into mounds and knotted systems of steep small hills cut apart by staring gashes of sand, where water poured in the spring from the melting snow. After a time they ascended through the foot-hills till the plain below was for a while concealed, but came again into view in its entirety, distant and a thing of the past, while some magpies sailed down to meet them from the new country they were entering. They passed up through a small transparent forest of dead trees standing stark and white, and a little higher came on a line of narrow moisture that crossed the way and formed a stale pool among some willow thickets. They turned aside to water their horses, and found near the pool a circular spot of ashes and some poles lying, and beside these a cage-like edifice of willow wands built in the ground.

"Indian camp," observed the Virginian.

There were the tracks of five or six horses on the farther side of the pool, and they did not come into the trail, but led off among the rocks on some system of their own.

"They're about a week old," said Balaam. "It's part of that outfit that's been hunting."

"They've gone on to visit their friends," added the cow-puncher.

"Yes, on the Southern Reservation. How far do you call Sunk Creek now?"

"Well," said the Virginian, calculating, "it's mighty nigh fo'ty miles from Muddy Crossin', an' I reckon we've come eighteen."

"Just about. It's noon." Balaam snapped his watch shut. "We'll rest here till 12.30."

When it was time to go, the Virginian looked musingly at the mountains. "We'll need to travel right smart to get through the cañon to-night," he said.

"Tell you what," said Balaam; "we'll rope the Judge's horses together and drive 'em in front of us. That'll make speed."

"Mightn't they get away on us?" objected the Virginian. "They're pow'ful wild."

"They can't get away from me, I guess," said Balaam, and the arrangement was adopted. "We're the first this season over this piece of the trail," he observed presently.

His companion had noticed the ground already, and assented. There were no tracks anywhere to be seen over which winter had not come and gone since they had

been made. Presently the trail wound into a sultry gulch that hemmed in the heat and seemed to draw down the sun's rays more vertically. The sorrel horse chose this place to make a try for liberty. He suddenly whirled from the trail, dragging with him his less inventive fellow. Leaving the Virginian with the old mare, Balaam headed them off, for Pedro was quick, and they came jumping down the bank together, but swiftly crossed up on the other side, getting much higher before they could be reached. It was no place for this sort of game, as the sides of the ravine were ploughed with steep channels, broken with jutting knobs of rock, and impeded by short twisted pines that swung out from their roots horizontally over the pitch of the hill. The Virginian helped, but used his horse with more judgment, keeping as much on the level as possible, and endeavouring to anticipate the next turn of the runaways before they made it, while Balaam attempted to follow them close wheeling short when they doubled, heavily beating up the face of the slope, veering again to come down to the point he had left, and whenever he felt Pedro begin to flag, driving his spurs into the horse and forcing him to keep up the pace. He had set out to overtake and capture on the side of the mountain these two animals who had been running wild for many weeks, and now carried no weight but themselves, and the futility of such work could not penetrate his obstinate and rising temper. He had made up his mind not to give in. The Virginian soon decided to move slowly along for the present, preventing the wild horses from passing down the gulch again, but otherwise saving his own animal from useless fatigue. He saw that Pedro was reeking wet, with mouth open, and constantly stumbling, though he galloped on. The cow-puncher kept the group in sight, driving the pack-horse in front of him, and watching the tactics of the sorrel, who had now undoubtedly become the leader of the expedition, and was at the top of the gulch, in vain trying to find an outlet through its rocky rim to the levels above. He soon judged this to be no thoroughfare, and, changing his plan, trotted down to the bottom and up the other side, gaining more and more; for in this new descent Pedro had fallen twice. Then the sorrel showed the cleverness of a genuinely vicious horse. The Virginian saw him stop and fall to kicking his companion with all the energy that a short rope would permit. The rope slipped, and both, unencumbered, reached the top and disappeared. Leaving the pack-horse for Balaam, the Virginian started after them and came into a high table-land, beyond which the mountains began in earnest. The runaways were moving across toward these at an easy rate. He followed for a moment, then looking back, and seeing no sign of Balaam, waited, for the horses were sure not to go fast when they reached good pasture or water.

He got out of the saddle and sat on the ground, watching, till the mare came up slowly into sight, and Balaam behind her. When they were near, Balaam dismounted and struck Pedro fearfully, until the stick broke, and he raised the splintered half to continue.

Seeing the pony's condition, the Virginian spoke, and said, "I'd let that hawss alone."

Balaam turned to him, but wholly possessed by passion did not seem to hear, and the Southerner noticed how white and like that of a maniac his face was. The stick slid to the ground.

"He played he was tired," said Balaam, looking at the Virginian with glazed eyes. The violence of his rage affected him physically, like some stroke of illness. "He played out on me on purpose." The man's voice was dry and light. "He's perfectly fresh now," he continued, and turned again to the coughing, swaying horse, whose eyes were closed. Not having the stick, he seized the animal's unresisting head and shook it. The Virginian watched him a moment, and rose to stop such a spectacle. Then, as if conscious he was doing no real hurt, Balaam ceased, and turning again in slow fashion looked across the level, where the runaways were still visible.

"I'll have to take your horse," he said, "mine's played out on me."

"You ain' goin' to touch my hawss."

Again the words seemed not entirely to reach Balaam's understanding, so dulled by rage were his senses. He made no answer, but mounted Pedro; and the failing pony walked mechanically forward, while the Virginian, puzzled, stood looking after him. Balaam seemed without purpose of going anywhere, and stopped in a moment. Suddenly he was at work at something. This sight was odd and new to look at. For a few seconds it had no meaning to the Virginian as he watched. Then his mind grasped the horror, too late. Even with his cry of execration and the tiger spring that he gave to stop Balaam, the monstrosity

was wrought. Pedro sank motionless, his head rolling flat on the earth. Balaam was jammed beneath him. The man had struggled to his feet before the Virginian reached the spot, and the horse then lifted his head and turned it piteously round.

Then vengeance like a blast struck Balaam. The Virginian hurled him to the ground, lifted and hurled him again, lifted him and beat his face and struck his jaw. The man's strong ox-like fighting availed nothing. He fended his eyes as best he could against these sledge-hammer blows of justice. He felt blindly for his pistol. That arm was caught and wrenched backward, and crushed and doubled. He seemed to hear his own bones, and set up a hideous screaming of hate and pain. Then the pistol at last came out, and together with the hand that grasped it was instantly stamped into the dust. Once again the creature was lifted and slung so that he lay across Pedro's saddle a blurred, dingy, wet pulp.

Vengeance had come and gone. The man and the horse were motionless. Around them, silence seemed to gather like a witness.

"If you are dead," said the Virginian, "I am glad of it." He stood looking down at Balaam and Pedro, prone in the middle of the open table-land. Then he saw Balaam looking at him. It was the quiet stare of sight without thought, or feeling, the mere visual sense alone, almost frightful in its separation from any self. But as he watched those eyes, the self came back into them. "I have not killed you," said the Virginian. "Well, I ain't goin' to go any more to yu'—if that's a satisfaction to know."

Then he began to attend to Balaam with impersonal skill, like some one hired for the purpose. "He ain't hurt bad," he asserted aloud, as if the man were some nameless patient; and then to Balaam he remarked, "I reckon it might have put a less tough man than you out of business for quite a while. I'm goin' to get some water now." When he returned with the water, Balaam was sitting up, looking about him. He had not yet spoken, nor did he now speak. The sunlight flashed on the six-shooter where it lay, and the Virginian secured it. "She ain't so pretty as she was," he remarked, as he examined the weapon. "But she'll go right handy yet."

Strength was in a measure returning to Pedro. He was a young horse, and the exhaustion neither of anguish nor of overriding was enough to affect him long or seriously. He got himself on his feet and walked waveringly over to the old mare, and stood by her for comfort. The cow-puncher came up to him, and Pedro, after starting back slightly, seemed to comprehend that he was in friendly hands. It was plain that he would soon be able to travel slowly if no weight was on him, and that he would be a very good horse again. Whether they abandoned the runaways or not, there was no staying here for night to overtake them without food or water. The day was still high, and what its next few hours had in store the Virginian could not say, and he left them to take care of themselves, determining meanwhile that he would take command of the minutes and maintain the position he had assumed both as to Balaam and Pedro. He took Pedro's saddle off, threw the mare's pack to the ground, put Balaam's saddle on her, and on that stowed or tied her original pack, which he could do, since it was so light. Then he went to Balaam, who was sitting up.

"I reckon you can travel," said the Virginian. "And your hawss can. If you're comin' with me, you'll ride your mare. I'm goin' to trail them hawsses. If you're not comin' with me, your hawss comes with me, and you'll take fifty dollars for him."

Balaam was indifferent to this good bargain. He did not look at the other or speak, but rose and searched about him on the ground. The Virginian was also indifferent as to whether Balaam chose to answer or not. Seeing Balaam searching the ground, he finished what he had to say.

"I have your six-shooter, and you'll have it when I'm ready for you to. Now, I'm goin'," he concluded.

Balaam's intellect was clear enough now, and he saw that though the rest of this journey would be nearly intolerable, it must go on. He looked at the impassive cow-puncher getting ready to go and tying a rope on Pedro's neck to lead him, then he looked at the mountains where the runaways had vanished, and it did not seem credible to him that he had come into such straits. He was helped stiffly on the mare, and the three horses in single file took up their journey once more, and came slowly among the mountains. The perpetual desert was ended, and they crossed a small brook, where they missed the trail. The Virginian dismounted to find where the horses had turned off, and discovered that they had gone straight up the ridge by the water-course.

"There's been a man camped in hyeh inside a month," he said, kicking up a rag of red flannel.

"White man and two hawsses. Ours have went up his old tracks."

It was not easy for Balaam to speak yet, and he kept his silence. But he remembered that Shorty had spoken of a trapper who had started for Sunk Creek.

For three hours they followed the runaways' course over softer ground, and, steadily ascending, passed one or two springs, at length, where the mud was not yet settled in the hoof-prints. Then they came through a corner of pine forest and down a sudden bank among quaking asps to a green park. Here the runaways beside a stream were grazing at ease, but saw them coming, and started on again, following down the stream. For the present all to be done was to keep them in sight. This creek received tributaries and widened, making a valley for itself. Above the bottom, lining the first terrace of the ridge, began the pines, and stretched back, unbroken over intervening summit and basin, to cease at last where the higher peaks presided.

"This hyeh's the middle fork of Sunk Creek," said the Virginian. "We'll get on to our right road again where they join."

Soon a game trail marked itself along the stream. If this would only continue, the runaways would be nearly sure to follow it down into the cañon. Then there would be no way for them but to go on and come out into their own country, where they would make for the Judge's ranch of their own accord. The great point was to reach the cañon before dark. They passed into permanent shadow; for though the other side of the creek shone in full day, the sun had departed behind the ridges immediately above them. Coolness filled the air, and the silence, which in this deep valley of invading shadow seemed too silent, was relieved by the birds. Not birds of song, but a freakish band of gray talkative observers, who came calling and croaking along through the pines, and inspected the cavalcade, keeping it company for a while, and then flying up into the woods again. The travellers came round a corner on a little spread of marsh, and from somewhere in the middle of it rose a buzzard and sailed on its black pinions into the air above them, wheeling and wheeling, but did not grow distant. As it swept over the trail, something fell from its claw, a rag of red flannel; and each man in turn looked at it as his horse went by.

"I wonder if there's plenty elk and deer hyeh?" said the Virginian.

"I guess there is," Balaam replied, speaking at last. The travellers had become strangely reconciled.

"There's game 'most all over these mountains," the Virginian continued; "country not been settled long enough to scare them out." So they fell into casual conversation, and for the first time were glad of each other's company.

The sound of a new bird came from the pines above—the hoot of an owl—and was answered from some other part of the wood. This they did not particularly notice at first, but soon they heard the same note, unexpectedly distant, like an echo. The game trail, now quite a defined path beside the river, showed no sign of changing its course or fading out into blank ground, as these uncertain guides do so often. It led consistently in the desired direction, and the two men were relieved to see it continue. Not only were the runaways easier to keep track of, but better speed was made along this valley. The pervading imminence of night more and more dispelled the lingering afternoon, though there was yet no twilight in the open, and the high peaks opposite shone yellow in the invisible sun. But now the owls hooted again. Their music had something in it that caused both the Virginian and Balaam to look up at the pines and wish that this valley would end. Perhaps it was early for night-birds to begin; or perhaps it was that the sound never seemed to fall behind, but moved abreast of them among the trees above, as they rode on without pause down below; some influence made the faces of the travellers grave. The spell of evil which the sight of the wheeling buzzard had begun, deepened as evening grew, while ever and again along the creek the singular call and answer of the owls wandered among the darkness of the trees not far away.

The sun was gone from the peaks when at length the other side of the stream opened into a long wide meadow. The trail they followed, after crossing a flat willow thicket by the water, ran into dense pines, that here for the first time reached all the way down to the water's edge. The two men came out of the willows, and saw ahead the capricious runaways leave the bottom and go up the hill and enter the wood.

"We must hinder that," said the Virginian; and he dropped Pedro's rope. "There's your six-shooter. You keep the trail, and camp down there"—he pointed

to where the trees came to the water—"till I head them hawsses off. I may not get back right away." He galloped up the open hill and went into the pine, choosing a place above where the vagrants had disappeared.

Balaam dismounted, and picking up his six-shooter, took the rope off Pedro's neck and drove him slowly down toward where the wood began. Its interior was already dim, and Balaam saw that here must be their stopping-place to-night, since there was no telling how wide this pine strip might extend along the trail before they could come out of it and reach another suitable camping-ground. Pedro had recovered his strength, and he now showed signs of restlessness. He shied where there was not even a stone in the trail, and finally turned sharply round. Balaam expected he was going to rush back on the way they had come; but the horse stood still, breathing excitedly. He was urged forward again, though he turned more than once. But when they were a few paces from the wood, and Balaam had got off preparatory to camping, the horse snorted and dashed into the water, and stood still there. The astonished Balaam followed to turn him; but Pedro seemed to lose control of himself, and plunged to the middle of the river, and was evidently intending to cross. Fearing that he would escape to the opposite meadow and add to their difficulties, Balaam, with the idea of turning him round, drew his six-shooter and fired in front of the horse, divining, even as the flash cut the dusk, the secret of all this—the Indians; but too late. His bruised hand had stiffened, marring his aim, and he saw Pedro fall over in the water, then rise and struggle up the bank on the farther shore, where he now hurried also, to find that he had broken the pony's leg.

He needed no interpreter for the voices of the seeming owls that had haunted the latter hour of their journey, and he knew that his beast's keener instinct had perceived the destruction that lurked in the interior of the wood. The history of the trapper whose horse had returned without him might have been—might still be—his own; and he thought of the rag that had fallen from the buzzard's talons when he had been disturbed at his meal in the marsh. "Peaceable" Indians were still in these mountains, and some few of them had for the past hour been skirting his journey unseen, and now waited for him in the wood, which they expected him to enter. They had been too wary to use their rifles or show themselves, lest these travellers should be only part of a larger company following, who would hear the noise of a shot, and catch them in the act of murder. So, safe under the cover of the pines, they had planned to sling their silent noose, and drag the white man from his horse as he passed through the trees.

Balaam looked over the river at the ominous wood, and then he looked at Pedro, the horse that he had first maimed and now ruined, to whom he probably owed his life. He was lying on the ground, quietly looking over the green meadow, where dusk was gathering. Perhaps he was not suffering from his wound yet, as he rested on the ground; and into his animal intelligence there probably came no knowledge of this final stroke of his fate. At any rate, no sound of pain came from Pedro, whose friendly and gentle face remained turned toward the meadow. Once more Balaam fired his pistol, and this time the aim was true, and the horse rolled over, with a ball through his brain. It was the best reward that remained for him.

Then Balaam rejoined the old mare, and turned from the middle fork of Sunk Creek. He dashed across the wide field, and went over a ridge, and found his way along in the night till he came to the old trail—the road which they would never have left but for him and his obstinacy. He unsaddled the weary mare by Sunk Creek, where the cañon begins, letting her drag a rope and find pasture and water, while he, lighting no fire to betray him, crouched close under a tree till the light came. He thought of the Virginian in the wood. But what could either have done for the other had he stayed to look for him among the pines? If the cow-puncher came back to the corner, he would follow Balaam's tracks or not. They would meet, at any rate, where the creeks joined.

But they did not meet. And then to Balaam the prospect of going onward to the Sunk Creek Ranch became more than he could bear. To come without the horses, to meet Judge Henry, to meet the guests of the Judge's, looking as he did now after his punishment by the Virginian, to give the news about the Judge's favourite man—no, how could he tell such a story as this? Balaam went no farther than a certain cabin, where he slept, and wrote a letter to the Judge. This the owner of the cabin delivered. And so, having spread news which

would at once cause a search for the Virginian, and having constructed such sentences to the Judge as would most smoothly explain how, being overtaken by illness, he had not wished to be a burden at Sunk Creek, Balaam turned homeward by himself. By the time he was once more at Butte Creek, his general appearance was a thing less to be noticed. And there was Shorty, waiting!

One way and another, the lost dog had been able to gather some ready money. He was cheerful because of this momentary purseful of prosperity.

"And so I come back, yu' see," he said. "For I figured on getting Pedro back as soon as I could when I sold him to yu'."

"You're behind the times, Shorty," said Balaam.

Shorty looked blank. "You've sure not sold Pedro?" he exclaimed.

"Them Indians," said Balaam, "got after me on the Bow Leg trail. Got after me and that Virginia man. But they didn't get *me*."

Balaam wagged his bullet head to imply that this escape was due to his own superior intelligence. The Virginian had been stupid, and so the Indians had got him. "And they shot your horse," Balaam finished. "Stop and get some dinner with the boys."

Having eaten, Shorty rode away in mournful spirits. For he had made so sure of once more riding and talking with Pedro, his friend whom he had taught to shake hands.

(*To be continued*)

Mark Twain Goes to War on "Paint Brush"

After a great effort to make the little yellow mule go into the river Mark said, "Ab, I guess you will have to lead him in, he will not go for me." I tied one end of an inch rope around the mule's neck and took a turn with the other around the pommel of my saddle. After some maneuvering we got the mule close to the river bank, and while he smelled of the water as if to drink I gave my horse a dig with my spurs and he made a jump far out into the stream, dragging the mule with him. The top of the bank where we started was only a foot above water and the water was eight or ten feet deep the first jump. On the opposite side of the river the road went out of the water gradually between two small hills. My horse swam vigorously for the other bank. I looked back over my shoulder to see how Mark and "Paint Brush" were faring. To my horror neither was in sight, and I thought both had drowned. I hurried across, knowing the rope would bring the mule. I soon landed safely, and after a few steps in the edge of the water the top of Mark's old slouch hat, then Mark and the mule, in turn, showed up. As he slowly waded out of the water the mule was very weak and weaving from side to side. When he was entirely out of the water Mark rolled off and fell upon the bank, removed his hat, took his handkerchief from his pocket, wrung the water out of it, and slowly wiped his face. Looking up at me, he said in his slow drawling tones, "Ab, that infernal mule waded every step of the way across that river."

Captain Grimes.

We occupied an old maple sugar camp, whose half-rotted troughs were still propped against the trees. A long corn-crib served for sleeping quarters for the battalion. On our left, half a mile away, were Mason's farm and house; and he was a friend to the cause. Shortly after noon the farmers began to arrive from several directions, with mules and horses for our use, and these they lent us for as long as the war might last, which they judged would be about three months. The animals were of all sizes, all colours, and all breeds. They were mainly young and frisky, and nobody in the command could stay on them long at a time; for we were town boys, and ignorant of horsemanship. The creature that fell to my share was a very small mule, and yet so quick and active that it could throw me without difficulty; and it did this whenever I got on it. Then it would bray—stretching its neck out, laying its ears back, and spreading its jaws till you could see down to its works. It was a disagreeable animal in every way. If I took it by the bridle and tried to lead it off the grounds, it would sit down and brace back, and no ne could budge it. However, I was not entirely destitute of military resources, and I did presently manage to spoil this game; for I had seen many a steamboat aground in my time, and knew a trick or two which even a grounded mule would be obliged to respect. There was a well by the corn-crib; so I substituted thirty fathom of rope for the bridle, and I fetched him home with the windlass.

Mark Twain.

THINGS I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT ELEVATORS

By DONALD WILHELM

Author of
"The Story of Steel"
"The Story of Rubber"
"The Wizardry of the Wheel"
etc.

Demonstrating the first safe elevator

ALTHOUGH the principle of lifting weights by mechanical means is very old (it was used by Archimedes, the father of mechanics, in the third century, B.C.), the elevator as we know it to-day did not celebrate its seventy-fifth anniversary until 1927.

To lift weights the ancients applied the principles of leverage. They contrived pulleys, made hoists, energized them with muscular power. And with the aid of such hoists they achieved the Pyramids, the Parthenon, the Great Wall of China, as memorials of their prowess.

During the last seventy-five years we have applied the same ancient principles of leverage, along with some principles that are new, and energized our lifting devices with power not of muscle, but of steam, hydraulics and electricity. And so we in our turn have built impressive structures, to be memorials of our time. Moreover, by the use of elevators, we have populated those structures, even to the fifty-ninth floor; have made them pay, pay surprisingly well. And thereby we have achieved the finest union of architecture and industry, of beauty and utility, that we have.

So the modern city came to be.

The genesis and evolution of the modern skyscraper is, in a sense, identical with the genesis and evolution of the elevator. Every new height that skyscrapers have achieved has been preceded by new refinements in the elevator construction—the elevator engineer is the Titan whose fulcrum lifts buildings higher and higher. It has not been the tall building that called the elevator into existence—the elevator, instead, called the tall building into existence.

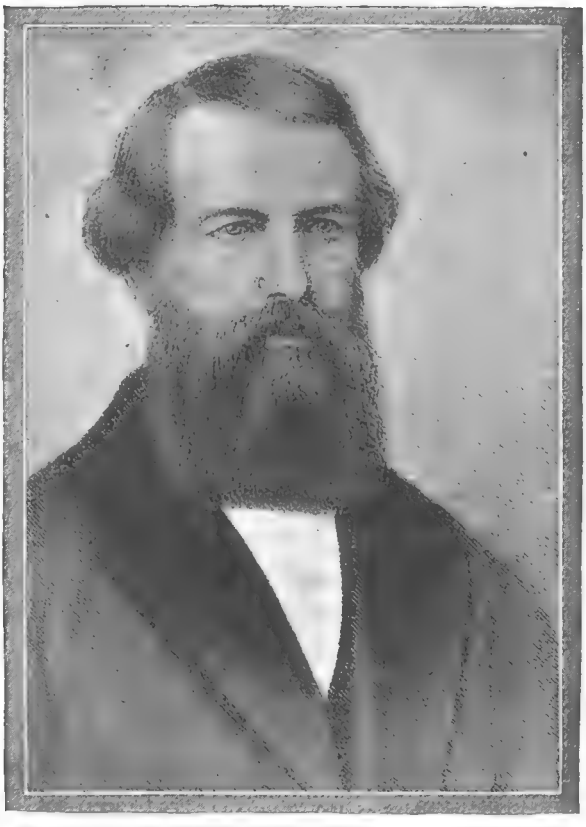
Excepting cathedrals whose ponderous walls were designed merely to support a roof, to keep out the weather, there were very few buildings rising above five stories or the equivalent seventy-five years ago. Tall buildings were not economic—did not pay—because their space *decreased* in desirability and rental value floor-by-floor as one climbed stairways above the second or third floor. The second or third floor was the point of diminishing returns; because land was cheap it was more economic to build two three-story buildings, say, than one six-story building. To-day the most efficient, most economic, most profitable city structure is the modern skyscraper when it is properly located and is efficiently

served by elevators. In other words, the elevator has reversed the oldtime ratio between the height of buildings and their rental value, and has, therefore, multiplied land values accordingly.

Oddly enough, we Americans (the millions of us, for instance, who use elevators every working day in New York City) have become so accustomed to mechanical miracles that we take the modern elevator for granted.

Of course it was not always like this.

There was a time, only seventy-five years ago, when land in our cities was cheap, buildings were small, and people looked with eyes of fear upon any device designed to get them off the ground. Since time immemorial they had been accustomed to traveling horizontally — not vertically; their instinct and inclination was to travel, to expand, laterally, as indeed they had been doing for thousands of years. Nor was there much incentive then—since America had more land than she knew what to do with—to encroach upon and to have habitation in the space *above* this land. There had, of course, been experiments with elevators, as distinguished from hoists; and there had been accidents. There was mention in current periodicals of "elevator perils," and no one gave elevator transportation more than a passing thought.



Elisha Graves Otis

Then came a change. The year 185 brought the first *safe* elevator. In wha was then a little town, Yonkers, restin on the Hudson not far from New Yor City, Elisha Graves Otis, a Vermonte designed the first hoisting mechanism i which the main hazard of accident wa eliminated. I the followin year, after Presi dent Pierce ha officially opene the Crystal Pal ace Industria Exposition o the site wher Bryant Parl now adjoins th New York Pub lic Library, Mr Otis exhibited a model of thi hoist with th safety device h had invented. I was a hoist, an there had beer hoists for ages steam hoists fo many years. But this hoist, plus the safety de vice, comprised the first *safe* ele vator.

In view of what we know today, this turned the corner; made the elevator, as distinguished from the hoist, a practicality. It was the first milestone in the progressive improvement of elevators extending through all of three quarters of a century. This first elevator consisted of a platform, moving between guides, which would come to rest if the hoisting ropes should break. It was the first of all

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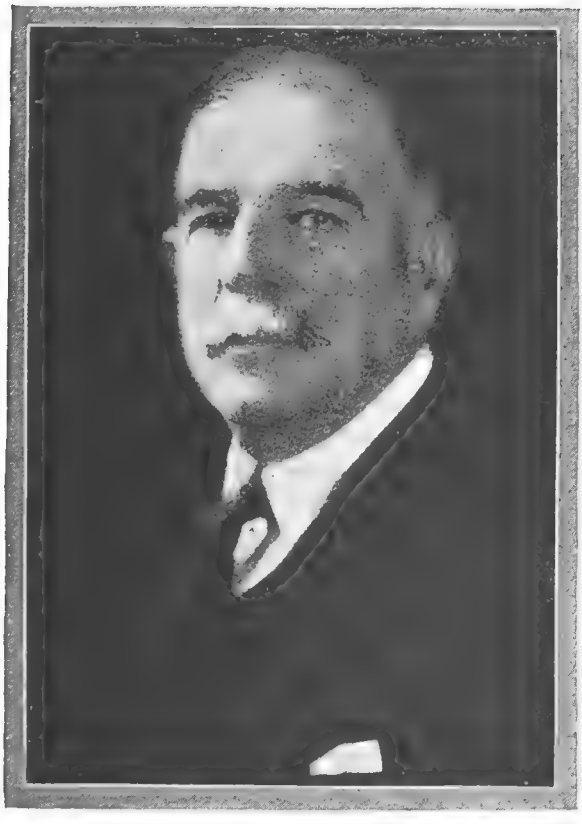
mechanical safety devices designed to function *automatically* to safeguard human life—Mr. Otis may therefore be deemed the father of the Safety First Movement as well as the father of the elevator. Moreover, his safety device was the first brake ever contrived to operate automatically in time of emergency only when activated by difference in potential; therefore it may be considered the predecessor of the airbrake, which came fourteen years later.

To interested groups, Mr. Otis — obviously a salesman as well as an inventor— gave practical demonstrations of the safety of his elevator in his shops. He stood on the platform, had it run up; finally, at a signal, had an assistant cut the rope supporting him. But the elevator did not fall. To the contrary, an old print shows him waving his hand triumphantly, exclaiming, "All safe!"



William Delavan Baldwin

Thus the first chapter of elevator history came to a successful close.

II

THE second chapter of this history was largely concerned with the early development of the new invention. And during this time the business thus started grew into the Otis Brothers & Company, a partnership formed by Mr. Otis' two sons, after their father died in 1861. In those early days there were many questions to be solved. At first, the power used was steam; and then, later, hydraulic. However, steam proving rather unsatisfactory, in the late 'sixties, various experiments were tried with different types of hydraulic elevators but it was not until the late 'seventies that the vertical type of geared hydraulic elevator was put on the market by Otis Brothers & Company. The old Stevens Hotel at Eleventh Street, New York City, has the honor of being the first building to be thus equipped.

This new vertical type was immediately recognized by engineers and architects as a solution of high-speed elevators operated by hydraulic power (this was, of course, in the days before electricity). It consisted of a cylinder of moderate length, with piston, placed vertically in, or adjacent to, the hatchway; and attached to this piston were sheaves over which the cables passed and thus moved the car. The system proved so satisfactory that owners immediately began to erect taller buildings because they found that they could safely and easily transport people and goods to much higher levels than

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formerly, and that it paid. Water pressures were also rapidly increased (usually by means of pumps in the buildings) and many improvements were made in the controling system of the car. In this way, higher speeds, with safety, were made available.

This introduction of the geared hydraulic elevator caused a considerable increase in the elevator business and warranted extensions to the Otis plant. Just prior to this time, the first building of the present Otis factory in Yonkers was erected. This was in 1864, and it is interesting to know that this building still forms a small unit of the present plant.

In 1887 Otis Brothers & Company installed the first successful electric elevator in America, and, by the way, it remained in continuous service for thirty-five years. This type was provided with drums on which the hoisting cables were wound. But it had inherent limitations. It was not a high-rise elevator, for one thing, and its speed was limited to 400 feet a minute. For a time, therefore, the old hydraulic elevator went on performing its mission in the highest buildings until 1904 when the Otis organization, which has originated or developed or at any rate sponsored every important innovation of the long history of the elevator, produced the first gearless traction elevator, installed it in the Majestic Theatre Building in Chicago and again turned a corner in the history of the industry.

This new type was possible only because the Otis organization had taken over, developed and sponsored the first low-speed electric motor.

Meanwhile, toward the end of the century, steel produced in quantity at low cost, thanks in the main to the invention of the Bessemer converter, came to be.

Architecture new in kind came to be. Horizontal transportation — railroads, steamboats, electric trolleys, even the automobile—increased the numbers in our great centers. New York, surrounded by a band of tidal water, and Chicago, where nearly everyone wanted to be in The Loop surrounded by its bands of steel, along with many other cities, mounted resolutely upward.

So the skyscraper—not of ten stories but of many more—came to be.

So the modern city came to be.

New York City in 1798, before the elevator

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III

DECIDEDLY the greatest era of the elevator, and of city development too, has been the last quarter century.

All that preceded this era was, in a sense, only by way of preparation. The skyscraper, economically and in other ways inevitable, had been demonstrated as both necessary and practical. It had vastly increased property values. It had provided a new concept of what city offices and city homes might be, incidentally saved a vast deal of shoe leather, and beyond question established the elevator, the highway of the high building as the primary factor in city change and growth.

Naturally, this series of developments all had the effect of giving much impetus to the business, and there gradually appeared many competitors in the field. Several of them had designs and patents covering important features, and all claimed advantages for their particular design. As this situation developed, it became apparent that much benefit would accrue to both the manufacturer and the public if some of these various elevator organizations could be brought together and be unified under one head, thus giving the group sufficient capital to carry on the much needed work of research, invention and experiment.

In 1898, through the initiative and pioneer spirit of Mr. William Delavan Baldwin, then an officer of Otis Brothers & Company, a number of these independent concerns were brought together, using the Otis Company as a nucleus. Thus was formed the present Otis Elevator Company. This new corporation, with its added power and resources, assumed from the start, under the leadership of Mr. Baldwin as President, an unique position toward the industry and toward the public.

This amalgamation gave Mr. Baldwin and his associates the vehicle whereby a great and unique organization was built up and devoted to the gathering together of many patents and improvements in the elevator art. Thus gradually was evolved that miracle of American invention and practical mechanics, known to-day as the modern elevator, a thing full of meaning to the whole world.

In the long run this amalgamation accomplished two great results:

"called the tall buildings into existence"

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A generation after Elisha Graves Otis invented

(1) It made the Otis Elevator Company what it has ever since been—a central gathering point at which the best engineering and managerial brains could be assembled. It provided funds and authority for one of the first of our great industrial laboratories, made of this company a kind of scientific institution, a kind of Bureau of Standards. And if we had an endowed scientific institution with a public-service record comparable to the Otis record, every writer would proudly take his turn in discovering new meaning therein. One would have long before this stressed the sense of responsibility for elevator safety that prevails in Otis laboratories, offices, and shops. Another would have demonstrated that scientific superiority accounts largely for Otis success. And it would mean much to others that in the emergency of a war we had to win, our Government turned to this Company for help and that the Otis micro-drive or self-leveling

The same skyline in 1908, ten years after Wm. D. Baldwin and his associates

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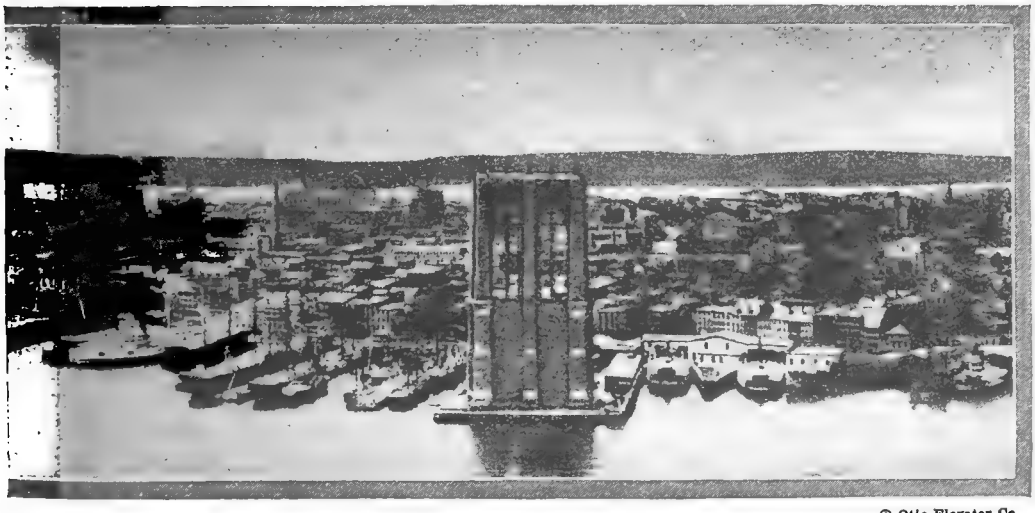

the first safe elevator. New York City in 1876

© Otis Elevator Co.

elevator is the outgrowth of machines designed for use on minelaying ships and for freight service in the large Army and Navy base warehouses at New York, Boston, and elsewhere.

(2) It made what had been a one-man business, then a partnership, then a corporation, into a world business. Mr. Baldwin, the first president and still chairman and directing head, personified the larger vision of the type of administrative genius that has made our greatest industries what they are. In America alone there are now more than 130,000 Otis elevators in use and every city skyline we have is an Otis skyline. Our escalators, or moving stairways, first exhibited at the Paris Exposition in 1900 and now of wide use and value in department stores, theatres, subways, factories and wherever large numbers of people are to be carried short distances, are exclusively Otis in design and production. The company also produces a

set out to make the elevator "full of meaning to the whole world"

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comprehensive line of spiral conveyors, ammunition, blast-furnace and other skip hoists used in addition to its elevators all over the world.

IV

SHORT of a popular-science book which this scientific institution is altogether "too scientific" to indulge, it is impossible even to suggest, save in terms of a few consequences such as the evolution of our cities, what the modern elevator means to us all.

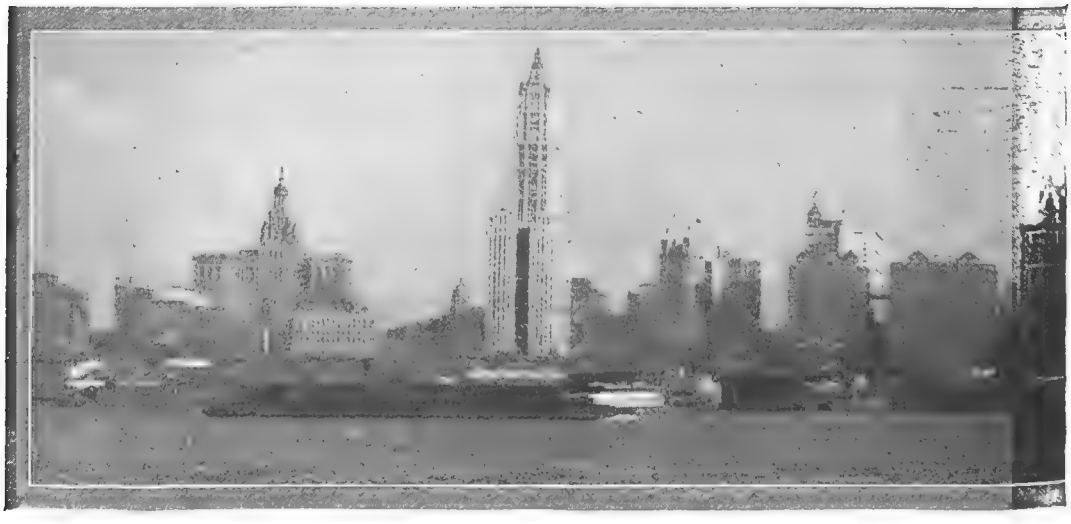
It represents a way of living, characteristically and inevitably American, in which contacts between people (and they are the life of trade) are facilitated and the city is for its millions made more endurable and certainly more healthful.

It reflects the challenge of horizontal transportation and has saved us from the dreary, footsore spectacle of interminable city areas on which somehow we would have to travel farther, accomplish less and see less than anywhere on earth except on a prairie. Personally, I cannot follow the argument of those who prefer subways, the elevated, and trolleys to the safest, most economical and most congenial mode of transportation we have.

There seems nothing left to be desired when, for instance, we arrive at the Grand Central Terminal, move into the adjoining foyer of the Graybar Building, find one of many cars waiting for us. The guard says, "Floor, please." We answer, "Thirty."

He touches a button marked "30." By the mere pressure of a finger he initiates the closing of safety doors and gates—the mechanism itself closes them, at once lifts us at full speed of 800 feet a minute without giving us a sense of speed at all, until it reaches a zone of from twelve to twenty-four inches above or below any landing signified by a passenger on board or by someone else touching a button in a hall. And there, at a landing approached at high but comfortable speed, this Otis elevator, this "Almost Human Elevator" with Otis signal control and the micro or self-leveling device, slows itself, makes its own stop, holds itself exactly level with the landing, while its cargo is unloaded or increased, its doors and gates are closed and it is again on its way.

Signal control, by which we give this



The "Otis Skyline" of 1927, "the finest union of architecture

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marvelous mechanism a mandate to stop, and it can do not otherwise, is a story in itself. The self-leveler is another. Here, though, it remains for us to remember when we ride on such an elevator, see a self-leveler used for freight or see the department-store type with its guard free to assist and direct women and children, that these improvements have turned another corner in elevator history. Before Otis engineers perfected them there was no gain in time in having elevators rated over 700 feet a minute; there was a loss, rather, in terms of unpleasantness to passenger. They have changed the skyscraper equation once more—that equation governing the practical height of buildings in specified locations, which architects present, for safe and paying solution, to Otis engineers.

So the race by vertical transportation to meet the challenge of horizontal transportation goes on, with collective automatic control for elevators in modern apartment buildings and other solutions of every elevator need and problem.

Safety has been the ideal of this company through three fourths of a century. Safety implies structural dependability; therefore, in its own factories the Otis Elevator Company makes practically all of its own materials. In chemical and physical laboratories it scrupulously tests them. Its shops display a veritable passion for precision. And in its own experimental towers it tests its own designs. Then, in addition, since the modern elevator is probably the most intricate and refined mechanism in existence, it provides, at almost nominal cost, in virtually every large city of the world, service, even maintenance, of its products.

Now strengthen the situation by an accumulation of seventy-five years of continuous experience.

Sustain that by the highest available order of technical and managerial skill.

Then you can understand, even if you are not at the moment in the market for an elevator, why all city skylines all over the world are Otis skylines.

and industry, of beauty and utility that we have"

© Otis Elevator Co.

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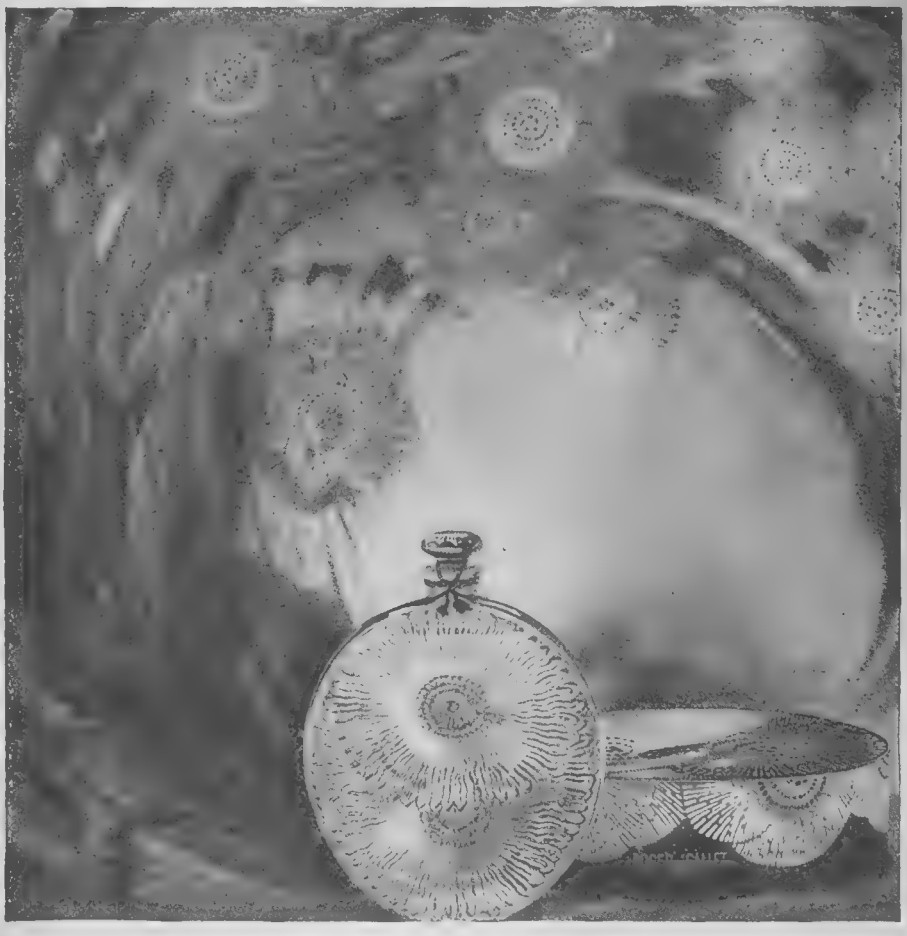
SILVER POPPIES



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available in eight most desirable toilette requisites

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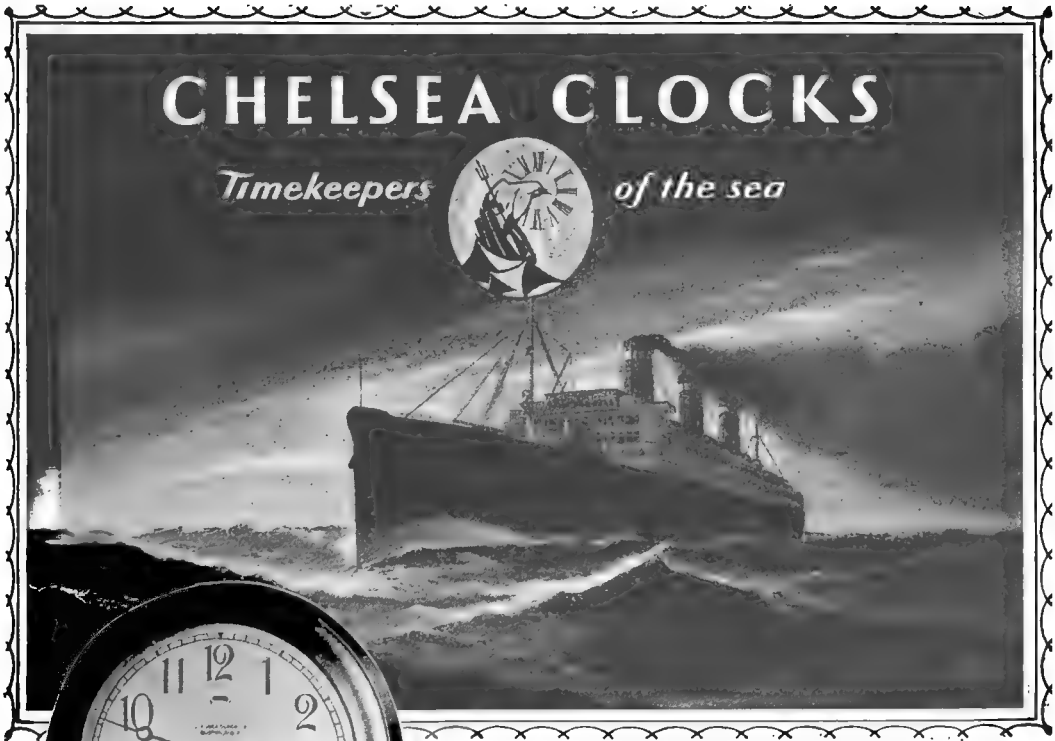


We make ships clocks of all types for all classes of boats from small pleasure craft to men-of-war.

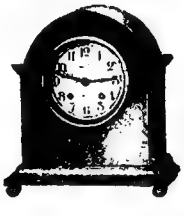
Timekeepers on the Leviathan

THE biggest boat that sails from the United States to carry passengers luxuriously and swiftly to Europe uses Chelsea Clocks just as discriminating people choose them for their own homes and for gifts.

Ashore and afloat, Chelsea Clocks are accurate, dependable and decorative. Every one has the jeweled lever type of movement and will keep accurate time anywhere.

Choose a Chelsea Clock for a gift. Select the design suited to the room where it will be Time's faithful servant.

Chelsea Clocks are sold by leading jewelers or write us for descriptive folders. Chelsea Clock Company, Boston, Massachusetts, Makers of House and Marine Clocks.



A Sheraton design in a statuary bronze finished mantel clock may be had with either ships bells or regular strike.

An Adam design mantel clock finished in statuary bronze may be had with ships bells or regular strike.

MUSIC AND RADIO

A Few Comments On The Approaching Season

THE closer and improved relation between the radio and good music in practically all its forms inclines music lovers everywhere to regard with much interest the opening of the Fall and Winter radio season.

In the comparatively short period of time since broadcasting has been developed sufficiently to reach multitudes of listeners, the general appreciation of good music in this country has become much more pronounced.

The educational possibilities of radio in the music field are rapidly pushing themselves forward in the consciousness of the public. One pertinent indication of this is the ever increasing demand for better music. The population as a whole is being educated to appreciate good music and, with all due allowance to other and strong contributing factors, this can be credited to a large extent to the radio.

This growing appreciation of good music is being reflected in various ways. For instance, in the very greatly increased demand all over the country for phonograph records of the finest music recorded, both vocal and instrumental. True, the recent great improvements in the phonograph itself as well as in methods of recording are largely responsible for this, but evidence is not lacking that a fair share of credit is also due the radio.

So far as radio music is concerned, there is an increasing demand for classical music, and much of the so-called lighter music that is being broadcast is of the light opera and light classical type.

There is, too, every indication that the radio programs to be broadcast throughout the coming season are to reach higher levels of worth while entertainment than ever before. Millions will listen to great symphony orchestras throughout the country, grand opera stars, and hundreds of other highly gifted singers and musicians interpreting the finest compositions of the greatest composers, past and present.

Assured of such fine programs and of the greatly improved reception that has been brought about by federal regulation of broadcasting stations, interest centers more and more upon the latest and most improved receiving equipment now available.

Hundreds and thousands who will attend the great radio shows in New York and elsewhere this fall cannot fail to realize the great improvements and refinements that have been achieved within a few short years in radio receivers and their accessories. Today it is possible to choose from receivers that insure very high quality of reception, the minimum of care and attention in operation, compactly and durably built and attractively designed. Indeed, the beautiful containing cabinets that have been specially fashioned for them leave little to be desired by those who wish to make their radio an ornamental as well as highly enjoyable addition to their home.

Attractive appearance is, of course, an important point. But the first essential in buying a radio, as in buying a phonograph, a piano or any other musical instrument, is to be sure first of all of its fine tonal qualities. And this is especially important to all who would enjoy to the utmost the wealth of fine musical entertainment that will so strongly feature the coming season.

And you shall *hear* the beautiful things

How Eugene Field would have delighted in the wondrous adventure that Childhood lives today! The tiny ships of imagination sail nightly forth upon the sea of music, drama and the great record of events. They bring back precious cargo.

Build for your children a radio world of grandeur and beauty—build it best with Zenith. Then will no discord mar the delight of clear, natural radio reception. Zenith reproduces faithfully the whole range of sound, with its infinite combinations and tone shadings. Zenith preserves those subtleties so prized by the discerning ear. The finest things in radio broadcast come into your home with Zenith.

See the beautiful Zenith models—hear the amazing Zenith reception.

Send for illustrated folder

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION
3612 Iron Street • *Chicago*

ZENITH
—LONG DISTANCE— RADIO

Largest manufacturers of high grade radio in the world—$100 to $2500
Western United States prices slightly higher
Licensed only for radio amateur, experimental and broadcast reception

THE LAND OF SPORT . .

hawaii

Go this Autumn

on the new

MALOLO

(FLYING FISH)

GOLF on the new Royal Hawaiian course—one of the most distinctive in the world, reproducing famous holes of American and European courses.

Swim at Waikiki. Ride, motor, fish in tropic waters. Go to Hawaii now during this glorious autumn weather—one of the Islands' most delightful seasons.

The new MALOLO, the ship that has proved unsinkable, or one of the other luxurious Matson Liners will take you. This giant yacht is the ultimate in ship construction. The largest, swiftest steamship ever built in the U. S.

The MALOLO sails every alternate Saturday. But four all too short days from the Golden Gate to Diamond Head. She is Queen of the famous fleet that serves Hawaii—nine splendid ships—*Malolo, Maui, Matsonia, Manoa, Wilhelmina, Lurline, Sierra, Sonoma* and *Ventura*.

Sailings from San Francisco—one or more each week. Regular sailings from Seattle. All-expense tours $270 up. Our nearest office or any travel agency can give you full particulars.

Kilauea Volcano is again active

An unforgetable spectacle for you now—Kilauea Volcano is in eruption for the first time since 1920.

matson line

THE SHIPS THAT SERVE

hawaii

215 Market St., San Francisco—535 Fifth Av., New York—140 So. Dearborn St., Chicago—510 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles 1319 Fourth Ave., Seattle

The Worker's Wife

THIS advertisement is about group insurance, a matter which is sure to come up for the consideration of modern business executives. Group insurance is no patent panacea for the employee problem; but it is a most potent help.

Consider only one angle:— the worker's wife. In case of death or disability to her husband it is she and her children who benefit by group insurance. This means that she is going to help you in the matter of the man's contentment and co-operation in his job.

This is only one of many far-reaching influences involved in group insurance.

We have two booklets, "Management, Men and Motives" and "Group Life Insurance," which throw light on this question. Your local John Hancock office will be glad to send them to you, or they can be obtained by writing to Inquiry Bureau.

John Hancock

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass.

G.B.

Look Inside the Piano for this Trade Mark

WESSELL, NICKEL & GROSS NEW YORK TRADE MARK

The Sign of the World's Standard Piano Action

To Make Sure of A Quality Piano—

THE new piano for your home will be a quality instrument if you take care to select a make containing the famous Wessell, Nickel & Gross piano action. For this fine action is never found in a piano of doubtful worth.

The *piano* action is the piano's most vital part. It must be delicately responsive yet built to stand years of usage. The Wessell, Nickel & Gross action is made by the oldest, largest and leading makers of high-grade piano actions. It is the *world's highest-priced piano action*. It is today the choice of America's leading piano makers—and has been since 1874.

WESSELL, NICKEL & GROSS

Established 1874 New York City

When you Buy an Upright, Grand, Player or Reproducing Piano—Insist on the Wessell, Nickel & Gross Piano Action

BEGIN with the gargle. Just a few drops of Absorbine, Jr. in water destroy germs, relieve irritation and soothe the inflamed tissue.

Follow with the application of Absorbine, Jr. (full strength) to the outside of the throat. It relaxes the tension of the muscles and breaks up the congestion. Rub in thoroughly—*Absorbine, Jr. will not burn.*

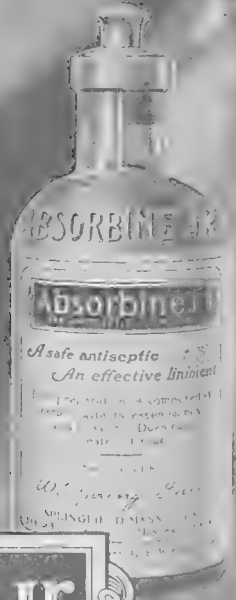
Use Absorbine, Jr. regularly as a mouth-wash and gargle. It is cleansing, refreshing, soothing and healing. It guards against sore throat and the more dangerous infections which often follow.

There are many other uses for Absorbine, Jr. Read "Timely Suggestions" packed with each bottle.

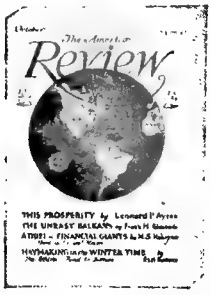
Send for free trial bottle. At all druggists' $1.25

W. F. YOUNG, Inc. Springfield, Mass.

Treat
sore throat
—both
inside *and* out



Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT



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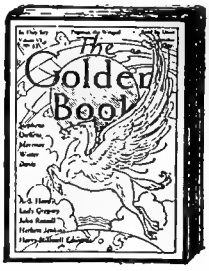

The publishers of The Review of Reviews and The Golden Book, of Cosmopolitan and Good Housekeeping, of The American Magazine and Woman's Home Companion and many others, have made special arrangements with The Turner Subscription Agency to offer their magazines in clubs, some at greatly reduced prices for a short time only—until November 10th. The Turner Agency can furnish any magazine published anywhere at the lowest existing prices. Send for new catalog.

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When a Pierce-Arrow rolls to the curb the most casual passer-by turns and looks. Few other cars are thus spontaneously picked for recognition and approval among thousands . . . And yet, this aristocratic distinction is only half the story. The other half is best told by Pierce-Arrow's owners. These find in its incomparable comfort and luxury, its dependability and economy, its restrained simplicity — more than ample reward for having chosen Pierce-Arrow. THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Buffalo, N. Y.*

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at Buffalo, tax extra
TERMS IF DESIRED

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Camels—
so mellow, mild and unfailingly good

C A M E L

MODERN, particular smokers, it is your insistence upon the best that makes Camel lead all other cigarettes. You are hard to please. In the true spirit of the modern age, you look for until you find value supreme in a cigarette. And it is this unremitting search for quality that puts Camel overwhelmingly first.

For Camel combines all those virtues so indispensable to the cool, satisfying smoke. The choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos that Nature's sunny fields produce. And a blending that brings these inimitable flavors and fragrances to the delighted taste of the smoker. Really, there is no other smoke like Camel. No other can be so everlastingly good.

If your taste calls for the enchantment of the finest, just try Camels. Always tasteful and smooth. Always so mellow and mild. *"Have a Camel!"*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON - SALEM, N. C.

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TO *Spenders of* HEALTH

Pyorrhea grips 4 out of 5

You may know him. One by one, his contemporaries have sacrificed health, happiness and success at the altar of neglect while he is endowed with force and energy that have never diminished. Of his treasures the most priceless is health. And he protects it from foes that seek its destruction.

• • •

A ruthless enemy, that strikes unwary victims with sinister force, is Pyorrhea. If let alone, its poison spreads through the system, ravaging health, often causing rheumatism, stomach trouble, anemia and facial disfigurement.

It takes toll from 4 out of 5 after forty and thousands younger.

A little care and you safeguard health against this grim foe. Have your dentist examine teeth and gums at least twice annually. And start using Forhan's for the Gums, regularly.

Prepared from the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., for many years a Pyorrhea specialist, and containing Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere, this dentifrice is made to thwart Pyorrhea or to check its course.

It keeps teeth white and protects them against acids which cause decay. It firms gums and keeps them healthy.

Don't wait! Start using Forhan's for the Gums, today. Teach your children this good habit. They'll like the taste of Forhan's.

Different from ordinary tooth pastes, Forhan's for the Gums is protection against Pyorrhea. It is health insurance.

All druggists, in tubes, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

Forhan Company, New York

YOU CAN BE SURE OF THIS

Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant does just what we promise for it. It safeguards mouth, nose and throat against oral infection and relieves unpleasant breath instead of concealing this embarrassing trouble behind a telltale odor. Thousands are now keeping breath sweet and fresh this sensible way. Try it. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

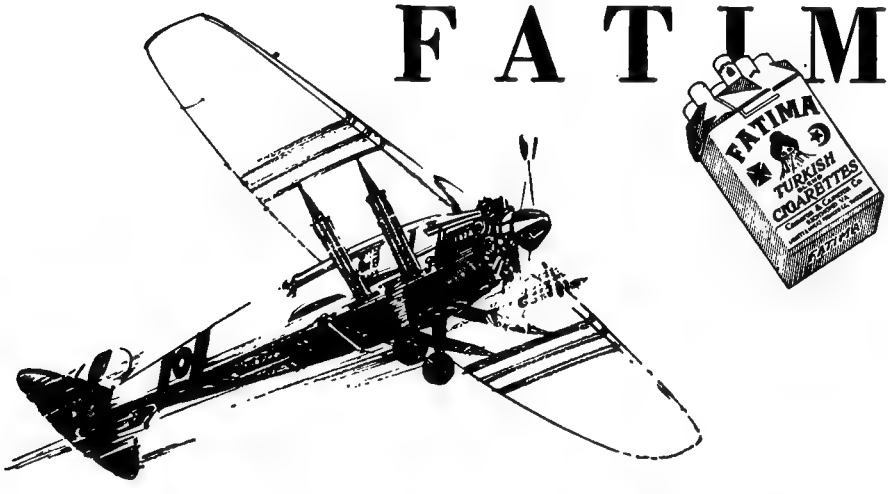
Forhan's *for the gums*

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

"ACE HIGH" WITH THE YOUNGER CROWD!

ORDINARILY, this modern generation scorns precedent. History is nevertheless repeating—in a way which we find interesting and gratifying. Something about Fatima—its greater delicacy, its more skillful blending of flavors—has made it, as in other days, an outstanding favorite with the younger set.

FATIMA



QUALITY *that makes friends everywhere!*

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

THE FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

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THE INVESTMENT BUREAU *offers a free expert service to our readers. All letters are considered personal and confidential, a are carefully answered by mail. Address:* INVESTMENT BUREAU, THE GOLDEN BOOK, 55 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Adventures in Investing

[TO READERS: *We shall be glad to publish (and pay for at regular rates) any interesting narratives of actual adve tures in investing. Names of people may be fictitious, but the facts must be exact. Tell the precise securities boug what was paid for them, the reasons which decided you to make the purchase,—and what happened. Mistakes a often as illuminating as successes. Address* EDITOR, "THE GOLDEN BOOK."]

Learning by Making Mistakes

AT THE age of seventeen, after a high-school education and normal courses during three summer vacations, I began teaching school. At that time, $35 per month was the highest salary paid public school teachers in small towns, from the first to the sixth grades inclusive. At that wonderful salary, I taught two grades—viz., fifth and sixth, in a school of about 300 pupils. What to do with all of my surplus money was my first engaging thought, after teaching a few months. A very dear friend, who eventually proved to be a very "dear" friend (financially speaking), offered to use my spare money. After I had paid board, laundry bills, church dues, etc., each month, I finally accumulated $100. 7 per cent. was the alluring interest proferred, and I accepted the offer, feeling most important to be able to lend my first earnings, at interest, for a whole year. When my interest was due, Mr. A. told me several "hard luck" stories, (after having the use of my money for a year, without paying me interest, my friend became "*Mr.* A."—he was no longer alluded to as "my friend"), and each succeeding year, for three years, my interest was paid—by promises. Finally, he and his family moved away from the town, and thus "I lost my money and my friend."

My next savings were left on time deposit at only 4 per cent., at one of our local banks, then an institution of fifteen years' standing. I felt it was "better to be safe than sorry"—but before the expiration of two years the bank closed its doors, and behind them were my $150, which I never got. By that time, in addition to what I earned teaching school, I was teaching eight music pupils. (Three of those music pupils married three of my brothers. So I did good business there!), and as I received $5 per month from each of them, by the end of the year I had accumulated a little over $500. Acting upon the advice of a nephew who had made quite an amount of money investi in stocks and bonds, I purchased seven shares Central of Georgia Railway Co. stock, at $ per share. From this transaction I got an $18 div dend, paid quarterly, for two years—then the sto went down; I got "cold feet," and sold my sto at a small loss from the purchase price, $14. T stock soon recovered, but I have not yet recover from fear of investing my all in stocks. In fact, I' learned it is not wise, ever, to "put all of the eggs i one basket." Just as it is best to diversify crops, it is best to invest a little in several prospects, rath than to risk one's all in one investment.

Two years ago I bought a Florida lot, 25 x 12 for $3,100. A neighbour of mine had bought a lo at Miami, a few months previous, and on a $10,00 purchase had made a net profit of $8,000. Aft making an initial payment of $193.80 when I boug the lot, I've been paying, quarterly, $193.80, plu 7 per cent. interest, annually, plus city and count taxes, respectively $8.50 and $8.50. However, cit taxes advanced, in 1926, to $20. The promis by the agent who sold me the lot that a wonderf theatre would be built immediately, on a triang only a few yards from my lot, and, later, when a theatre was constructed, that a wonderful electri car station would soon be under construction on th triangle, have not materialized. Nor can I sell m lot, even "at a song." So I must keep on payin taxes, even should I pay the remaining $1,500 due o the lot, and wait for another boom and anothe "sucker," to get my money back, much less mak anything on my investment.

Eight shares of U. S. Fidelity & Guaranty Co. (o Baltimore) stock, purchased at $75 per share, brin me the splendid dividend of $72 per annum. At las quotations, it was worth $225 per share. My banke advised me to purchase, for safe investment, municipa bonds bearing from 5 to 6 per cent. interest. As

(*Continued on page 74*)

—for broader markets

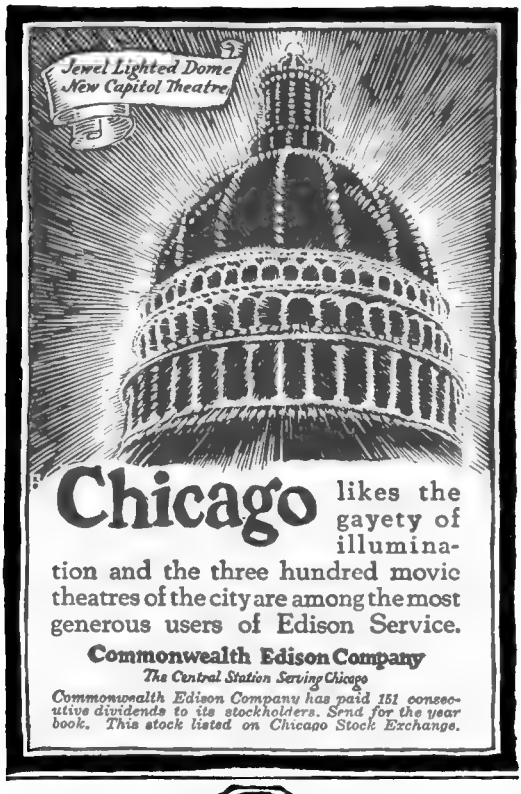
Investors from every walk of life in every part of the country buy bonds from The National City Company. These investors provide a broad resale market when any one of them wishes to dispose of any part of his holdings.

Offices in fifty investment centers—a nation-wide clientele whose buying power is tremendous—these help to explain why bonds sponsored by this Company usually give such a good account of themselves marketwise. Our office in your section puts you in touch with this broad market.

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

OFFICES IN 50 AMERICAN CITIES · INTERCONNECTED BY 11,000 MILES OF PRIVATE WIRES · INTERNATIONAL BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS



Chicago likes the gayety of illumination and the three hundred movie theatres of the city are among the most generous users of Edison Service.

Commonwealth Edison Company
The Central Station Serving Chicago

Commonwealth Edison Company has paid 151 consecutive dividends to its stockholders. Send for the year book. This stock listed on Chicago Stock Exchange.

HODSON SAFE INVESTMENTS

What Does the Bondholder Receive?

Announcement is often made that a corporation has earned several times its fixed charges. This information brings the bondholder of that corporation a sense of safety—and nothing more. Despite the fact that it is his money that probably helped make these greater earnings possible, the bondholder receives only his fixed coupon rate, the "hire" of his money—and nothing more. The owners of the business get the balance.

Participating Bonds

Give Safety *Plus Profits*

Send coupon for Participation Circular

Name.....

Address..... Q.B.-338

Clarence Hodson & Co
ESTABLISHED 1893 — INC

SPECIALIZE IN SOUND BONDS YIELDING ABOVE THE AVERAGE

165 Broadway New York

(*Continued from page 72*)

believe all municipal bonds are not safe investments, I would not advise buying them except on advice of one's banker. Experience, it is true, teaches one much about investment, but it never teaches us all there is to learn. My legal adviser says: "Investigate before you invest." P. H. P.

Dipping Into Foreign Securities

Up until the time when I bought several Liberty Bonds, during the various "drives," the words "stocks" and "bonds" were just words to me, and meant absolutely nothing in my life. The financial pages of a newspaper were never even glanced at, as they seemed to treat of subjects which conveyed no sense and had absolutely no interest for me. What little I was able to save, I would put away in a savings bank, as I was totally ignorant of all financial matters.

However, when, in 1920, I desired to sell my Liberty Bonds and found that I would have to take a substantial loss, I started to read the financial pages of newspapers, and also subscribed to a financial magazine, in order to learn the causes of the decided fall in bond prices. Also, in the meantime, my name had somehow gotten on the "sucker" lists of various financial houses, which I later on learned were "bucket shops;" and they bombarded me with their literature on financial matters, which I always read carefully.

In 1920, the Government of Switzerland came out with an issue of 8 per cent. bonds which seemed to me to be very attractive, but remembering the copybook maxim about asking your banker for advice on investments, I went to the savings bank where I was a depositor, to get their opinion. I was permitted to see the assistant treasurer of the bank, to whom I stated the nature of my business—but he barked out: "We advise our depositors to buy only Liberty Bonds."

Irritated by my reception and the total lack of interest in my problem, I withdrew $500 and bought one of the bonds. This bond I sold in 1922 at 120, making $100 profit, in addition to receiving 8 per cent. interest on my investment instead of the 4 per cent. which I would have received from the savings bank.

Continuing my studies, I realized in 1921 that stocks were extremely low, owing to the deflation which had set in, with resulting poor earnings and high money rates. I therefore bought five shares of Southern Pacific at 70½, and ten shares of Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., at 43. These stocks I bought outright through a banking house that I thought was reliable, since it was a member of the local stock exchange. At about the same time, I also purchased five shares of Reading Railroad at 65, on the partial-payment plan, upon which I paid in $75. A few weeks later this banking firm, which I had considered reliable because of membership on the local stock

(*Continued on page 76*)

The Popularity of Public Utility Bonds

UPWARDS of thirty years ago, the market for electric light and power bonds was more or less limited to the individual clientele of old-line investment houses willing to recommend the purchase of such investments by reason of their faith in the favorable outlook for the industry.

The subsequent expansion of such properties, due to the unforeseen demands for electricity for industrial, commercial and domestic purposes, exceeded even the most sanguine expectations of those early days, with the result that conservative bonds of this class gradually established for themselves an enviable degree of confidence, not only among individual investors but also among banks, insurance companies and other institutional investors.

Even a cursory review of the history of long established electric light and power properties, many of which form the nucleus for the gigantic super-power systems of today, will make clearly evident the consistent increases in gross earnings year after year, the liberal percentage of net earnings available for fixed charges, the wide margin of security value behind outstanding bonded debt, and the substantial equity values represented by junior securities.

The steady growth of industry will naturally continue to increase the demands for the services rendered by public utility companies, and at the same time influence conservative investors to add to their holdings of sound investment bonds of this class.

*During our experience of more than half a century we have found that investors welcome the services of a conservative organization in selecting investments, and we extend to you a cordial invitation to avail yourself of our facilites. Our "*INVESTMENT SUGGESTIONS*" will be furnished upon request for Circular No. G-702.*

Spencer Trask & Co.

Investment Securities

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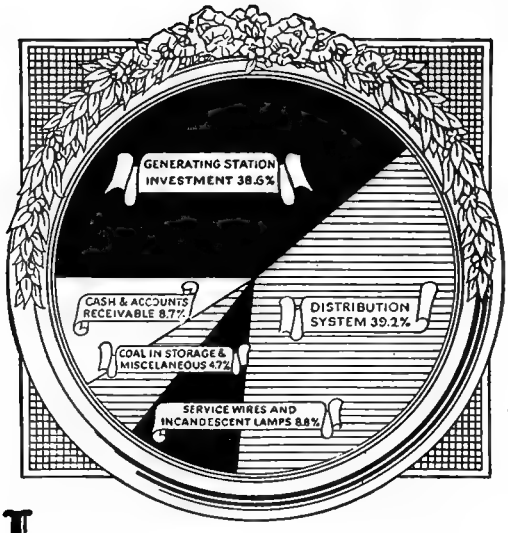
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(*Continued from page 74*)

exchange, failed, and it was then found to have b nothing but a "bucket shop." By the time recei ship expenses were paid, nothing was left for hundreds of deluded creditors. In 1924 I sold the shares of Westinghouse Electric at 72, and, in 1 the five shares of Southern Pacific, at 120.

In 1922, I bought, through a salesman of a w known New York stock exchange house, 6,000 fra of Paris-Orleans Railroad 6s, for $400. I explai to him that I could not afford to take chances did not wish to speculate, but he assured me t it was a high-class investment. In my ignoran I did not appreciate that I was speculating on value of the French franc, and so took the salesma assurance that I was investing and not speculating

At first these internal bonds went up with improvement in the value of the franc, but subsequen the value of the franc began to drop as inflation beca greater and greater in France, so that, in 1926, wh the franc dropped to 2½ cents, I became worr that the franc might go the way of the German ma and so sold, thereby losing nearly all of my so-cal "investment." This taught me the old establish fact that a salesman's advice is apt to be what l law calls "interested testimony." The commission a low-grade bond is often much higher than on a hi grade one, and this fact also blinds some salesmen their recommendations. Needless to say, I real that the intelligent members of that profession und stand this is poor salesmanship.

Anyhow, these little adventures gave me something e besides my work to think about and study, and certain have increased my fund of knowledge M. H.

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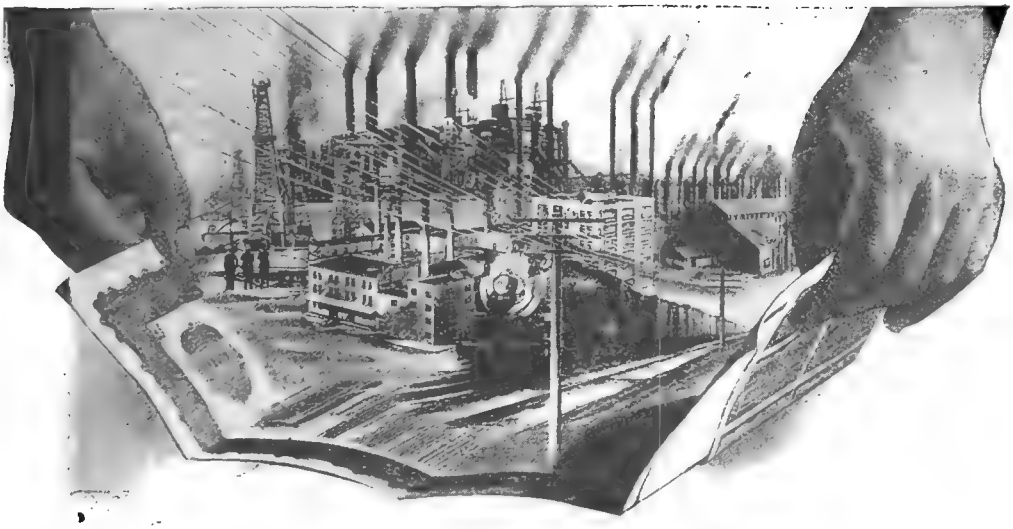

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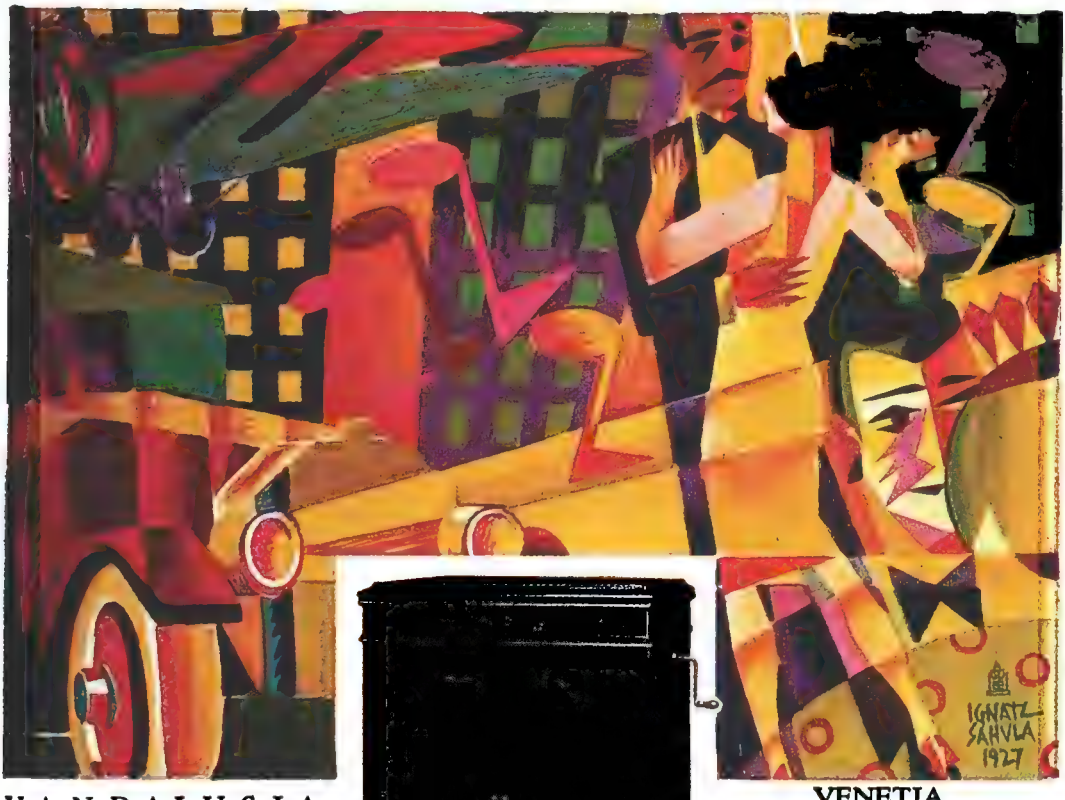

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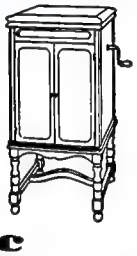

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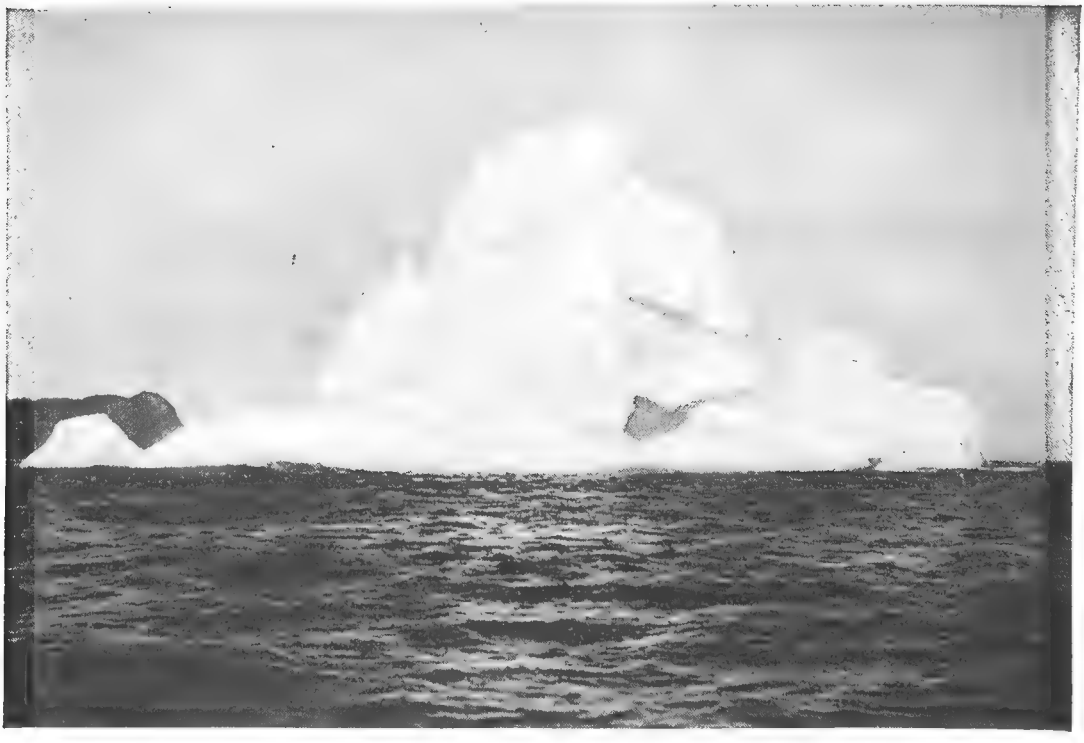

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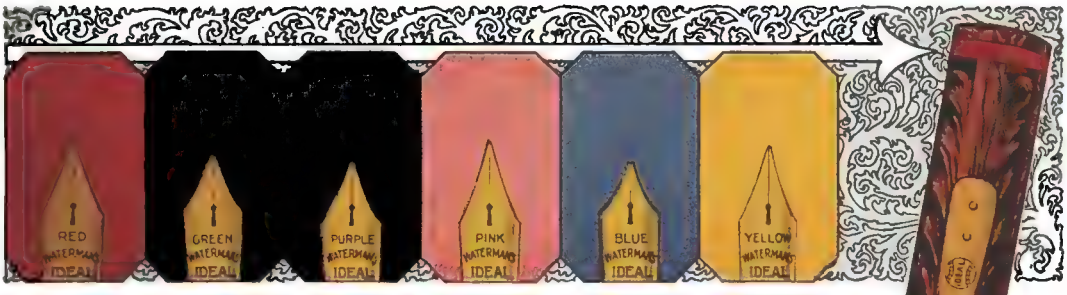

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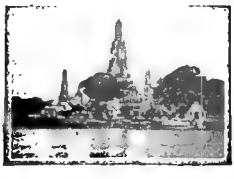

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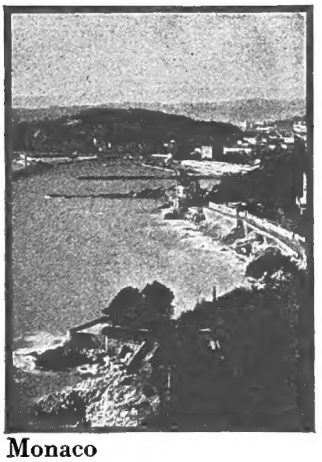

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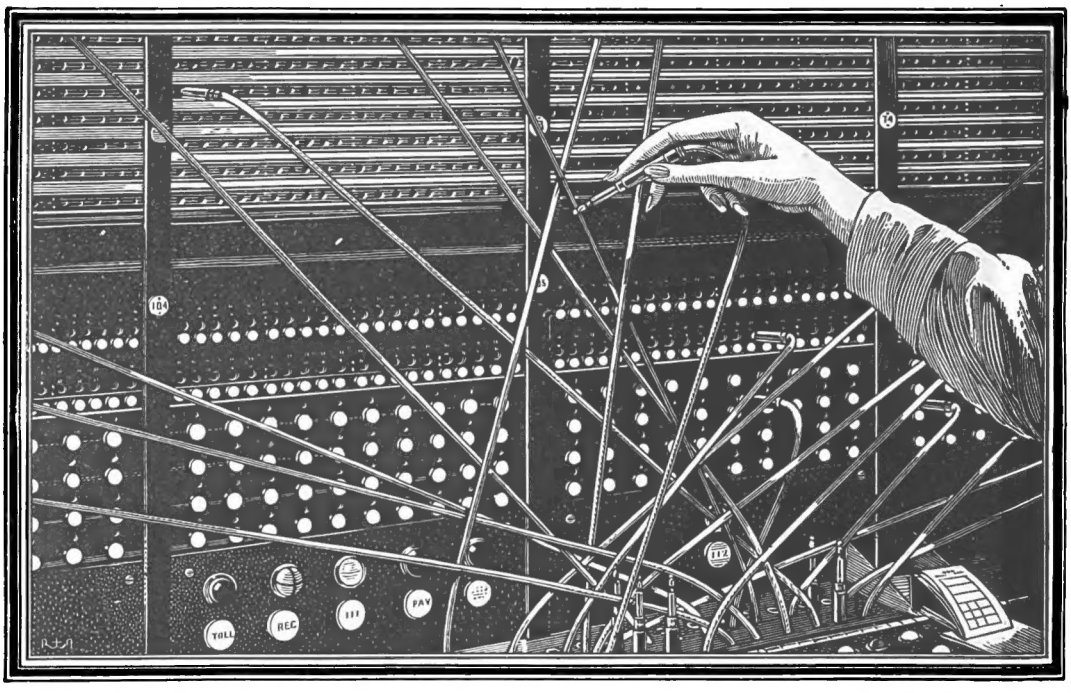

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